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DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.
of the British Museum
(1851-1899)

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

M. LEON VALLÉE
Librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

DR. ALOIS BRANDL
Professor of Literature in the Imperial University, Berlin

AND

DONALD G. MITCHELL
(IK MARVEL)
*the Author of "Reveries of a Bachelor"*



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R. Garnett.

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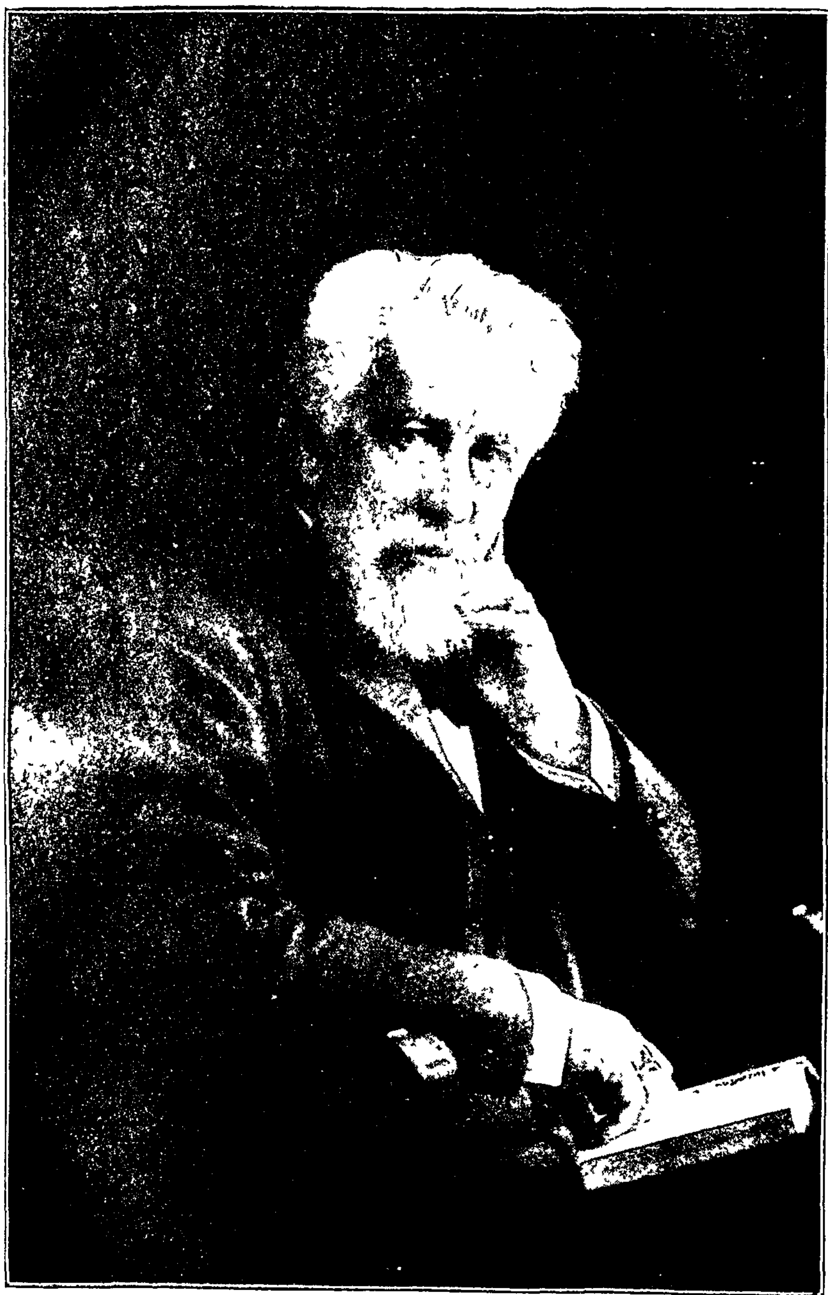
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WRITTEN FOR

"THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE"

BY

DR. EDWARD DOWDEN
of Trinity College, Dublin



DR. EDWARD DOWDEN

# CHARACTERISTICS OF ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE

BY PROFESSOR DOWDEN

WHEN we name the Elizabethan period of English literature, our imagination runs forward to include those years of the reign of James I. during which the chief formative influences in literature were derived from the preceding reign. We hardly think at all of those earlier years which preceded the advent of Spenser. We grasp at results, and are unjust and ungrateful to a laborious generation, without whose toil those results could never have been attained. If we view the whole tract of time from the accession of Elizabeth to the death of King James as a single epoch, memorable for the erection of great structures of thought and imagination, having a distinctive style and character of their own, we may divide that epoch into three periods, which I would name the Foundations, the Culmination, and last, the Decline and Dissolution. The Decline came gradually and almost imperceptibly; if we date its commencement from the year in which Shakespeare ceased to write, this is only a date of convenience, not of historical precision. But we are fortunate in being able to say exactly when the Foundations were fully laid. During twenty years faithful workmen were hewing the materials, and making the substructure firm. In 1579 the work rose to view, in that year was published the first part of Lyly's *Euphues*, which presented in a popular form the new ideals of culture, of manners, of education, at the same moment appeared the greatest of English prose translations, North's *Plutarch*, which held up before Elizabethan heroism a model in the heroism of Greece and Rome, and again in that fortunate year

the future poet of modern chivalry, of English morals, English patriotism, and Italian visions of beauty was discovered in the author of *The Shepherd's Calendar.*

The work of Elizabeth's earlier years consisted chiefly in the reconstruction of order in Church and State Dangers from France, dangers from Spain, dangers from Scotland were met or were skilfully warded off. By a series of opportune compromises an ecclesiastical settlement was effected, and the Protestantism of the English nation was secured. Social discontents were allayed, commerce and manufacture flourished, and the desire for new and splendid pleasures followed the increase of wealth. Around a great monarchy gathered great courtiers, and as a banner becomes the rallying-point and centre of enthusiasm for an armed host, so Elizabeth, the truest representative of the people, was uplifted by the hearts and imaginations of her subjects into an emblem of the national unity and the national pride

The literary work of the period, which I name the Foundations, was in the main that of finding and bringing the materials, and of placing them in order. At the same time, workmen were receiving some training in the processes of art, though as yet their efforts were the tentative endeavours of unskilled hands, and they made those false starts which often precede, and often must precede, ultimate success The materials were in part historical. With the sense that England was a nation, at one with herself, and holding her own among the powers of Europe, came an awakened interest in the story of her past. The printer Grafton, having retired from his labours at the press, redacted, in a business-like manner rather than a scholarly, the chronicles of England. His rival Stow, who held Grafton in scorn, collected documents, transcribed manuscripts, proved his reverence for our elder poetry by an edition of Chaucer, and, pursuing his antiquarian studies with a zeal which poverty could not diminish, compiled the most faithful of sixteenth-century annals Foxe, in the spirit which the Marian persecutions had inevitably aroused, recorded the sufferings and the heroisms of the martyrs; dedications to Jesus Christ, and to His servant the Queen of England, are prefixed to the first edition

of his *Actes and Monuments*. Holinshed was unawares laying the bases of the chronicle plays of Shakespeare. Already Camden, encouraged by his fellow-student, Philip Sidney, was gathering that body of knowledge which makes his *Britannia* even still a substantial gift to students Archbishop Parker, the patron of both Stow and Grafton, found time, amid the duties of the primacy, to save from destruction or loss inestimable treasures of the past, scattered from monastic libraries, and to compile a learned folio on English ecclesiastical history and biography Even poetry looked to English history for its support and sustenance. That large and ever-expanding series of tragic narratives, *A Mirror for Magistrates*, the co-operative labour of a generation, is an encyclopædia of national history in verse. *Gorboduc*, the first regular tragedy, renders into dramatic form matter which, though not authentic history, was a fragment of the legend of ancient Britain.

But the England of Elizabeth, because it was patriotic in the best sense of the word, was also cosmopolitan. It is a timid spirit of nationality which fears to accept the gifts of other lands The builders brought material from the Greece and Rome of classical antiquity, and from modern Italy, from France, from Spain. Shakespeare as a boy may have read Ovid in the original; he certainly was acquainted with the *Metamorphoses* in Arthur Golding's translation. The first tragedy in which Shakespeare brought terror into alliance with beauty is founded on Arthur Brooke's rehandling of Bandello's story of Romeo and Juliet as given in a French version. Painter's great collection of tales, chiefly from Italian sources, *The Palace of Pleasure*, became a storehouse for the use of dramatists in search of plots or incidents. Without the work of the earlier years of Elizabeth's reign, the work of the later and greater years could never have been accomplished. It taught the Elizabethan imagination to explore the past and to fare forth in the modern world on courageous adventure; it created a demand for the colour and warmth and passion of the south; it sent the poets abroad as gallant freebooters to ravage foreign shores and bring home their treasures.

And at the same time there was at least a tuning of the instru-

ments preparatory to the great symphony. It may seem as if little progress in the harmony of verse was made since the publication of Wyatt's and Surrey's poems in *Tottel's Miscellany;* and in truth no poet during the interval between the appearance of that volume and the appearance of *The Shepherd's Calendar* was in a high sense an inventor of harmony. But it was necessary that the old forms should be worn out, and that unsuccessful experiments should be made before such nobler forms as the Spenserian stanza or the blank verse of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* could be created. George Gascoigne never quite succeeded in anything, but he was versatile in experiment, and opened new avenues for his successors As he rode from Chelmsford to London, he tells us his brain was beating out the lines of an elegy, but "being overtaken with a dash of rain, I struck over into the *De Profundis*" Five sundry gentlemen desired him to write in verse something worthy to be remembered, and forthwith he compiled five sundry sorts of metre, upon five sundry themes which they delivered to him Mr. Gosse has connected the outbreak of later Elizabethan song with the growing cultivation of music, and especially of music for the lute. Probably both developments of lyrical feeling had a common cause in the coalescing of sentiment or passion with that imagination, now refined and educated, which lives within the cells of hearing; and song lying close to music, each could render appropriate service to the other

Imagine a young man of genius arriving at a consciousness of his adult powers in the years immediately after this preparatory work had been achieved. He would sail with wind astern and tide in his favour, and he might achieve much. He would have in him the pride of England without the insular narrowness and prejudice He would be politically a member of a powerful and haughty nation, while intellectually the citizen of a commonwealth no less than European Living in the present day, quick as it was with life and action, he would be the inheritor of all the past—the past of his own people, the illustrious past of Greece and Rome The Renaissance would have brought him an enthusiasm for beauty, and a delight in the tragic, pathetic, and mirthful play of human

passion. The Reformation would have brought him seriousness, a veneration for conscience, and a sense of the sacred purpose of life. The one tradition would prepare him to pursue new avenues of the expanding intellect of man; the other tradition would reinforce his feeling for the abiding truths of the spirit. Hebraism and Hellenism might meet in his consciousness, and encounter there without opposition. Arthur Golding, the translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, was also the translator of Calvin's *Sermons*, and no one belonging to the middle party of wisdom and moderation would have thought of commenting upon the fact as strange.

It is true that there was a considerable body of Puritan opinion which anticipated the coming danger, and viewed with more than distrust the new unbridled appetite for pleasure. It is true that among the dramatists there was a small party of revolters against the doctrine and even the temper of religion. But the higher mind of England held on the middle way, the way of conciliation. And the greatness of Elizabethan literature is in a large measure to be accounted for by the fact that it expressed no fragment of the life and mind of the time, but all the powers of our manhood —the senses, the passions, the intellect, the conscience, the will— co-operating one with another in a harmonious whole. In the period of the Restoration the higher mind of England was directed towards the discoveries of science; the literature of pleasure was dominated by the senses, and wit did brilliant things, but in the service of the senses; pseudo-heroics and overstrained gallantry and honour were poor substitutes for the modesty of right feeling In the age of Queen Anne, literature was dominated by the understanding; after the violences of the two extreme parties of the nation a reconstruction had been effected, but it was a provisional reconstruction, the result of compromises and good sense, admirable for the uses of the time, but resting on a lower level than that attained in the heroic years which brought the reign of Elizabeth to its close. During the Middle Ages the natural and the supernatural were too often broadly severed, and each made reprisals upon the other; the spirit warred against the flesh, and the flesh against the spirit; some gross *fabliau*, where a priest or monk

beguiles a dotard husband, jostles an ascetic treatise, or the life of a saint decked out with the tinsel of puerile miracles In the highest examples of Elizabethan literature the senses claim their rights; the *Faerie Queene* is a perpetual feast for the imaginative eye and ear; the uses of the senses are honoured, and their abuses are condemned. The supernatural is found to dwell within the natural, the true miracle is the passion of love in a Cordelia or the malignant craft of an Iago Genuine heroisms are conceivable, and pseudo-heroics replace these only in the Elizabethan decline. Imaginative reason utters its oracles, which are not at variance with the words of mundane good sense, Shakespeare's Prospero does not discredit for us the prudential wisdom of Shakespeare's Ulysses The ideal is not, as was that of the age of Swift and Pope and Addison, an ideal of moderation, balance, discretion, but an ideal of humanity developed to the full, attaining its highest points of vision, its highest reaches of passion, and including among its results the intellectual conquest of nature for the service of man

Was it possible to unite the two streams of tendency, that derived from the Renaissance and that derived from the Reformation? Was not the central idea of the one movement antagonistic to the central idea of the other? Did not the Renaissance proclaim the excellence of the natural man, while the Reformation preached human depravity, and the need of a renewal of man's nature by divine grace? The answer to these questions may partly be found in the facts of history; for one brief period at least, the two streams ran together and made a single current swift and full. A reconciliation of the rival tendencies was attained in Elizabethan literature, afterwards, for a time the streams parted; the tradition of the Reformation, developing to further reforms, belonged in the main to the Puritan party, the tradition of the Renaissance, dwindling from its earlier and higher meanings, belonged in the main to the Cavaliers. Yet such writers as Jeremy Taylor and Donne and Herbert, show that in the Royalist party the serious temper of the religious reform could co-exist with all the learning, the eloquence, the refinement of Renaissance

culture. And, on the other hand, it is a remarkable fact that no loftier conception of a harmonious co-operation of the spirit of religion with the passion for self-development—self-development with a view to public duties—is anywhere to be found than in the writings of the Puritan Milton Man, he tells us, is fallen; but man was created in the image of God, and it is not by some sudden ingress of divine grace that God's image can now be fully renewed and restored, every art and every science is needed to accomplish that work. Every energy of the intellect, every natural delight of the body, Milton tells us, is pure and sacred. Evil has entered into the world; but virtue is not to be attained by flying from evil into cloistered innocence, let good and evil meet in vigorous conflict, let truth and falsehood grapple And it was the Puritan Milton who set forth a magnificent conception of the pleasures of England as organised, subsidised, and wisely controlled by an enlightened national government It is false to assert that a reconciliation between the Renaissance and the Reformation was impossible, it is unquestionably true that the danger of a breach, caused by the extreme parties on either side, was great

We must remember that the Renaissance influence found entrance into England, not through a literature of licentious pleasure, but in the serious form of the New Learning Erasmus was erudite, witty, satirical; More was full of a gracious humour, a lover of domestic joys, a lover of all innocent mirth But these representatives of the early Renaissance in England, and their fellows, were men of serious lives, who aimed at serious ends; they were, indeed, or they strove to be, reformers, reformers in matters social, in morals, in education, and even to some extent in politics The tradition of the New Learning, its grave temper, its earnest purpose were not wholly lost in the days of Elizabeth; the Renaissance had still with some men an ethical side, and it was felt that a noble humanism included a regard for what is highest in character. On the other hand, the Reformed Church of England had its mundane side; the Queen was vice-gerent of the head of the Church; the bishops held their seats in the great council of the nation; the ecclesiastical ritual was not wanting in an ordered

beauty appealing to the senses or to the "spirit in sense"; a priest might be a husband and the father of a family. The conditions, on the whole, were favourable to the formation of a middle party, serious, and sincerely attached to the reformed faith, and at the same time not averse to learning and culture, not averse to the honest joys of life. The Reformation to some extent was, like the Renaissance, an enfranchisement of reason, an enfranchisement of humanity, and by its appeal to Scripture, and to private judgment, it assuredly quickened the intellect as well as the conscience of men The Queen, essentially a woman of the Renaissance in her craft, her passions, her versatility, her love of pomp and splendour, was loyal, for political reasons, if for no other, to the teaching of the Reformation, below her sensuality, her fits of temper, her shifting moods, she was eminently rational, she felt deeply the importance of maintaining the unity of the nation's life, and had a genuine hatred of the madness of extremes And Puritanism as yet was chiefly concerned with details of ceremony; the more deep-seated theological controversies between Arminian high-churchman and Calvinistic Puritan waited for the reign of King James, the alliance of political passions with Puritanism waited for the reign of Charles

Thus broad-based, Elizabethan literature, in its best and most characteristic work, was naturally broad-minded The pupil of its great masters will come to think of literature as concerned with life, and with life as a whole. The work of those masters has neither the narrowness of the ascetic, nor the narrowness of the voluptuary. There is a beautiful idealism in art, which ignores the presence of evil in the world, and dreams such celestial dreams as Fra Angelico made radiant in colour. We shall not find such idealism in Shakespeare or even in Spenser They have their feet planted on the earth, and Elizabethan England was very far removed from the Paradise of the mediæval painter. But it was equally far removed from the world of sots and gallants, and the women who know how to court their own pursuit by rake or gallant, in Restoration comedy

The great effort of the time may be described as an attempt to

make a conquest of the world of nature and the world of humanity for the service of man. Such an attempt might be essentially Pagan, if "man" and "the service of man" were conceived in the way of the Renaissance, as narrowed in its meanings by the spokesmen of what we may term the extreme left. But to place our great writers in separate groups, as Taine has done in his *History of English Literature*, with the titles "The Pagan Renaissance," and "The Christian Renaissance," and to include under the former Sidney and Spenser and Bacon, is to present a wholly erroneous view of Elizabethan literature. The service of man was understood by these great writers as the service of our complete manhood; humanism was seen to be not merely sensual or material, not merely intellectual and imaginative, but also ethical and religious. And although questions of religion, considered apart from character and action, do not form part of the theme of dramatic poetry, there can be no doubt that the foundations of Shakespeare's tragedies were laid deep in the spiritual nature of man as they could not have been in an age which thought only, or which thought chiefly, of the sensual or material parts of life. On the other hand, no such treatise on theological and ecclesiastical affairs as Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, so broad-based on reason and historical tradition, so comprehensive in its habit of thought, so majestic in its way of utterance, could have been written in an age which exalted faith at the expense of reason, which opposed the supernatural to the natural, which divorced the life of the Church from the life of the nation, or which was insensible to the beauty and dignity of literary form.

Lyly's *Euphues*, in its poor way, amid much dreary moralising, and under the trappings of a detestably artificial style, held up the new ideal of manhood. To be well-born, well-bred, beautiful in person, accomplished in all the graces of life, courtly, amòrous, a student of philosophy and a lover of fair women, versed in Italian culture, yet one who honoured English morals and manners, a patriot serious and religious, a devout servant of the English Queen—such was the ideal. And not only young gentlemen, but young ladies for a few years found in *Euphues* a manual of good

breeding If that ideal were incarnated in flesh and blood, we can imagine how such a veritable Euphues would be cherished and exalted in the imagination of his contemporaries, and if he were withdrawn from their observation by an early and heroic death, how a legend of admiration and love and modern chivalry would gather around his memory And this was in fact what happened. To the Elizabethan imagination, Philip Sidney was what Arthur Hallam was to the imagination of Tennyson—the "Hesper-Phosphor" of the time, recalling what was most beautiful in the past and prophetic of the newer day The legend of Sidney, indeed, was not far removed from the actual fact His peculiar fascination lay in brilliance standing forth from a background of seriousness His ardour and impetuosity sprang from a nobility of nature; his passion was controlled and was directed by conscience; his wide and various culture seemed to be only the flowering of a beautiful character. Even in boyhood he was noted for a "lovely and familiar gravity", in youth he already showed some of the sagacity of a statesman, and all the courage of an English patriot He was a champion of the Protestant cause; in sympathy with the French Huguenots, the unswerving foe of Spain and of Rome, the friend of the learned controversialist Languet, the translator of Duplessis Mornay's treatise on the Christian religion Yet Sidney was at the same time a true child of the Renaissance, skilled in every accomplishment, a brilliant figure at the tournament, a student of music, of poetry, of astronomy, a lover of Spanish and Italian letters, an experimenter in classical metres, the defender of the drama against Puritan scruples, author of a masque, of amorous sonnets, of a pastoral-chivalric romance, the acquaintance of Tintoretto and of Paolo Veronese, the patron of Giordano Bruno, the aider of those bold explorers and adventurers who would for England make conquest of the globe, an enthusiastic sympathiser with Drake and Frobisher, with Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert; withal, Sidney was famous for a tragic passion of love and famous for inviolable friendships The light work upon a sad or solemn ground, which Bacon commends in embroideries, appears even in the close of his life The noble act of generosity to a

wounded fellow-soldier on the battlefield is not the latest incident. As he lay dying, Sidney attended devoutly to the ministrations of religion, but he also had spirit to compose his poem—can we doubt that it was playfully pathetic?—*La Cuisse rompue*, which, being arranged to music, was sung beside his bed. No wonder that the public sorrow called forth by his early death was like that for a great national calamity. All that was best and most characteristic of the age had been embodied in him; the Pagan Renaissance, as it is named by Taine, and the Christian Renaissance, had been united in the spirit of this young man; what is national and what is cosmopolitan had in his genius been fused into one.

The ideal which had been more nearly realised in Sidney than in any of his contemporaries forms the subject of the master-work of Sidney's friend and fellow-poet, who had dedicated to him, as the "president of chivalry," that volume of verse, *The Shepherd's Calendar*, which heralded the greater years of Elizabethan literature. *The Faerie Queene* was designed to set forth Spenser's conception of a gentleman or noble person, and such an one as he had actually found in Sidney. Upon a first view the poem seems a labyrinth of flowery glades, through which for mere delight the imagination may wander without end or aim; but Spenser had planned it with a purpose, and that purpose had the high seriousness of the time. He would exhibit all the chief elements which go to form a heroic character, all the chief dangers to which such a character is exposed in the warfare of this world, and would incite men towards the attainment of that magnanimity, or, as he terms it, "magnificence," which sums up all the virtues of our fully developed manhood. Poetry, as Sidney had conceived it, is to be like a trumpet-call summoning men to action, and, as Sidney had conceived, history on the one hand and moral philosophy on the other, are to be the auxiliaries and subordinate allies of poetry. Such was Spenser's design. He thinks of life as a warfare against the principalities and powers of evil; he represents godliness, self-control, and chastity as the foundation virtues on which a complete and beautiful humanity is to be erected, he is at once a son of the Renaissance and a son of the Reformation; a cosmopolitan in his

culture, and a patriot in his passion, enamoured of all beauty appealing to the sense and to the spirit, yet no wanton lover of sensual delights, rather, indeed, with a certain sternness at his heart, honouring, as much as any Puritan, the girt loins and the lit lamp Ariosto and Tasso, Aristotle and Plato, St Paul and the writer of the Apocalypse, alike contribute to the structure or the adornment of *The Faerie Queene*

When some former pupils of Hooker on one occasion visited their master, they found him in the fields, tending his sheep, with a book in his hand, it was no treatise on theology which he had brought with him as the solace of his retirement; it was the Odes of Horace He, too, the chief spokesman of the Anglican Church in Elizabethan days, possessed that breadth of mind and that feeling for beauty united with seriousness, which were characteristic of a time when the two great streams of tendency, Renaissance and Reformation, made a single current deep and full He would give its due place of authority to Scripture, to tradition, to the voice of wisdom and of learning, but in the last resort the basis of belief must be found in the reason of man He honours all that is venerable in the past, he recognises the service which the senses can render to the soul, order and beauty in the rites and ceremonies of religion are precious to him, he is a liberal conservative in ecclesiastical affairs, having the same temper of mind which Edmund Burke two centuries later applied to politics He acknowledges the due power of authority, yet the authority, he tells us, not of four, but of ten thousand, General Councils cannot overthrow or resist one plain demonstration · "Companies of men, be they never so great and reverend, are to yield unto reason, the weight whereof is no whit prejudiced by the simplicity of the person which doth allege it" Hooker's dominant idea is that set forth with a majestic sweep of thought and a grave harmony of utterance in the first book of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*—the idea of the whole universe as a cosmos under the reign of law, and such an idea is in no ill-keeping with a period which mirrored the moral world of man in Shakespeare's plays, and attempted a method of exploring the laws of the material universe in Bacon's *Novum Organum*

How and why did the decline and dissolution creep on, and transform the literature of the great years of Elizabeth's reign to the literature of the succeeding generation? The answer is too large to be set down here, it is partly to be discovered in the record of political history. King James I. was learned and acute in logical distinctions; he had not the wisdom or the tact of Elizabeth. Buckingham was a mean successor to the great councillors of the preceding reign. The Hampton Court conference, and the outbreaks of the King's intolerant temper, struck an opening note of discord. The Commons and the King were soon at war about the new impositions. The foreign policy of James became hoplessly discredited. The lowered tone of court morals is reflected in the drama of Fletcher. An open breach between the two camps of the nation was already threatening. The more serious part of the mind of England withdrew from the more pleasure-loving part. Liberty, political and ecclesiastical, became a more urgent need than the liberation of the mind through humanism. The two streams of tendency which had flowed into one in the literature of Elizabeth, now flowed, not wholly, indeed, but in great measure, in separate channels. For the ultimate ends of humanism political freedom and religious toleration were necessary; but during the clatter of pamphlets and the clash of swords humanism must bide its time. It was not until the great scientific movement of post-Restoration days that the Renaissance resumed its course, and that the serious temper of Puritanism—the temper of the loins girt and the lamp lit—applied itself to noble intellectual purposes, which were other than those dictated by the immediate public needs of the nation. In Newton, in Locke, in the liberal spirit of Tillotson, we see the recovery of lost things; but the large wisdom and deep imaginative insight of Elizabethan literature were not wholly recovered. Enthusiasm had been discredited, and it needed a century, with a methodist revival and a French Revolution, to restore it to its rights

Edward Dowden.

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## ENGLAND IN HENRY VIII.'S TIME.[1]

By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

[JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, the English historian, was born at Dartington, Devon, April 23, 1818, the youngest son of the Archdeacon of Totnes He was educated at Westminster and Oriel College, Oxford, where he came under the influence of the Tractarian movement He was elected a Fellow of Exeter and received deacon's orders, but his views underwent a change, as revealed in "The Nemesis of Faith" (1848), in consequence of which he lost his fellowship He then turned to literature and for many years was a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Westminster Review* He became rector of St Andrews (1869); visited America, South Africa, and the Australasian colonies, and in 1892 succeeded E A Freeman as professor of modern history at Oxford. He died at Salcombe, Devon, October 20, 1894 His monumental work is a "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada" (12 vols, 1856-1870) Also noteworthy are: "Short Studies on Great Subjects," "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," "Cæsar," "The English in the West Indies" As literary executor of Carlyle he edited a "Life of Carlyle," "Carlyle's Reminiscences," and Mrs Carlyle's "Letters"]

IN periods like the present, when knowledge is every day extending, and the habits and thoughts of mankind are perpetually changing under the influence of new discoveries, it is no easy matter to throw ourselves back into a time in which for centuries the European world grew upon a single type, in which the forms of the father's thoughts were the forms of the son's, and the late descendant was occupied in treading into paths the footprints of his distant ancestors So absolutely has change become the law of our present condition, that it is identified with energy and moral health; to cease to change is to lose place in the great race; and to pass away from off the earth with the same convictions which we found when we entered it is to have missed the best object for which we now seem to exist.

[1] From "History of England" By permission of Longmans, Green & Co 12 vols, crown 8vo, price 3s 6d each.

It has been, however, with the race of men as it has been with the planet which they inhabit. As we look back over history, we see times of change and progress alternating with other times when life and thought have settled into permanent forms; when mankind, as if by common consent, have ceased to seek for increase of knowledge, and, contented with what they possess, have endeavored to make use of it for purposes of moral cultivation. Such was the condition of the Greeks through many ages before the Persian war; such was that of the Romans till the world revenged itself upon its conquerors by the introduction among them of the habits of the conquered; and such again became the condition of Europe when the Northern nations grafted the religion and the laws of the Western empire on their own hardy natures, and shaped out that wonderful spiritual and political organization which remained unshaken for a thousand years.

The aspirant after sanctity in the fifteenth century of the Christian era found a model which he could imitate in detail in the saint of the fifth. The gentleman at the court of Edward IV. or Charles of Burgundy could imagine no nobler type of heroism than he found in the stories of King Arthur's knights. The forms of life had become more elaborate — the surface of it more polished — but the life itself remained essentially the same; it was the development of the same conception of human excellence; just as the last orders of Gothic architecture were the development of the first, from which the idea had worked its way till the force of it was exhausted.

A condition of things differing alike both outwardly and inwardly from that into which a happier fortune has introduced ourselves, is necessarily obscure to us. In the alteration of our own character, we have lost the key which would interpret the characters of our fathers, and the great men even of our own English history before the Reformation seem to us almost like the fossil skeletons of another order of beings Some broad conclusions as to what they were are at least possible to us, however; and we are able to determine, with tolerable certainty, the social condition of the people of this country, such as it was before the movements of the sixteenth century, and during the process of those movements.

The extent of the population can only be rudely conjectured. A rough census was taken at the time of the Armada, when it was found to be something under five millions, but anterior

to this I can find no authority on which I can rely with any sort of confidence. It is my impression, however, from a number of reasons — each in itself insignificant, but which taken together leave little doubt upon my mind — that it had attained that number by a growth so slow as to be scarcely perceptible, and had nearly approached to it many generations before. Simon Fish, in "The Supplication of Beggars," says that the number of households in England in 1531 was 520,000. His calculation is of the most random kind; for he rates the number of parishes at 52,000, with ten households on an average in each parish. A mistake so preposterous respecting the number of parishes shows the great ignorance of educated men upon the subject. The ten households in each parish may, probably (in some parts of the country), have been a correct computation; but this tells us little with respect to the aggregate numbers, for the households were very large — the farmers, and the gentlemen also, usually having all the persons whom they employed residing under their own roof. Neither from this, therefore, nor from any other positive statement which I have seen, can I gather any conclusion that may be depended upon. But when we remember the exceeding slowness with which the population multiplied in a time in which we can accurately measure it — that is to say, from 1588 to the opening of the last century — under circumstances in every way more favorable to an increase, I think we may assume that the increase was not so great between 1500 and 1588, and that, previous to 1500, it did not more than keep pace with the waste from civil and foreign war. The causes, indeed, were wholly wanting which lead to a rapid growth of numbers. Numbers now increase with the increase of employment and with the facilities which are provided by the modern system of labor for the establishment of independent households. At present, any able-bodied unskilled laborer earns, as soon as he has arrived at man's estate, as large an amount of wages as he will earn at any subsequent time; and having no connection with his employer beyond the receiving the due amount of weekly money from him, and thinking himself as well able to marry as he is likely to be, he takes a wife, and is usually the father of a family before he is thirty. Before the Reformation, not only were early marriages determinately discouraged, but the opportunity for them did not exist. A laborer living in a cottage by himself was a rare exception to the rule; and the

work of the field was performed generally, as it now is in the large farms in America and Australia, by servants who lived in the families of the squire or the farmer, and who, while in that position, commonly remained single, and married only when by prudence they had saved a sufficient sum to enable them to enter some other position.

Checked by circumstances of this kind, population would necessarily remain almost stationary, and a tendency to an increase was not of itself regarded by the statesmen of the day as any matter for congratulation or as any evidence of national prosperity. Not an increase of population, which would facilitate production and beat down wages by competition, but the increase of the commonwealth, the sound and healthy maintenance of the population already existing, were the chief objects which the government proposed to itself; and although Henry VIII. nursed his manufactures with the utmost care, in order to keep the people well employed, there is sufficient proof in the grounds alleged for the measures to which he resorted, that there was little redundancy of occupation.

In the statute, for instance, for the encouragement of the linen manufactures, it is said that—"The King's Highness, calling to his most blessed remembrance the great number of idle people daily increasing throughout this his Realm, supposeth that one great cause thereof is by the continued bringing into the same the great number of wares and merchandise made, and brought out and from, the parts beyond the sea into this his Realm, ready wrought by manual occupation; amongst the which wares one kind of merchandise in great quantity, which is linen cloth of divers sorts made in divers countries beyond the sea, is daily conveyed into this Realm; which great quantity of linen cloth so brought is consumed and spent within the same; by reason whereof not only the said strange countries where the said linen is made, but the policy and industry of making and vending the same, are greatly enriched; and a marvelous great number of their people, men, women, and children, are set on work and occupation, and kept from idleness, to the great furtherance and advancement of their commonwealth; but also contrarywise the inhabitants and subjects of this Realm, for lack of like policy and industry, are compelled to buy all or most part of the linen cloth consumed in the same, amounting to inestimable sums of money. And also the people of this Realm, as well men as women, which should and might be set on work,

by exercise of like policy and craft of spinning, weaving, and making of cloth, lies now in idleness and otiosity, to the high displeasure of Almighty God, great diminution of the King's people, and extreme ruin, decay, and impoverishment of this Realm. Therefore, for reformation of these things, the King's most Royal Majesty intending, like a most virtuous Prince, to provide remedy in the premises; nothing so much coveting as the increase of the Commonwealth of this his Realm, with also the virtuous exercise of his most loving subjects and people, and to avoid that most abominable sin of idleness out of the Realm, hath, by the advice and consent of his Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled, ordained and enacted that every person occupying land for tillage shall for every sixty acres which he hath under the plow, sow one quarter of an acre in flax or hemp."

This Act was designed immediately to keep the wives and children of the poor in work in their own houses; but it leaves no doubt that manufactures in England had not of themselves that tendency to self-development which would encourage an enlarging population. The woolen manufactures similarly appear, from the many statutes upon them, to have been vigorous at a fixed level, but to have shown no tendency to rise beyond that level. With a fixed market and a fixed demand, production continued uniform.

A few years subsequent, indeed, to the passing of the Act which I have quoted, a very curious complaint is entered in the statute book, from the surface of which we should gather that so far from increasing, manufactures had alarmingly declined. The fact mentioned may bear another meaning, and a meaning far more favorable to the state of the country; although, if such a phenomenon were to occur at the present time, it could admit of but one interpretation. In the 18th and 19th of the 32d of Henry VIII., all the important towns in England, from the Tweed to the Land's End, are stated, one by one, to have fallen into serious decay. Usually when we meet with language of this kind, we suppose it to mean nothing more than an awakening to the consciousness of evils which had long existed, and which had escaped notice only because no one was alive to them. In the present instance, however, the language was too strong and too detailed to allow of this explanation; and the great body of the English towns undoubtedly were declining in wealth and in the number of their inhabitants. The statutes speak of

"divers and many beautiful houses of habitation, built in tyme past within their walls and liberties, which now are fallen down and decayed, and at this day remain unreedified, and do lie as desolate and vacant grounds, many of them nigh adjoining to the High streets, replenished with such uncleanness and filth, with pits, sellars, and vaults lying open and uncovered, to the great perill and danger of the inhabitants and other of the King's subjects passing by the same. And some houses be very weak and feeble, ready to fall down, and therefore dangerous to pass by, to the great decay and hinderance of the said boroughs and towns."

At present, the decay of a town implies the decay of the trade of the town; and the decay of all towns simultaneously would imply a general collapse of the trade of the whole country. Walled towns, however, before the Reformation, existed for other purposes than as the center points of industry: they existed for the protection of property and life; and although it is not unlikely that the agitation of the Reformation itself did to some degree interrupt the occupation of the people, yet I believe that the true account of the phenomenon which then so much disturbed the parliament is that one of their purposes was no longer required; the towns flagged for a time because the country had become secure. The woolen manufacture in Worcestershire was spreading into the open country, and, doubtless, in other counties as well; and the "beautiful houses" which had fallen into decay, were those which, in the old times of insecurity, had been occupied by wealthy merchants and tradesmen, who were now enabled, by a strong and settled government, to dispense with the shelter of locked gates and fortified walls, and remove their residences to more convenient situations. It was, in fact, the first symptom of the impending social revolution. Two years before the passing of this Act, the magnificent Hengrave Hall, in Suffolk, had been completed by Sir Thomas Kitson, "mercer of London," and Sir Thomas Kitson was but one of many of the rising merchants who were now able to root themselves on the land by the side of the Norman nobility, first to rival, and then slowly to displace them.

This mighty change, however, was long in silent progress before it began to tell on the institutions of the country. When city burghers bought estates, the law insisted jealously on their accepting with them all the feudal obligations. Attempts to

use the land as "a commodity" were, as we shall presently see, angrily repressed; while, again, in the majority of instances, such persons endeavored, as they do at present, to cover the recent origin of their families by adopting the manners of the nobles, rather than to transfer the habits of the towns among the parks and chases of the English counties. The old English organization maintained its full activity; and the duties of property continued to be for another century more considered than its rights.

Turning, then, to the tenure of land — for if we would understand the condition of the people, it is to this point that our first attention must be directed — we find that through the many complicated varieties of it there was one broad principle which bore equally upon every class, that the land of England must provide for the defense of England. The feudal system was still the organizing principle of the nation, and whoever owned land was bound to military service for his country whenever occasion required. Further, the land was to be so administered that the accustomed number of families supported by it should not be diminished, and that the State should suffer no injury from the carelessness or selfishness of the owners. Land never was private property in that personal sense of property in which we speak of a thing as our own, with which we may do as we please; in the administration of estates, as indeed in the administration of all property whatsoever, duty to the State was at all times supposed to override private interest or inclination. Even tradesmen, who took advantage of the fluctuations of the market, were rebuked by parliament for "their greedy and covetous minds," "as more regarding their own singular lucre and profit than the common weal of the Realm," and although in an altered world, neither industry nor enterprise will thrive except under the stimulus of self-interest, we may admire the confidence which in another age expected every man to prefer the advantage of the community to his own. All land was held upon a strictly military principle. It was the representative of authority, and the holder or the owner took rank in the army of the State according to the nature of his connection with it. It was first broadly divided among the great nobility holding immediately under the crown, who, above and beyond the ownership of their private estates, were the Lords of the Fee throughout their presidency, and possessed in right of it the services of knights and gentlemen who held their manors under them, and

who followed their standard in war. Under the lords of manors, again, small freeholds and copyholds were held of various extent, often forty-shilling and twenty-shilling value, occupied by peasant occupiers, who thus, on their own land, lived as free Englishmen, maintaining by their own free labor themselves and their families. There was thus a descending scale of owners, each of whom possessed his separate right, which the law guarded and none might violate; yet no one of whom, again, was independent of an authority higher than himself; and the entire body of the English free possessors of the soil was interpenetrated by a coherent organization which converted them into a perpetually subsisting army of soldiers. The extent of land which was held by the petty freeholders was very large, and the possession of it was jealously treasured; the private estates of the nobles and gentlemen were either cultivated by their own servants, or let out, as at present, to free tenants; or (in earlier times) were occupied by villeins, a class who, without being bondmen, were expected to furnish further services than those of the field, services which were limited by the law, and recognized by an outward ceremony, a solemn oath and promise from the villein to his lord. Villeinage, in the reign of Henry VIII., had for some time ceased. The name of it last appears upon the statute book in the early years of the reign of Richard II., when the disputes between villeins and their liege lords on their relative rights had furnished matter for cumbrous lawsuits, and by general consent the relation had merged of itself into a more liberal form. Thus serfdom had merged or was rapidly merging into free servitude; but it did not so merge that laboring men, if they pleased, were allowed to live in idleness. Every man was regimented somewhere; and although the peasantry, when at full age, were allowed, under restrictions, their own choice of masters, yet the restrictions both on masters and servants were so severe as to prevent either from taking advantage of the necessities of the other, or from terminating through caprice or levity, or for any insufficient reason, a connection presumed to be permanent.

Through all these arrangements a single aim is visible, that every man in England should have his definite place and definite duty assigned to him, and that no human being should be at liberty to lead at his own pleasure an unaccountable existence. The discipline of an army was transferred to the details of social life, and it issued in a chivalrous perception of

the meaning of the word "duty," and in the old characteristic spirit of English loyalty.

From the regulations with respect to land, a coarser advantage was also derived, of a kind which at the present time will be effectively appreciated. It is a common matter of dispute whether landed estates should be large or small; whether it is better that the land should be divided among small proprietors, cultivating their own ground, or that it should follow its present tendency, and be shared by a limited and constantly diminishing number of wealthy landlords. The advocates for a peasant proprietary tell us truly that a landed monopoly is dangerous; that the possession of a spot of ground, though it be but a few acres, is the best security for loyalty, giving the State a pledge for its owner, and creating in the body of the nation a free, vigorous, and manly spirit. The advocates for the large estates tell us that the masses are too ill educated to be trusted with independence; that without authority over them these small proprietors become wasteful, careless, improvident; that the free spirit becomes a democratic and dangerous spirit; and finally, that the resources of the land cannot properly be brought out by men without capital to cultivate it. Either theory is plausible. The advocates of both can support their arguments with an appeal to experience; and the verdict of fact has not as yet been pronounced emphatically.

The problem will be resolved in the future history of this country. It was also nobly and skillfully resolved in the past. The knights and nobles retained the authority and power which was attached to the lordships of the fees. They retained extensive estates in their own hands or in the occupation of their immediate tenants; but the large proportion of the lands was granted out by them to smaller owners, and the expenditure of their own incomes in the wages and maintenance of their vast retinues left but a small margin for indulgence in luxuries. The necessities of their position obliged them to regard their property rather as a revenue to be administered in trust, than as "a fortune" to be expended in indulgence. Before the Reformation, while the differences of social degree were enormous, the differences in habits of life were comparatively slight, and the practice of men in these things was curiously the reverse of our own. Dress, which now scarcely suffices to distinguish the master from his servant, was then the symbol of rank, prescribed by statute to the various orders of



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persons will submit themselves of their free will to regulations which restrict their private indulgence, they are in little danger of disloyalty from those whom fortune has placed below them.

Such is one aspect of these old arrangements; it is unnecessary to say that with these, as with all other institutions created and worked by human beings, the picture admits of being reversed. When by the accident of birth men are placed in a position of authority, no care in their training will prevent it from falling often to singularly unfit persons. The command of a permanent military force was a temptation to ambition, to avarice or hatred, to the indulgence of private piques and jealousies, to political discontent on private and personal grounds. A combination of three or four of the leading nobles was sufficient, when an incapable prince sat on the throne, to effect a revolution; and the rival claims of the houses of York and Lancaster to the crown took the form of a war unequaled in history for its fierce and determined malignancy, the whole nation tearing itself in pieces in a quarrel in which no principle was at stake, and no national object to be gained. A more terrible misfortune never befell either this or any other country, and it was made possible only in virtue of that loyalty with which the people followed the standard, through good and evil, of their feudal superiors. It is still a question, however, whether the good or the evil of the system predominated; and the answer to such question is the more difficult because we have no criterion by which, in these matters, degrees of good and evil admit of being measured. Arising out of the character of the nation, it reflected this character in all its peculiarities; and there is something truly noble in the coherence of society upon principles of fidelity. Fidelity of man to man is among the rarest excellences of humanity, and we can tolerate large evils which arise out of such a cause. Under the feudal system men were held together by oaths, free acknowledgments, and reciprocal obligations, entered into by all ranks, high and low, binding servants to their masters, as well as nobles to their kings; and in the beautiful roll of the old language in which the oaths were sworn we cannot choose but see that we have lost something in exchanging these ties for the harsher connecting links of mutual self-interest.

"When a freeman shall do fealty to his lord," the statute says, "he shall hold his right hand upon the book, and shall say thus: Hear you, my lord, that I shall be to you both

faithful and true, and shall owe my faith to you for the land that I hold, and lawfully shall do such customs and services as my duty is to you, at the times assigned, so help me God and all his saints."

"The villein," also, "when he shall do fealty to his lord, shall hold his right hand over the book, and shall say: Hear you, my lord, that I from this day forth unto you shall be true and faithful, and shall owe you fealty for the land which I hold of you in villeinage; and that no evil or damage will I see concerning you, but I will defend and warn you to my power. So help me God and all his saints."

Again in the distribution of the produce of land, men dealt fairly and justly with each other; and in the material condition of the bulk of the people there is a fair evidence that the system worked efficiently and well. It worked well for the support of a sturdy high-hearted race, sound in body and fierce in spirit, and furnished with thews and sinews which, under the stimulus of these "great shins of beef," their common diet, were the wonder of the age. "What comyn folke in all this world," says a state paper in 1515, "may compare with the comyns of England in riches, freedom, liberty, welfare, and all prosperity? What comyn folke is so mighty, so strong in the felde, as the comyns of England?"

The relative numbers of the French and English armies which fought at Cressy and Agincourt may have been exaggerated, but no allowance for exaggeration will affect the greatness of those exploits; and according to the stories of authentic actions under Henry VIII., where the accuracy of the account is undeniable, no disparity of force made Englishmen shrink from enemies wherever they could meet them. Again and again a few thousands of them carried dismay into the heart of France. Four hundred adventurers, vagabond apprentices from London, who formed a volunteer corps in the Calais garrison, were for years the terror of Normandy. In the very frolic of conscious power they fought and plundered, without pay, without reward, except what they could win for themselves; and when they fell at last, they fell only when surrounded by six times their number and were cut to pieces in careless desperation. Invariably, by friend and enemy alike, the English are described as the fiercest people in all Europe (the English wild beasts, Benvenuto Cellini calls them): and this great physical power they owed to the profuse abundance in which they lived,

and to the soldier's training in which every man of them was bred from childhood.

The state of the working classes can, however, be more certainly determined by a comparison of their wages with the prices of food. Both were regulated, so far as regulation was possible, by act of parliament, and we have therefore data of the clearest kind by which to judge. The majority of agricultural laborers lived, as I have said, in the houses of their employers; this, however, was not the case with all, and if we can satisfy ourselves as to the rate at which those among the poor were able to live who had cottages of their own, we may be assured that the rest did not live worse at their masters' tables.

Wheat, the price of which necessarily varied, averaged in the middle of the fourteenth century tenpence the bushel, barley averaging at the same time three shillings the quarter. With wheat the fluctuation was excessive; a table of its possible variations describes it as ranging from eighteen pence the quarter to twenty shillings,—the average, however, being six and eight pence. When the price was above this sum, the merchants might import to bring it down; when it was below this price the farmers were allowed to export to the foreign markets. The same scale, with a scarcely appreciable tendency to rise, continued to hold until the disturbance in the value of the currency. In the twelve years from 1551 to 1562, although once before harvest wheat rose to the extraordinary price of forty-five shillings a quarter, it fell immediately after to five shillings and four. Six and eight pence continued to be considered in parliament as the average; and on the whole it seems to have been maintained for that time with little variation.

Beef and pork were a halfpenny a pound — mutton was three farthings. They were fixed at these prices by the 3d of the 24th of Henry VIII. But the act was unpopular both with buyers and with sellers. The old practice had been to sell in the gross, and under that arrangement the rates had been generally lower. Stowe says, "It was this year enacted that butchers should sell their beef and mutton by weight — beef for a halfpenny the pound, and mutton for three farthings; which being devised for the great commodity of the realm (as it was thought), hath proved far otherwise: for at that time fat oxen were sold for six and twenty shillings and eightpence the piece; fat wethers for three shillings and fourpence the piece; fat calves at a like price; and fat lambs for twelvepence. The

butchers of London sold penny pieces of beef for the relief of the poor — every piece two pound and a half, sometimes three pound for a penny; and thirteen and sometimes fourteen of these pieces for twelvepence; mutton eightpence the quarter, and an hundredweight of beef for four shillings and eightpence." The act was repealed in consequence of the complaints against it, but the prices never fell again to what they had been, although beef sold in the gross could still be had for a halfpenny a pound in 1570. Other articles of food were in the same proportion. The best pig or goose in a country market could be bought for fourpence; a good capon for threepence or fourpence; a chicken for a penny; a hen for twopence.

Strong beer, such as we now buy for eighteen pence a gallon, was then a penny a gallon, and table beer less than a halfpenny. French and German wines were eightpence the gallon. Spanish and Portuguese wines a shilling. This was the highest price at which the best wines might be sold; and if there was any fault in quality or quantity, the dealers forfeited four times the amount. Rent, another important consideration, cannot be fixed so accurately, for parliament did not interfere with it. Here, however, we are not without very tolerable information. "My father," says Latimer, "was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness with himself and his horse. I remember that I buckled on his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the King's Majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles, each, having brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbors, and some alms he gave to the poor; and all this he did of the said farm." If "three or four pounds at the uttermost" was the rent of a farm yielding such results, the rent of laborers' cottages is not likely to have been considerable.

Some uncertainty is unavoidable in all calculations of the present nature; yet, after making the utmost allowances for errors, we may conclude from such a table of prices that a penny, in terms of the laborer's necessities, must have been nearly equal in the reign of Henry VIII. to the present shilling. For a penny, at the time of which I write, the laborer

could buy as much bread, beef, beer, and wine — he could do as much towards finding lodging for himself and his family — as the laborer of the nineteenth century can for a shilling. I do not see that this admits of question. Turning, then, to the table of wages, it will be easy to ascertain his position. By the 3d of the 6th of Henry VIII. it was enacted that master carpenters, masons, bricklayers, tilers, plummers, glaziers, joiners, and other employers of such skilled workmen, should give to each of their journeymen, if no meat or drink was allowed, sixpence a day for the half year, fivepence a day for the other half; or fivepence halfpenny for the yearly average. The common laborers were to receive fourpence a day for half the year, for the remaining half, threepence. In the harvest months they were allowed to work by the piece, and might earn considerably more; so that, in fact (and this was the rate at which their wages were usually estimated), the day laborer, if in full employment, received on an average fourpence a day for the whole year. Allowing a deduction of one day in a fortnight for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of something near to twenty shillings a week, the wages at present paid in English colonies: and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. Except in rare instances, the agricultural laborer held land in connection with his house, while in most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and uninclosed forest land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it; and so important was this privilege considered, that when the commons began to be largely inclosed, parliament insisted that the workingman should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his own and his family's industry. By the 7th of the 31st of Elizabeth, it was ordered that no cottage should be built for residence without four acres of land at lowest being attached to it for the sole use of the occupants of such cottage.

It will, perhaps, be supposed that such comparative prosperity of labor was the result of the condition of the market in which it was sold, that the demand for labor was large and the supply limited, and that the state of England in the sixteenth century was analogous to that of Australia or Canada at the present time. And so long as we confine our view to the ques-

tion of wages alone, it is undoubted that legislation was in favor of the employer. The Wages Act of Henry VIII. was unpopular with the laborers, and was held to deprive them of an opportunity of making better terms for themselves. But we shall fall into extreme error, if we translate into the language of modern political economy the social features of a state of things which in no way corresponded to our own. There was this essential difference, that labor was not looked upon as a market commodity, the government (whether wisely or not, I do not presume to determine) attempting to portion out the rights of the various classes of society by the rule, not of economy, but of equity. Statesmen did not care for the accumulation of capital; they desired to see the physical wellbeing of all classes of the commonwealth maintained at the highest degree which the producing power of the country admitted, and population and production remaining stationary, they were able to do it. This was their object, and they were supported in it by a powerful and efficient majority of the nation. On the one side parliament interfered to protect employers against their laborers; but it was equally determined that employers should not be allowed to abuse their opportunities; and this directly appears from the 4th of the 5th of Elizabeth, by which, on the most trifling appearance of a depreciation in the currency, it was declared that the laboring man could no longer live on the wages assigned to him by the act of Henry; and a sliding scale was instituted by which, for the future, wages should be adjusted to the price of food.

The same conclusion may be gathered also, indirectly, from other acts, interfering imperiously with the rights of property where a disposition showed itself to exercise them selfishly. The city merchants, as I have said, were becoming landowners; and some of them attempted to apply their rules of trade to the management of landed estates. While wages were ruled so high, it answered better as a speculation to convert arable land into pasture; but the law immediately stepped in to prevent a proceeding which it regarded as petty treason to the commonwealth. Self-protection is the first law of life; and the country relying for its defense on an able-bodied population, evenly distributed, ready at any moment to be called into action, either against foreign invasion or civil disturbance, it could not permit the owners of land to pursue for their own benefit a course of action which threatened to weaken its garri-

sons. It is not often that we are able to test the wisdom of legislation by specific results so clearly as in this present instance. The first attempts of the kind which I have described were made in the Isle of Wight, early in the reign of Henry VII. Lying so directly exposed to attacks from France, the Isle of Wight was a place which it was peculiarly important to keep in a state of defense, and the following act was therefore the consequence: —

"Forasmuch as it is to the surety of the Realm of England that the Isle of Wight, in the county of Southampton, be well inhabited with English people, for the defense as well of our ancient enemies of the Realm of France as of other parties; the which Isle is late decayed of people by reason that many towns and villages have been let down, and the fields diked and made pasture for beasts and cattle, and also many dwelling places, farms, and farmholds have of late time been used to be taken into one man's hold and hands, that of old time were wont to be in many several persons' holds and hands, and many several households kept in them; and thereby much people multiplied, and the same Isle thereby well inhabited, which now, by the occasion aforesaid, is desolate and not inhabited, but occupied with beasts and cattle, so that if hasty remedy be not provided, that Isle cannot long be kept and defended, but open and ready to the hands of the king's enemies, which God forbid. For remedy hereof, it is ordained and enacted that no manner of person, of what estate, degree, or condition soever, shall take any several farms more than one, whereof the yearly value shall not exceed the sum of ten marks; and if any several leases afore this time have been made to any person or persons of divers and sundry farmholds, whereof the yearly value shall exceed that sum, then the said person or persons shall choose one farmhold at his pleasure, and the remnant of his leases shall be utterly void."

An act, tyrannical in form, was singularly justified by its consequences. The farms rebuilt, the lands replowed, the island repeopled; and in 1546, when a French army of sixty thousand men attempted to effect a landing at St. Helen's, they were defeated and driven off by the militia of the island and a few levies transported from Hampshire and the adjoining counties. The money-making spirit, however, lay too deep to be checked so readily. The trading classes were growing rich under the strong rule of the Tudors. Increasing numbers of

them were buying or renting land; and the symptoms complained of broke out in the following reign in many parts of England. They could not choose but break out indeed; for they were the outward marks of a vital change, which was undermining the feudal constitution, and would by and by revolutionize and destroy it. Such symptoms it was impossible to extinguish; but the government wrestled long and powerfully to hold down the new spirit; and they fought against it successfully, till the old order of things had finished its work, and the time was come for it to depart. By the 1st of the 7th of Henry VIII., the laws of feudal tenure were put in force against the landed traders. Wherever lands were converted from tillage to pasture, the lords of the fee had authority to seize half of all profits until the farm buildings were reconstructed. If the immediate lord did not do his duty, the lord next above him was to do it; and the evil still increasing, the act, twenty years later, was extended further, and the king had power to seize. Nor was this all. Sheep farming had become an integral branch of business; and falling into the hands of men who understood each other, it had been made a monopoly, affecting seriously the prices of wool and mutton. Stronger measures were therefore now taken, and the class to which the offenders belonged was especially pointed out by parliament.

"Whereas," says the 13th of the 25th of Henry VIII., "divers and sundry persons of the king's subjects of this Realm, to whom God of his goodness hath disposed great plenty and abundance of movable substance, now of late, within few years, have daily studied, practiced, and invented ways and means how they might accumulate and gather together into few hands, as well great multitude of farms as great plenty of cattle, and in especial, sheep, putting such lands as they can get to pasture and not to tillage; whereby they have not only pulled down churches and towns and enhanced the old rates of the rents of the possessions of this Realm, or else brought it to such excessive fines that no poor man is able to meddle with it, but also have raised and enhanced the prices of all manner of corn, cattle, wool, pigs, geese, hens, chickens, eggs, and such other commodities, almost double above the prices which hath been accustomed, by reason whereof a marvelous multitude of the poor people of this realm be not able to provide meat, drink, and clothes necessary for themselves, their wives, and children, but be so discouraged with misery and poverty, that

they fall daily to theft, robbery, and other inconveniences, or pitifully die for hunger and cold; and it is thought by the king's humble and loving subjects, that one of the greatest occasions that moveth those greedy and covetous people so to accumulate and keep in their hands such great portions and parts of the lands of this Realm from the occupying of the poor husbandmen, and so to use it in pasture and not in tillage, is the great profit that cometh of sheep which be now come into a few persons' hands, in respect of the whole number of the king's subjects; it is hereby enacted that no person shall have or keep on lands not their own inheritance more than 2000 sheep; that no person shall occupy more than two farms; and that the 19th of the 4th of Henry VII., and those other acts obliging the lords of the fees to do their duty, shall be reënacted and enforced."

By these measures the money-making spirit was for a time driven back, and the country resumed its natural course. I am not concerned to defend the economic wisdom of such proceedings; but they prove, I think, conclusively that the laboring classes owed their advantages not to the condition of the labor market, but to the care of the State; and that when the State relaxed its supervision, or failed to enforce its regulations, the laborers being left to the market chances, sank instantly in the unequal struggle with capital.

The government, however, remained strong enough to hold its ground (excepting during the discreditable interlude of the reign of Edward VI.) for the first three quarters of the century; and until that time the working classes in this country remained in a condition more than prosperous. They enjoyed an abundance far beyond what in general falls to the lot of that order in long-settled countries; incomparably beyond what the same class were enjoying at that very time in Germany or France. The laws secured them; and that the laws were put in force we have the direct evidence of successive acts of the legislature justifying the general policy by its success: and we have also the indirect evidence of the contented loyalty of the great body of the people at a time when, if they had been discontented, they held in their own hands the means of asserting what the law acknowledged to be their right. The government had no power to compel submission to injustice, as was proved by the fate of an attempt to levy a "benevolence" by force, in 1525. The people resisted with a determination against which the

crown commissioners were unable to contend, and the scheme ended with an acknowledgment of fault by Henry, who retired with a good grace from an impossible position. If the peasantry had been suffering under any real grievances, we should not have failed to have heard of them when the religious rebellions furnished so fair an opportunity to press them forward. Complaint was loud enough when complaint was just, under the Somerset protectorate.

The incomes of the great nobles cannot be determined, for they varied probably as much as they vary now. Under Henry IV. the average income of an earl was estimated at £2000 a year. Under Henry VIII. the great Duke of Buckingham, the wealthiest English peer, had £6000. And the income of the Archbishop of Canterbury was rated at the same amount. But the establishments of such men were enormous, their ordinary retinues in time of peace consisting of many hundred persons; and in war, when the duties of a nobleman called him to the field, although in theory his followers were paid by the crown, yet the grants of parliament were on so small a scale that the theory was seldom converted into fact, and a large share of the expenses were paid often out of private purses. The Duke of Norfolk, in the Scotch war of 1523, declared (not complaining of it, but merely as a reason why he should receive support) that he had spent all his private means upon the army; and in the sequel of this history we shall find repeated instances of knights and gentlemen voluntarily ruining themselves in the service of their country. The people, not universally, but generally, were animated by a true spirit of sacrifice; by a true conviction that they were bound to think first of England, and only next of themselves; and unless we can bring ourselves to understand this, we shall never understand what England was under the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors. The expenses of the court under Henry VII. were a little over £14,000 a year, out of which were defrayed the whole cost of the king's establishment, the expenses of entertaining foreign ambassadors, the wages and maintenance of the yeomen of the guard, the retinues of servants, and all necessary outlay not incurred for public business. Under Henry VIII., of whose extravagance we have heard so much, and whose court was the most magnificent in the world, these expenses were £19,894 16*s.* 8*d.*, a small sum when compared with the present cost of the royal establishment, even if we

adopt the relative estimate of twelve to one, and suppose it equal to £240,000 a year of our money. But indeed it was not equal to £240,000; for, although the proportion held in articles of common consumption, articles of luxury were very dear indeed.

Passing down from the king and his nobles, to the body of the people, we find that the income qualifying a country gentleman to be justice of the peace was £20 a year, and if he did his duty, his office was no sinecure. We remember Justice Shallow and his clerk Davy, with his novel theory of magisterial law; and Shallow's broad features have so English a cast about them, that we may believe there were many such, and that the duty was not always very excellently done. But the Justice Shallows were not allowed to repose upon their dignity. The justice of the peace was required not only to take cognizance of open offenses, but to keep surveillance over all persons within his district, and over himself in his own turn there was a surveillance no less sharp, and penalties for neglect prompt and peremptory. Four times a year he was to make proclamation of his duty, and exhort all persons to complain against him who had occasion. Twenty pounds a year, and heavy duties to do for it, represented the condition of the squire of the parish. By the 2d of the 2d of Henry V., "the wages" of a parish priest were limited to £5 6*s.* 8*d.*, except in cases where there was special license from the bishop, when they might be raised as high as £6. Priests were probably something better off under Henry VIII., but the statute remained in force, and marks an approach at least to their ordinary salary. The priest had enough, being unmarried, to supply him in comfort with the necessaries of life. The squire had enough to provide moderate abundance for himself and his family. Neither priest nor squire was able to establish any steep difference in outward advantages between himself and the commons among whom he lived.

The habits of all classes were open, free, and liberal. There are two expressions corresponding one to the other, which we frequently meet with in old writings, and which are used as a kind of index, marking whether the condition of things was or was not what it ought to be. We read of "merry England," — when England was not merry, things were not going well with it; we hear of "the glory of hospitality," England's pre-eminent boast, — by the rules of which all tables, from the

table of the twenty-shilling freeholder to the table in the baron's hall and abbey refectory, were open at the dinner hour to all comers, without stint or reserve, or question asked. To every man, according to his degree, who chose to ask for it, there was free fare and free lodging; bread, beef, and beer for his dinner; for his lodging, perhaps, only a mat of rushes in a spare corner of the hall, with a billet of wood for a pillow; but freely offered and freely taken, the guest probably faring much as his host fared, neither worse nor better. There was little fear of an abuse of such license, for suspicious characters had no leave to wander at pleasure; and for any man found at large, and unable to give a sufficient account of himself, there were the ever-ready parish stocks or town jail. The "glory of hospitality" lasted far down into Elizabeth's time; and then, as Camden says, "came in great bravery of building, to the marvelous beautifying of the realm, but to the decay" of what he valued more.

In such frank style the people lived, hating three things with all their hearts: idleness, want, and cowardice; and for the rest, carrying their heart high, and having their hands full. The hour of rising, winter and summer, was four o'clock, with breakfast at five, after which the laborers went to work and the gentlemen to business, of which they had no little. In the country every unknown face was challenged and examined — if the account given was insufficient, he was brought before the justice; if the village shopkeeper sold bad wares, if the village cobbler made "unhonest" shoes, if servants and masters quarreled, all was to be looked to by the justice; there was no fear lest time should hang heavy with him. At twelve he dined; after dinner he went hunting, or to his farm, or to what he pleased It was a life unrefined, perhaps, but colored with a broad, rosy, English health.



## THE ARAUCANA.

By ALONZO DE ERCILLA.

(Translation and Summaries by William Hayley.)

[ALONZO ERCILLA Y ZUÑIGA, Spanish poet, was born at Bermeo, Bay of Biscay, about 1530, entered the service of Philip II, joined the expedition against the native Araucanians of Chile, and while campaigning, wrote his

famous epic "The Araucana" on scraps of paper and leather. After his return he was chamberlain to Emperor Rudolf II.; lived in Madrid, very poor, from 1580 on, and died in 1595.]

THE poem opens with the following exposition of the subject:—

I sing not love of ladies, nor of sights
Devised for gentle dames by courteous knights
Nor feasts, nor tourneys, nor that tender care
Which prompts the Gallant to regale the Fair;
But the bold deeds of Valor's fav'rite train,
Those undegenerate sons of warlike Spain,
Who made Arauco their stern laws embrace,
And bent beneath their yoke her untamed race.
Of tribes distinguished in the field I sing;
Of nations who disdain the name of king;
Courage, that danger only taught to grow,
And challenge honor from a generous foe;
And persevering toils of purest fame,
And feats that aggrandize the Spanish name;
For the brave actions of the vanquished spread
The brightest glory round the victor's head.

The poet devotes his first canto to the description of that part of the New World which forms the scene of his action, and is called Arauco, a district in the province of Chile. He paints the singular character and various customs of its warlike inhabitants with great clearness and spirit. In many points they bear a striking resemblance to the ancient Germans, as they are drawn by the strong pencil of Tacitus. The first canto closes with a brief account how this martial province was subdued by a Spanish officer named Valdivia; with an intimation that his negligence in his new dominion gave birth to those important exploits which the poet proposes to celebrate.

## CANTO II.

Many there are who, in this mortal strife,
Have reached the slippery heights of splendid life:
For Fortune's ready hand its succor lent;
Smiling she raised them up the steep ascent,
To hurl them headlong from that lofty seat
To which she led their unsuspecting feet;

E'en at the moment when all fears disperse,
And their proud fancy sees no sad reverse.
Little they think, beguiled by fair success,
That Joy is but the herald of Distress·
The hasty wing of Time escapes their sight,
And those dark evils that attend his flight:
Vainly they dream, with gay presumption warm,
Fortune for them will take a steadier form;
She, unconcerned at what her victims feel,
Turns with her wonted haste her fatal wheel

The Indians first, by novelty dismayed,
As Gods revered us, and as Gods obeyed,
But when they found we were of woman born,
Then homage turned to enmity and scorn·
Their childish error when our weakness showed,
They blushed at what their ignorance bestowed;
Fiercely they burnt with anger and with shame,
To see their masters but of mortal frame.
Disdaining cold and cowardly delay,
They seek atonement, on no distant day.
Prompt and resolved, in quick debate they join,
To form of deep revenge their dire design
Impatient that their bold decree should spread,
And shake the world around with sudden dread,
Th' assembling Chieftains led so large a train,
Their ready host o'erspread th' extensive plain
No summons now the soldier's heart requires;
The thirst of battle every breast inspires;
No pay, no promise of reward, they ask,
Keen to accomplish their spontaneous task;
And, by the force of one avenging blow,
Crush and annihilate their foreign foe
Of some brave Chiefs, who to this council came,
Well mayst thou, Memory, preserve the name;
Tho' rude and savage, yet of noble soul,
Justly they claim their place on Glory's roll,
Who, robbing Spain of many a gallant son,
In so confined a space such victories won;
Whose fame some living Spaniards yet may spread,
Too well attested by our warlike dead.

The poet proceeds to mention the principal chieftains, and the number of their respective vassals.

Tucapel stands first, renowned for the most inveterate

enmity to the Christians, and leader of three thousand vassals; Angol, a valiant youth, attended by four thousand; Cayocupil, with three; and Millarapue, an elder chief, with five thousand: Paycabi, with three thousand; and Lemolemo, with six: Maregnano, Gualemo, and Lebopia, with three thousand each; Elicura, distinguished by strength of body and detestation of servitude, with six thousand; and the ancient Colocolo, with a superior number: Ongolmo, with four thousand; and Puren, with six: the fierce and gigantic Lincoya with a still larger train. Peteguelen, lord of the valley of Arauco, prevented from personal attendance by the Christians, dispatches six thousand of his retainers to the assembly; the most distinguished of his party are Thome and Andalican. The lord of the maritime province of Pilmayquen, the bold Caupolican, is also unable to appear at the opening of the council.

The valley where they met for their consultations is thus described by Ercilla, who probably had seen it: —

In an umbrageous vale the seniors meet,
Embosomed deep in woods, a cool retreat,
Where gentle Flora sheds her annual blooms,
And with her fragrant scents the air perfumes
The sweet perfumes the Zephyrs waft away,
Deep whispering through the groves in wanton play,
And to the limpid stream that purls below
The rising gales in solemn concert blow.
Here in a sylvan theater, they find
An ample space, where all their tribes combined
Could meet at large to banquet, or debate
In graver mood the business of the State
Th' assembling clans within this bowery scene
Repose, where scarce a fiery shaft between
From Phœbus can descend, so close above
The hand of Summer weaves the solemn grove.

As they begin their business in the style of the ancient Germans, with a plentiful banquet, they soon grow exasperated with liquor, and a violent quarrel ensues concerning the command of the forces for the projected war, an honor which almost every chieftain is arrogant enough to challenge for himself. In the midst of this turbulent debate, the ancient Colocolo delivers the following harangue, which Voltaire prefers to the speech of Nestor, on a similar occasion, in the first Iliad: —

"Assembled Chiefs! ye guardians of the land!
Think not I mourn from thirst of lost command,
To find your rival spirits thus pursue
A post of honor which I deem my due.
These marks of age, you see, such thoughts disown
In me, departing for the world unknown;
But my warm love, which ye have long possest,
Now prompts that counsel which you'll find the best
Why should we now for marks of glory jar?
Why wish to spread our martial name afar?
Crushed as we are by Fortune's cruel stroke,
And bent beneath an ignominious yoke,
Ill can our minds such noble pride maintain.
While the fierce Spaniard holds our galling chain.
Your generous fury here ye vainly show;
Ah! rather pour it on th' embattled foe!
What frenzy has your souls of sense bereaved?
Ye rush to self-perdition, unperceived.
'Gainst your own vitals would ye lift those hands,
Whose vigor ought to burst oppression's bands?
"If a desire of death this rage create,
O die not yet in this disgraceful state!
Turn your keen arms, and this indignant flame,
Against the breast of those who sink your fame,
Who made the world a witness of your shame
Haste ye to cast these hated bonds away,
In this the vigor of your souls display;
Nor blindly lavish, from your country's veins,
Blood that may yet redeem her from her chains.
"E'en while I thus lament, I will still admire
The fervor of your souls; they give me fire.
But justly trembling at their fatal bent,
I dread some dire calamitous event;
Lest in your rage Dissension's frantic hand
Should cut the sinews of our native land.
If such its doom, my thread of being burst,
And let your old compeer expire the first!
Shall this shrunk frame, thus bowed by age's weight,
Live the weak witness of a nation's fate?
No: let some friendly sword, with kind relief,
Forbid its sinking in that scene of grief
Happy whose eyes in timely darkness close,
Saved from that worst of sights, his country's woes!
Yet, while I can, I make your weal my care,
And for the public good my thoughts declare.

"Equal ye are in courage and in worth;
Heaven has assigned to all an equal birth.
In wealth, in power, and majesty of soul,
Each Chief seems worthy of the world's control.
These gracious gifts, not gratefully beheld,
To this dire strife your daring minds impelled.
"But on your generous valor I depend,
That all our country's woes will swiftly end.
A Leader still our present state demands,
To guide to vengeance our impatient bands;
Fit for this hardy task that Chief I deem,
Who longest may sustain a massive beam:
Your rank is equal, let your force be tried
And for the strongest let his strength decide."

The chieftains acquiesce in this proposal. The beam is produced, and of a size so enormous that the poet declares himself afraid to specify its weight. The first chieftains who engage in the trial support it on their shoulders five and six hours each; Tucapel fourteen; and Lincoya more than double that number, — when the assembly, considering his strength as almost supernatural, is eager to bestow on him the title of general: but in the moment he is exulting in this new honor, Caupolican arrives without attendants.

Though from his birth one darkened eye he drew
(The viewless orb was of the granite's hue),
Nature, who partly robbed him of his sight,
Repaid this failure by redoubled might
This noble youth was of the highest state;
His actions honored, and his words of weight:
Prompt and resolved in every generous cause,
A friend to Justice and her sternest laws·
Fashioned for sudden feats, or toils of length,
His limbs possessed both suppleness and strength.
Dauntless his mind, determined and adroit
In every quick and hazardous exploit.

This accomplished chieftain is received with great joy by the assembly; and having surpassed Lincoya by many degrees in the trial, is invested with the supreme command. He dispatches a small party to attack a neighboring Spanish fort: they execute his orders, and make a vigorous assault. After a sharp conflict they are repulsed; but in the moment of their

retreat Caupolican arrives with his army to their support. The Spaniards in despair evacuate the fort, and make their escape in the night: the news is brought to Valdivia, the Spanish commander in the city of Conception; and with his resolution to punish the barbarians the canto concludes.

## CANTO XXXII.

After a panegyric on clemency, and a noble censure of those enormous cruelties by which his countrymen sullied their military fame, the poet relates the dreadful carnage which ensued as the Indians approached the fort. The Spaniards, after destroying numbers by their artillery, send forth a party of horse, who cut the fugitives to pieces. They inhumanly murder thirteen of their most distinguished prisoners, by blowing them from the mouths of cannon: but none of the confederate chieftains whom the poet has particularly celebrated were included in this number; for those high-spirited barbarians had refused to attend Caupolican in this assault, as they considered it disgraceful to attack their enemies by surprise. The unfortunate Indian leader, seeing his forces thus unexpectedly massacred, escapes with ten faithful followers, and wanders through the country in the most calamitous condition. The Spaniards endeavor, by all the means they can devise, to discover his retreat: the faithful inhabitants of Arauco refuse to betray him.

Ercilla, in searching the country with a small party, finds a young wounded female. She informs him that, marching with her husband, she had the misfortune of seeing him perish in the late slaughter; that a friendly soldier, in pity for her extreme distress, had tried to end her miserable life in the midst of the confusion, but had failed in his generous design, by giving her an ineffectual wound; that she had been removed from the field of battle to that sequestered spot, where she languished in the hourly hope of death, which she now implores from the hand of Ercilla. Our poet consoles her, dresses her wound, and leaves one of his attendants to protect her.

## CANTO XXXIII.

One of the prisoners whom the Spaniards had taken in their search after Caupolican is at last tempted by bribes to

betray his general. He conducts the Spaniards to a spot near the sequestered retreat of this unfortunate chief, and directs them how to discover it: but he refuses to advance with them, overcome by his dread of the hero whom he is tempted to betray. The Spaniards surround the house in which the chieftain had taken refuge with his ten faithful associates. Alarmed by a sentinel, he prepares for defense; but being soon wounded in the arm, surrenders, endeavoring to conceal his high character, and to make the Spaniards believe him an ordinary soldier.

With their accustomed shouts, and greedy toil,
Our furious troops now riot in their spoil;
Through the lone village their quick rapine spread,
Nor leave unpillaged e'en a single shed:
When from a tent, that placed on safer ground,
The neighboring hill's uncultured summit crowned,
A woman rushed, who, in her hasty flight,
Ran through the roughest paths along the rocky height.
A Negro of our train, who marked her way,
Soon made the hapless fugitive his prey;
For thwarting crags her doubtful steps impede,
And the fair form was ill prepared for speed;
For at her breast she bore her huddled son;
To fifteen months the infant's life had run:
From our brave captive sprung the blooming boy,
Of both his parents the chief pride and joy.
The Negro carelessly his victim brought,
Nor knew th' important prize his haste had caught.
Our soldiers now, to catch the cooling tide,
Had sallied to the murmuring river's side:
When the unhappy Wife beheld her Lord,
His strong arms bound with a disgraceful cord,
Stript of each ensign of his past command,
And led the pris'ner of our shouting band;
Her anguish burst not into vain complaint,
No female terrors her firm soul attaint;
But, breathing fierce disdain, and anger wild,
Thus she exclaimed, advancing with her child:—
"The stronger arm that in this shameful band
Has tied thy weak effeminated hand,
Had nobler pity to thy state exprest
If it had bravely pierced that coward breast.
Wert thou the Warrior whose heroic worth
So swiftly flew around the spacious earth,

Whose name alone, unaided by thy arm,
Shook the remotest climes with fear's alarm?
Wert thou the Victor whose triumphant strain
Promised with rapid sword to vanquish Spain;
To make new realms Arauco's power revere,
And spread her empire o'er the Arctic sphere?
Wretch that I am! how was my heart deceived,
In all the noble pride with which it heaved,
When through the world my boasted title ran,
Tresia, the wife of great Caupolican!
Now, plunged in misery from the heights of fame,
My glories end in this detested shame,
To see thee captive in a lonely spot,
When death and honor might have been thy lot?
"What now avail thy scenes of happier strife,
So dearly bought by many a nobler life;
The wondrous feats, that valor scarce believed,
By thee with hazard and with toil achieved?
Where are the vaunted fruits of thy command,
The laurels gathered by this fettered hand?
All sunk! all turned to this abhorred disgrace,
To live the slave of this ignoble race!
Say, had thy soul no strength, thy hand no lance,
To triumph o'er the fickle power of chance?
Dost thou not know that to the Warrior's name,
A gallant exit gives immortal fame?
"Behold the burden which my breast contains,
Since of thy love no other pledge remains!
Hadst thou in glory's arms resigned thy breath,
We both had followed thee in joyous death
Take, take thy son! he was a tie most dear,
Which spotless love once made my heart revere,
Take him! — by generous pain, and wounded pride,
The currents of this fruitful breast are dried
Rear him thyself, for thy gigantic frame,
To woman turned, a woman's charge may claim.
A mother's title I no more desire,
Or shameful children from a shameful sire!"
As thus she spoke, with growing madness stung,
The tender nursling from her arms she flung,
With savage fury, hast'ning from our sight,
While anguish seemed to aid her rapid flight
Vain were our efforts, our indignant cries,
No gentle prayers, nor angry threats, suffice
To make her breast, where cruel frenzy burned,
Receive the little innocent she spurned.

The Spaniards, after providing a nurse for this unfortunate child, return with their prisoner Caupolican to their fort, which they enter in triumph.



## THE CRUSHING OF ITALIAN FREEDOM.[1]

By J A SYMONDS

(From "The Italian Renaissance.")

[John Addington Symonds, English man of letters, was born October 5, 1840, graduated at Balliol College, Oxford. He wrote "Introduction to the Study of Dante" (1872), "Studies of the Greek Poets" (1873–1876), "The Renaissance in Italy" (six volumes, 1875–1886); "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama" (1884); "Life of Michelangelo" (1892), several volumes of poetry; translated Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography, etc. He died April 18, 1893, at Rome]

The leveling down of the component elements of the Italian race beneath a common despotism, which began in the period I have chosen for this work, was necessary perhaps before Italy could take her place as a united nation gifted with constitutional self-government and independence. Except, therefore, for the sufferings and the humiliations inflicted on her people; except for their servitude beneath the most degrading forms of ecclesiastical and temporal tyranny; except for the annihilation of their beautiful Renaissance culture; except for the depression of arts, learning, science, and literature, together with the enfeeblement of political energy and domestic morality; except for the loathsome domination of hypocrites and persecutors and informers; except for the Jesuitical encouragement of every secret vice and every servile superstition which might emasculate the race and render it subservient to authority, — except for these appalling evils, we have no right perhaps to deplore the settlement of Italy by Charles V. in 1530, or the course of subsequent events. For it is tolerably certain that some such leveling down as then commenced was needed to bring the constituent States of Italy into accord; and it is indubitable, as I have had occasion to point out, that the political force which eventually introduced Italy into the European system of federated nations was determined in its character, if not created, then. None the less, the history of

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this period (1530–1600) in Italy is a prolonged, a solemn, an inexpressibly heartrending tragedy.

It is the tragic history of the eldest and most beautiful, the noblest and most venerable, the freest and most gifted of Europe's daughters, delivered over to the devilry that issued from the most incompetent and arrogantly stupid of the European sisterhood, and to the cruelty, inspired by panic, of an impious theocracy. When we use these terms to designate the Papacy of the Counter Reformation, it is not that we forget how many of those Popes were men of blameless private life and serious views for Catholic Christendom. When we use these terms to designate the Spanish race in the sixteenth century, it is not that we are ignorant of Spanish chivalry and colonizing enterprise, of Spanish romance, or of the fact that Spain produced great painters, great dramatists, and one great novelist in the brief period of her glory. We use them deliberately, however, in both cases, because the Papacy at this period committed itself to a policy of immoral, retrograde, and cowardly repression of the most generous of human impulses under the pressure of selfish terror; because the Spaniards abandoned themselves to a dark fiend of religious fanaticism; because they were merciless in their conquests and unintelligent in their administration of subjugated provinces, because they glutted their lusts of avarice and hatred on industrious folk of other creeds within their borders; because they cultivated barren pride and self-conceit in social life; because at the great epoch of Europe's reawakening they chose the wrong side and adhered to it with fatal obstinacy. This obstinacy was disastrous to their neighbors and ruinous to themselves. During the short period of three reigns (between 1598 and 1700), they sank from the first to the third grade in Europe, and saw the scepter passing in the New World from their hands to those of more normally constituted races. That the self-abandonment to sterilizing passions and ignoble persecutions which marked Spain out for decay in the second half of the sixteenth century, and rendered her the curse of her dependencies, can in part be ascribed to the enthusiasm aroused in previous generations by the heroic conflict with advancing Islam, is a thesis capable of demonstration. Yet none the less is it true that her action at that period was calamitous to herself and little short of destructive to Italy.

After the year 1530, seven Spanish devils entered Italy. These were the devil of the inquisition, with stake and torture

room, and war declared against the will and soul and heart and intellect of man; the devil of Jesuitry, with its sham learning, shameless lying, and casuistical economy of sins; the devil of vice-royal rule, with its life-draining monopolies and gross incapacity for government; the devil of an insolent soldiery, quartered on the people, clamorous for pay, outrageous in their lusts and violences; the devil of fantastical taxation, levying tolls upon the bare necessities of life, and drying up the founts of national wellbeing at their sources; the devil of petty princedom, wallowing in sloth and cruelty upon a pinchbeck throne; the devil of effeminate hidalgoism, ruinous in expenditure, mean and grasping, corrupt in private life, in public ostentatious, vain of titles, cringing to its masters, arrogant to its inferiors. In their train these brought with them seven other devils, their pernicious offspring: idleness, disease, brigandage, destitution, ignorance, superstition, hypocritically sanctioned vice. These fourteen devils were welcomed, entertained, and voluptuously lodged in all the fairest provinces of Italy. The Popes opened wide for them the gates of outraged and depopulated Rome. Dukes and marquises fell down and worshiped the golden image of the Spanish Belial-Moloch — that hideous idol whose face was blacked with soot from burning human flesh, and whose skirts were dabbled with the blood of thousands slain in wars of persecution. After a tranquil sojourn of some years in Italy, these devils had everywhere spread desolation and corruption. Broad regions, like the Patrimony of St. Peter and Calabria, were given over to marauding bandits; wide tracts of fertile country, like the Sienese Maremma, were abandoned to malaria; wolves prowled through empty villages round Milan; in every city the pestilence swept off its hundreds daily; manufactures, commerce, agriculture, the industries of town and rural district, ceased; the Courts swarmed with petty nobles, who vaunted paltry titles, and resigned their wives to cicisbei and their sons to sloth; art and learning languished; there was not a man who ventured to speak out his thought or write the truth; and over the Dead Sea of social putrefaction floated the sickening oil of Jesuitical hypocrisy.

# THE CENCI.[1]

By J. A. SYMONDS

SHIFTING the scene to Rome, we light upon a group of notable misdeeds enacted in the last half of the sixteenth century, each of which is well calculated to illustrate the conditions of society and manners at that epoch. It may be well to begin with the Cenci tragedy. In Shelley's powerful drama, in Guerrazzi's tedious novel, and Scolari's digest, the legend of Beatrice Cenci has long appealed to modern sympathy. The real facts, extracted from legal documents and public registers, reduce its poetry of horror to comparatively squalid prose. Yet, shorn of romantic glamour, the bare history speaks significantly to a student of Italian customs. Monsignore Cristoforo Cenci, who died about the year 1562, was in holy orders, yet not a priest. One of the clerks of the Apostolic Camera, a Canon of S. Peter's, the titular incumbent of a Roman parish, and an occupant of minor offices about the Papal Court and Curia, he represented an epicene species, neither churchman nor layman, which the circumstances of ecclesiastical sovereignty rendered indispensable. Cristoforo belonged to a good family among that secondary Roman aristocracy which ranked beneath the princely feudatories and the Papal bastards. He accumulated large sums of money by maladministration of his official trusts, inherited the estates of two uncles, and bequeathed a colossal fortune to his son Francesco. This youth was the offspring of an illicit connection carried on between Monsignore Cenci and Beatrice Arias during the lifetime of that lady's husband. Upon the death of the husband the Monsignore obtained dispensation from his orders, married Beatrice, and legitimated his son, the inheritor of so much wealth. Francesco was born in 1549, and had therefore reached the age of thirteen when his father died His mother, Beatrice, soon contracted a third matrimonial union; but during her guardianship of the boy she appeared before the courts, accused of having stolen clothing from his tutor's wardrobe.

Francesco Cenci disbursed a sum of 33,000 crowns to various public offices, in order to be allowed to enter unmolested into the enjoyment of his father's gains, 3800 crowns of this sum went to the Chapter of S Peter's. He showed a certain

[1] From "The Italian Renaissance" By permission of Smith, Elder & Co Price 7s 6d



BEATRICE CENCI

*From a painting by Guido Reni*

precocity; for at the age of fourteen he owned an illegitimate child, and was accused of violence to domestics. In 1563 his family married him to Ersilia, a daughter of the noble Santa Croce House, who brought him a fair dowry. Francesco lived for twenty-one years with this lady, by whom he had twelve children. Upon her death he remained a widower for nine years, and in 1593 he married Lucrezia Petroni, widow of a Roman called Velli. Francesco's conduct during his first marriage was not without blame. Twice, at least, he had to pay fines for acts of brutality to servants, and once he was prosecuted for an attempt to murder a cousin, also named Francesco Cenci. On another occasion we find him outlawed from the states of the Church. Yet these offenses were but peccadillos in a wealthy Roman baron; and Francesco used to boast that, with money in his purse, he had no dread of justice. After the death of his wife Ersilia, his behavior grew more irregular. Three times between 1591 and 1594, he was sued for violent attacks on servants; and in February of the latter year he remained six months in prison on multiplied charges of unnatural vice. There was nothing even here to single Francesco Cenci out from other nobles of his age. Scarcely a week passed in Rome without some affair of the sort, involving outrage, being brought before the judges. Cardinals, prelates, princes, professional men, and people of the lowest rank were alike implicated. The only difference between the culprits was that the rich bought themselves off, while the destitute were burned. Eleven poor Spaniards and Portuguese were sent to the stake in 1578 for an offense which Francesco Cenci compounded in 1594 by the payment of 100,000 crowns. After this warning and the loss of so much money, he grew more circumspect, married his second wife, Lucrezia, and settled down to rule his family. His sons caused him considerable anxiety. Giacomo, the eldest, married against his father's will, and supported himself by forging obligations and raising money. Francesco's displeasure showed itself in several lawsuits, one of which accused Giacomo of having plotted against his life. The second son, Cristoforo, was assassinated by Paolo Bruno, a Corsican, in the prosecution of a love affair with the wife of a Trasteverine fisherman. The third son, Rocco, spent his time in street adventures, and on one occasion laid his hands on all the plate and portable property that he could carry off from his father's house. This young ruffian, less than twenty years of age, found

a devoted friend in Monsignore Querro, a cousin of the family, well placed at court, who assisted him in the burglary of the Cenci palace. Rocco was killed by Amilcare Orsini, a bastard of the Count of Pitigliano, in a brawl at night. The young men met, Cenci attended by three armed servants, Orsini by two. A single pass of rapiers, in which Rocco was pierced through the right eye, ended the affair.

In addition to his vindictive persecution of his worthless eldest son, Francesco Cenci behaved with undue strictness to the younger, allowing them less money than befitted their station, and treating them with a severity which contrasted comically with his own loose habits. The legend which represents him as an exceptionally wicked man, cruel for cruelty's sake, and devoid of natural affection, receives some color from the facts. Yet these alone are not sufficient to justify its darker hues, while they amply prove that Francesco's children gave him grievous provocation. The discontents of this ill-governed family matured into rebellion, and in 1598 it was decided on removing the old Cenci by murder. His second wife, Lucrezia, his eldest son, Giacomo, his daughter Beatrice, and the youngest son, Bernardo, were implicated in the crime. It was successfully carried out at the Rocca di Petrella in the Abruzzi, on the night of September 9. Two hired bravi, Olimpio Calvetti and Marzio Catalani, entered the old man's bedroom, drove a nail into his head, and flung the corpse out from a gallery, whence it was alleged that he had fallen by accident. Six days after this assassination, Giacomo and his brothers took out letters both at Rome and in the realm of Naples for the administration of their father's property; nor does suspicion seem for some time to have fallen upon them. It awoke at Petrella in November, the feudatory of which fief, Marzio Colonna, informed the government of Naples that proceedings ought to be taken against the Cenci and their cutthroats. Accordingly, on December 10, a ban was published against Olimpio and Marzio. Olimpio met his death at an inn door in a little village called Cantalice. Three desperate fellows, at the instigation of Giacomo de' Cenci and Monsignore Querro, surprised him there But Marzio fell into the hands of justice, and his evidence caused the immediate arrest of the Cenci It appears that they were tortured, and that none of them denied the accusation; so that their advocates could only plead extenuating circumstances. To this fact may possibly be due the legend of

Beatrice. In order to mitigate the guilt of parricide, Prospero Farinacci, who conducted her defense, established a theory of enormous cruelty and unspeakable outrages committed on her person by her father. With the same object in view, he tried to make out that Bernardo was half-witted. There is quite sufficient extant evidence to show that Bernardo was a young man of average intelligence; and with regard to Beatrice, nothing now remains to corroborate Farinaccio's hypothesis of incest. She was not a girl of sixteen, as the legend runs, but a woman of twenty-two; and the codicils to her will render it nearly certain that she had given birth to an illegitimate son, for whose maintenance she made elaborate and secret provisions. That the picture ascribed to Guido Reni in the Barberini palace is not a portrait of Beatrice in prison, appears sufficiently proved. Guido did not come to Rome until 1608, nine years after her death; and catalogues of the Barberini gallery, compiled in 1604 and 1623, contain no mention either of a painting by Guido or of Beatrice's portrait. The Cenci were lodged successively in the prisons of Torre di Nona, Savelli, and S. Angelo. They occupied wholesome apartments, and were allowed the attendance of their own domestics. That their food was no scanty dungeon fare appears from the menus of dinners and suppers supplied to them, which include fish, flesh, fruit, salad, and snow to cool the water. In spite of powerful influence at court, Clement VIII. at last resolved to exercise strict justice on the Cenci. He was brought to this decision by a matricide perpetrated in cold blood at Subiaco, on September 5, 1599. Paolo di S. Croce, a relative of the Cenci, murdered his mother Costanza in her bed, with the view of obtaining property over which she had control. The sentence issued a few days after this event. Giacomo was condemned to be torn to pieces by red-hot pincers, and finished with a *coup de grâce* from the hangman's hammer. Lucrezia and Beatrice received the slighter sentence of decapitation; while Bernardo, in consideration of his youth, was let off with the penalty of being present at the execution of his kinsfolk, after which he was to be imprisoned for a year, and then sent to the galleys for life. Their property was confiscated to the Camera Apostolica. These punishments were carried out. But Bernardo, after working at Civita Vecchia until 1606, obtained release and lived in banishment till his death in 1627. Monsignore Querro, for his connivance in the whole affair, was banished to

the island of Malta, whence he returned at some date before the year 1633 to Rome, having expiated his guilt by long and painful exile. In this abstract of the Cenci-tragedy, I have followed the documents published by Signor Bertolotti. They are at many points in startling contradiction to the legend, which is founded on manuscript accounts compiled at no distant period after the events. One of these was translated by Shelley; another, differing in some particulars, was translated by De Stendhal. Both agree in painting that lurid portrait of Francesco Cenci which Shelley has animated with the force of a great dramatist. Unluckily, no copy of the legal instructions upon which the trial was conducted is now extant. In the absence of this all-important source of information, it would be unsafe to adopt Bertolotti's argument, that the legend calumniates Francesco in order to exculpate Beatrice, without some reservation. There is room for the belief that facts adduced in evidence may have partly justified the prevalent opinion of Beatrice's infamous persecution by her father.

## THE MEDICI.[1]

BY J. A SYMONDS.

THE history of the Medicean family during the sixteenth century epitomizes the chief features of social morality upon which I have been dwelling in this chapter. It will be remembered that Alessandro de' Medici, the first Duke of Florence, poisoned his cousin, Ippolito, and was himself assassinated by his cousin Lorenzino. To the second of these crimes Cosimo, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany, owed the throne of Florence, on which, however, he was not secure until he had removed Lorenzino from this world by the poniard of a bravo. Cosimo maintained his authority by a system of espionage, remorseless persecution, and assassination, which gave color even to the most improbable of legends But it is not of him so much as of his children that I have to speak. Francesco, who reigned from 1564 till 1587, brought disgrace upon his line by marrying the infamous Bianca Capello, after authorizing the murder of her previous husband. Bianca, though incapable of bearing children, flattered her besotted paramour

[1] From "The Italian Renaissance" By permission of Smith, Elder & Co Price 7s 6d

before this marriage by pretending to have borne a son. In reality, she had secured the cooperation of three women on the point of childbirth; and when one of these was delivered of a boy, she presented this infant to Francesco, who christened him Antonio de' Medici. Of the three mothers who served in this nefarious action, Bianca contrived to assassinate two, but not before one of the victims to her dread of exposure made full confession at the point of death. The third escaped. Another woman, who had superintended the affair, was shot between Florence and Bologna in the valleys of the Apennines. Yet after the manifestation of Bianca's imposture, the Duke continued to recognize Antonio as belonging to the Medicean family; and his successor was obliged to compel this young man to assume the Cross of Malta, in order to exclude his posterity from the line of princes. The legend of Francesco's and Bianca's mysterious death is well known. The Duchess had engaged in fresh intrigues for palming off a spurious child upon her husband. These roused the suspicions of his brother, Cardinal Ferdinando de' Medici, heir presumptive to the crown. An angry correspondence followed, ending in a reconciliation between the three princes. They met in the autumn of 1587 at the villa of Poggio a Cajano. Then the world was startled by the announcement that the Grand Duke had died of fever after a few days' illness, and that Bianca had almost immediately afterwards followed him to the grave. Ferdinand, on succeeding to the throne, refused her the interment suited to her rank, defaced her arms on public edifices, and for her name and titles in official documents substituted the words "la pessima Bianca." What passed at Poggio a Cajano is not known. It was commonly believed in Italy that Bianca, meaning to poison the Cardinal at supper, had been frustrated in her designs by a blunder which made her husband the victim of this plot, and that she ended her own life in despair or fell a victim to the Cardinal's vengeance. This story is rejected both by Botta and Galluzzi; but Litta has given it a partial credence. Two of Cosimo's sons died previously, in the year 1562, under circumstances which gave rise to similar malignant rumors. Don Garzia and the Cardinal Giovanni were hunting together in the Pisan marshes, when the latter expired after a short illness, and the former in a few days met with a like fate. Report ran that Don Garzia had stabbed his brother, and that Cosimo, in a fit of rage, ran him through the

body with his own sword. In this case, although Litta attaches weight to the legend, the balance of evidence is strongly in favor of both brothers' having been carried off by a pernicious fever contracted simultaneously during their hunting expedition. Each instance serves, however, to show in what an atmosphere of guilt the Medicean princes were enveloped. No one believed that they could die except by fraternal or paternal hands. And the authentic crimes of the family certainly justified this popular belief. I have already alluded to the murders of Ippolito, Alessandro, and Lorenzino. I have told how the Court of Florence sanctioned the assassination of Bianca's daughter by her husband at Bologna. I must now proceed to relate the tragic tales of the princesses of the house.

Pietro de' Medici, a fifth of Cosimo's sons, had rendered himself notorious in Spain and Italy by forming a secret society for the most revolting debaucheries. Yet he married the noble lady Eleonora di Toledo, related by blood to Cosimo's first wife. Neglected and outraged by her husband, she proved unfaithful, and Pietro hewed her in pieces with his own hands at Caffaggiolo. Isabella de' Medici, daughter of Cosimo, was married to the Duke of Bracciano. Educated in the empoisoned atmosphere of Florence, she, like Eleonora di Toledo, yielded herself to fashionable profligacy, and was strangled by her husband at Ceretto. Both of these murders took place in 1576. Isabella's death, as I have elsewhere related, opened the way for the Duke of Bracciano's marriage with Vittoria Accoramboni, which had been prepared by the assassination of her first husband, and which led to her own murder at Padua Another of Cosimo's daughters, Lucrezia de' Medici, became Duchess of Ferrara, fell under a suspicion of infidelity, and was possibly removed by poison in 1561. The last of his sons whom I have to mention, Don Giovanni, married a dissolute woman of low birth called Livia, and disgraced the name of Medici by the unprincely follies of his life. Eleonora de' Medici, third of his daughters, introduces a comic element into these funereal records. She was affianced to Vincenzo Gonzaga, heir of the duchy of Mantua. But suspicions arising out of the circumstances of his divorce from a former wife obliged him to prove his marital capacity before the completion of the contract. This he did at Venice, before a witness, upon the person of a virgin selected for the experiment. Maria de' Medici, the only child of Duke Francesco, became Queen of

France. The history of her amours with Concini forms an episode in French annals.

If now we eliminate the deaths of Don Garcia, Cardinal Giovanni, Duke Francesco, Bianca Capello, and Lucrezia de' Medici, as doubtful, there will still remain the murders of Cardinal Ippolito, Duke Alessandro, Lorenzino de' Medici, Pietro Bonaventuri (Bianca's husband), Pellegrina Bentivoglio (Bianca's daughter), Eleonora di Toledo, Francesco Casi (Eleonora's lover), the Duchess of Bracciano, Troilo Orsini (lover of this Duchess), Felice Peretti (husband of Vittoria Accoramboni), and Vittoria Accoramboni — eleven murders, all occurring between 1535 and 1585, an exact half-century, in a single princely family and its immediate connections. The majority of these crimes, that is to say seven, had their origin in lawless passion.



## THE LOVER'S APPEAL.

BY SIR THOMAS WYATT.

[1503–1542 ]

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame,
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart
Neither for pain nor smart.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity

Of him that loveth thee:
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!



# THE EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY.

By W HARRISON AINSWORTH.

(From "The Tower of London")

[WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, English novelist, was born in Manchester, February 4, 1805 Designed for a lawyer, he married a publisher's daughter, was himself a publisher for a short time, and after some magazine work made a hit with "Rookwood" (1834) Of some forty novels the best known besides the above are: "Crichton" (1837), "Jack Sheppard" (1839), "The Tower of London" (1840), "Old St Paul's" (1841), "Guy Fawkes" (1841), "The Miser's Daughter" (1842), "Windsor Castle" (1843), "St James's" (1844), and "Lancashire Witches" (1848). He died January 3, 1882 ]

MONDAY, the 12th of February, 1554, the fatal day destined to terminate Jane's earthly sufferings, at length arrived. Excepting a couple of hours which she allowed to rest, at the urgent entreaty of her companion, she had passed the whole of the night in prayer. Angela kept watch over the lovely sleeper, and the effect produced by the contemplation of her features during this her last slumber was never afterwards effaced. The repose of an infant could not be more calm and holy. A celestial smile irradiated her countenance; her lips moved as if in prayer; and if good angels are ever permitted to visit the dreams of those they love on earth, they hovered that night over the couch of Jane. Thinking it cruelty to disturb her from such a blissful state, Angela let an hour pass beyond the appointed time. But observing a change come over her countenance—seeing her bosom heave, and tears gather beneath her eyelashes, she touched her, and Jane instantly arose.

"Is it four o'clock?" she inquired.

"It has just struck five, madam," replied Angela. "I have disobeyed you for the first and last time. But you seemed so happy, that I could not find in my heart to waken you."

"I *was* happy," replied Jane, "for I dreamed that all was over—without pain to me—and that my soul was borne to

regions of celestial bliss by a troop of angels who had hovered above the scaffold."

"It will be so, madam," replied Angela, fervently. "You will quit this earth immediately for heaven, where you will rejoin your husband in everlasting happiness."

"I trust so," replied Jane, in an altered tone; "but in that blessed place I searched in vain for him. Angela, you let me sleep too long, or not long enough."

"Your pardon, dearest madam," cried the other, fearfully.

"Nay, you have given me no offense," returned Jane, kindly. "What I meant was that I had not time to find my husband."

"Oh, you *will* find him, dearest madam," returned Angela, "doubt it not. Your prayers would wash out his offenses, even if his own could not."

"I trust so," replied Jane. "And I will now pray for him, and do you pray, too."

Jane then retired to the recess, and in the gloom, for it was yet dark, continued her devotions until the clock struck seven. She then arose, and assisted by Angela, attired herself with great care.

"I pay more attention to the decoration of my body now I am about to part with it," she observed, "than I would do if it was to serve me longer. So joyful is the occasion to me, that were I to consult my own feelings, I would put on my richest apparel, to indicate my contentment of heart. I will not, however, so brave my fate, but array myself in these weeds." And she put on a gown of black velvet, without ornament of any kind; tying round her slender throat (so soon, alas! to be severed) a simple white falling collar. Her hair was left purposely unbraided, and was confined by a caul of black velvet. As Angela performed those sad services she sobbed audibly.

"Nay, cheer thee, child," observed Jane. "When I was clothed in the robes of royalty, and had the crown placed upon my brow,—nay, when arrayed on my wedding day,—I felt not half so joyful as now."

"Ah! madam!" exclaimed Angela, in a paroxysm of grief, "my condition is more pitiable than yours. You go to certain happiness. But I lose you."

"Only for a while, dear Angela," returned Jane. "Comfort yourself with that thought. Let my fate be a warning to you. Be not dazzled by ambition. Had I not once yielded, I

"Before you set out upon a journey from which you will never return, my lord," said Feckenham, "I would ask you for the last time, if any change has taken place in your religious sentiments—and whether you are yet alive to the welfare of your soul?"

"Why not promise me pardon if I will recant on the scaffold, and silence me as you silenced the duke my father, by the ax!" replied Dudley, sternly. "No, sir, I will have naught to do with your false and idolatrous creed. I shall die a firm believer in the gospel, and trust to be saved by it."

"Then perish, body and soul," replied Feckenham, harshly. "Sir Thomas Brydges, I commit him to your hands."

"Am I to be allowed no parting with my wife?" demanded Dudley, anxiously.

"You have parted with her forever,—heretic and unbeliever!" rejoined Feckenham.

"That speech will haunt your deathbed, sir," retorted Dudley, sternly. And he turned to the lieutenant, and signified that he was ready.

The first object that met Dudley's gaze, as he issued from his prison, was the scaffold on the green. He looked at it for a moment wistfully.

"It is for Lady Jane," observed the lieutenant.

"I know it," replied Dudley, in a voice of intense emotion. "I thank you for letting me die first."

"You must thank the queen, my lord," returned Brydges. "It was her order."

"Shall you see my wife, sir?" demanded Dudley, anxiously.

The lieutenant answered in the affirmative.

"Tell her I will be with her on the scaffold," said Dudley.

As he was about to set forward, a young man pushed through the lines of halberdiers, and threw himself at his feet. It was Cholmondeley. Dudley instantly raised and embraced him. "At least I see one whom I love," he cried.

"My lord, this interruption must not be," observed the lieutenant. "If you do not retire," he added, to Cholmondeley, "I shall place you in arrest."

"Farewell, my dear lord," cried the weeping esquire—"farewell!"

"Farewell forever!" returned Dudley, as Cholmondeley was forced back by the guard.

The escort then moved forward, and the lieutenant accom-

panied the prisoner to the gateway of the Middle Tower, where he delivered him to the sheriffs and their officers, who were waiting there for him with a Franciscan friar, and then returned to fulfill his more painful duty. A vast crowd was collected on Tower Hill, and the strongest commiseration was expressed for Dudley, as he was led to the scaffold, on which Mauger had already taken his station.

On quitting the Beauchamp Tower, Feckenham proceeded to Jane's prison. He found her on her knees, but she immediately arose.

"Is it time?" she asked.

"It is, madam, to repent," replied Feckenham, sternly. "A few minutes are all that now remain to you of life—nay, at this moment, perhaps, your husband is called before his Eternal Judge. There is yet time. Do not perish like him in your sins."

"Heaven have mercy upon him!" cried Jane, falling on her knees.

And notwithstanding the importunities of the confessor, she continued in fervent prayer, till the appearance of Sir Thomas Brydges. She instantly understood why he came, and rising, prepared for departure. Almost blinded by tears, Angela rendered her the last services she required. This done, the lieutenant, who was likewise greatly affected, begged some slight remembrance of her.

"I have nothing to give you but this book of prayers, sir," she answered—"but you shall have that, when I have done with it, and may it profit you."

"You will receive it only to cast it into the flames, my son," remarked Feckenham.

"On the contrary, I shall treasure it like a priceless gem," replied Brydges.

"You will find a prayer written in it in my own hand," said Jane. "And again I say, may it profit you."

Brydges then passed through the door, and Jane followed him. A band of halberdiers were without. At the sight of her, a deep and general sympathy was manifested: not an eye was dry; and tears trickled down cheeks unaccustomed to such moisture. The melancholy train proceeded at a slow pace. Jane fixed her eyes upon the prayer book, which she read aloud to drown the importunities of the confessor, who walked on her right, while Angela kept near her on the other side. And so they reached the green.

By this time, the fog had cleared off, and the rain had ceased; but the atmosphere was humid, and the day lowering and gloomy. Very few spectators were assembled—for it required firm nerves to witness such a tragedy. A flock of carrion crows and ravens, attracted by their fearful instinct, wheeled around overhead, or settled on the branches of the bare and leafless trees, and by their croaking added to the dismal character of the scene. The bell continued tolling all the time.

The sole person on the scaffold was Wolfytt. He was occupied in scattering straw near the block. Among the bystanders was Sorrocold leaning on his staff; and as Jane for a moment raised her eyes as she passed along, she perceived Roger Ascham. Her old preceptor had obeyed her, and she repaid him with a look of gratitude.

By the lieutenant's directions she was conducted for a short time into the Beauchamp Tower, and here Feckenham continued his persecutions, until a deep groan arose among those without, and an officer abruptly entered the room.

"Madam," said Sir John Brydges, after the newcomer had delivered his message, "we must set forth."

Jane made a motion of assent, and the party issued from the Beauchamp Tower, in front of which a band of halberdiers was drawn up. A wide open space was kept clear around the scaffold. Jane seemed unconscious of all that was passing. Preceded by the lieutenant, who took his way towards the north of the scaffold, and attended on either side by Feckenham and Angela as before, she kept her eyes steadily fixed on her prayer book.

Arrived within a short distance of the fatal spot, she was startled by a scream from Angela, and looking up, beheld four soldiers carrying a litter covered with a cloth, and advancing towards her. She knew it was the body of her husband, and unprepared for so terrible an encounter, uttered a cry of horror. The bearers of the litter passed on and entered the porch of the chapel.

While this took place, Mauger, who had limped back as fast as he could after his bloody work on Tower Hill—only tarrying a moment to change his ax—ascended the steps of the scaffold, and ordered Wolfytt to get down. Sir Thomas Brydges, who was greatly shocked at what had just occurred, and would have prevented it if it had been possible, returned

to Jane and offered her his assistance. But she did not require it. The force of the shock had passed away, and she firmly mounted the scaffold.

When she was seen there, a groan of compassion arose from the spectators, and prayers were audibly uttered. She then advanced to the rail, and, in a clear distinct voice, spoke as follows: —

"I pray you all to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by no other means except the mercy of God, and the merits of the blood of his only Son Jesus Christ. I confess when I knew the word of God I neglected it, and loved myself and the world, and therefore this punishment is a just return for my sins. But I thank God of his goodness that he has given me a time and respite to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers."

Many fervent responses followed, and several of the bystanders imitated Jane's example, as, on the conclusion of her speech, she fell on her knees and recited the *Miserere*.

At its close, Feckenham said in a loud voice, "I ask you, madam, for the last time, will you repent?"

"I pray you, sir, to desist," replied Jane, meekly. "I am now at peace with all the world, and would die so."

She then arose, and giving the prayer book to Angela, said — "When all is over, deliver this to the lieutenant. These," she added, taking off her gloves and collar, "I give to you."

"And to me," cried Mauger, advancing and prostrating himself before her according to custom, "you give grace."

"And also my head," replied Jane. "I forgive thee heartily, fellow. Thou art my best friend."

"What ails you, madam?" remarked the lieutenant, observing Jane suddenly start and tremble.

"Not much," she replied, "but I thought I saw my husband pale and bleeding."

"Where?" demanded the lieutenant, recalling Dudley's speech.

"There, near the block," replied Jane. "I see the figure still. But it must be mere phantasy."

Whatever his thoughts were, the lieutenant made no reply; and Jane turned to Angela, who now began, with trembling hands, to remove her attire, and was trying to take off her

velvet robe, when Mauger offered to assist her, but was instantly repulsed.

He then withdrew, and stationing himself by the block, assumed his hideous black mask, and shouldered his ax.

Partially disrobed, Jane bowed her head, while Angela tied a kerchief over her eyes, and turned her long tresses over her head to be out of the way. Unable to control herself, she then turned aside, and wept aloud. Jane moved forward in search of the block, but fearful of making a false step, felt for it with her hands, and cried—"What shall I do? Where is it? Where is it?"

Sir Thomas Brydges took her hand and guided her to it. At this awful moment, there was a slight movement in the crowd, some of whom pressed nearer the scaffold, and amongst others Sorrocold and Wolfytt. The latter caught hold of the boards to obtain a better view. Angela placed her hands before her eyes, and would have suspended her being, if she could; and even Feckenham veiled his countenance with his robe. Sir Thomas Brydges gazed firmly on.

By this time, Jane had placed her head on the block, and her last words were, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

The ax then fell, and one of the fairest and wisest heads that ever sat on human shoulders fell likewise.



# FAUSTUS.

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

[CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, English dramatist and predecessor of Shakespeare, was the son of a shoemaker of Canterbury, where he was born 1563 or 1564 Having completed his studies in Cambridge, he settled in London and attached himself as dramatist to the "Lord Admiral's Company." Of his subsequent career there is no definite information, but he is said to have led a dissipated life, and was killed by a serving man in a tavern brawl at Deptford (May, 1593) His principal dramatic works are "Tamburlaine," "Dr Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward II." There are indications that he assisted in writing some of the earlier Shakespearian plays, particularly "Henry VI" Included in his poetical works are the unfinished "Hero and Leander" (completed by George Chapman), and the popular ditty, "Come, live with me and be my love," frequently quoted and imitated by later writers.]

*Scene:* FAUSTUS *discovered in his Study*

*Faustus*—Now, Faustus, must thou needs be damned:
And canst thou not be saved?

What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears,
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? He loves thee not,
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of newborn babes.

*Enter* Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

*Good Angel*—
Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.
*Faustus*—
Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them?
*Good Angel*—
O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!
*Evil Angel*—
Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do trust them most.
*Good Angel*—
Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.
*Evil Angel*—
No, Faustus, think of honor and of wealth
[*Exeunt* Angels.
*Faustus*—
Of wealth!
Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe;
Cast no more doubts—Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer,—
Is't not midnight?—Come, Mephistophilis,
*Veni, veni, Mephistophile.*

*Enter* MEPHISTOPHILIS

Now tell me what sayeth Lucifer, thy lord?
*Mephistophilis*—
That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.
*Faustus*—
Already Faustus hath hazarded that or thee.



"'Where is it? where is it?' Sir Thomas Brydges took her hand and guided her to it"

*Mephistophilis* —
But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.
*Faustus* —
Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good
Will my soul do thy lord?
*Mephistophilis* — Enlarge his kingdom.
*Faustus* —
Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?
*Mephistophilis* —
*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*
*Faustus* —
Why, have you any pain that torture others?
*Mephistophilis* —
As great as have the human souls of men
But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask
*Faustus* —
Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.
*Mephistophilis* —
Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.
*Faustus* [*stabbing his arm*] —
Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.
*Mephistophilis* —
But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift
*Faustus* —
Ay, so I will. [*Writes*] But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more
*Mephistophilis* —
I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight [*Exit.*
*Faustus* —
What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?
*Faustus gives to thee his soul:* ah, there it stayed!
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

*Reënter* MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a chafer of coals*

*Mephistophilis* —
Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on
*Faustus* —
So, now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*
*Mephistophilis* —
O, what will not I do to obtain his soul? [*Aside.*
*Faustus* —
*Consummatum est,* this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
*Homo fuge*· whither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell
My senses are deceived, here's nothing writ; —
I see it plain; here in this place is writ,
*Homo fuge*· yet shall not Faustus fly.
*Mephistophilis* —
I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind
[*Aside, and then exit.*

*Enter* WAGNER

*Wagner* —
I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods
And yet, methinks, if that death were near,
He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such bellycheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See, where they come! belike the feast is ended [*Exit.*

*Enter* FAUSTUS *with two or three* Scholars, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS

*First Scholar* — Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived, therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favor, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the

world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

*Faustus* —

Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeigned,
And Faustus's custom is not to deny
The just request of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds, and* HELEN *passeth over the stage.*

*Second Scholar* —

Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

*Third Scholar* —

No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

*First Scholar* —

Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

*Faustus* —

Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you.

[*Exeunt* Scholars.

*Enter an* Old Man.

*Old Man* —

Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
To stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Savior sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

*Faustus* —

Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?

Damned art thou, Faustus, damned; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come,"
And Faustus now will come to do thee right
[MEPHISTOPHILIS *gives him a dagger.*

*Old Man*—
Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate stabs!
I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul·
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

*Faustus*—
Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressèd soul!
Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins

*Old Man*—
I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hapless soul [*Exit.*

*Faustus*—
Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent, and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast.
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

*Mephistophilis*—
Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord·
Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

*Faustus*—
Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer

*Mephistophilis*—
Do it, then, quickly, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

*Faustus*—
Torment, sweet friend, that base and crookèd age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

*Mephistophilis*—
His faith is great, I cannot touch his soul,
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

*Faustus*—
One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,

To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

*Mephistophilis* —
Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be performèd in twinkling of an eye.

*Reenter* HELEN.

*Faustus* —
Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.— [*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colors on my plumèd crest,
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms,
And none but thou shalt be my paramour! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter the* Old Man.

*Old Man* —
Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

*Enter* Devils.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile

At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.
[*Exeunt — on one side* Devils, *on the other*, Old Man.

*Enter* FAUSTUS, *with* Scholars.

*Faustus* — Ah, gentlemen!

*First Scholar* — What ails Faustus?

*Faustus* — Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? comes he not?

*Second Scholar* — What means Faustus?

*Third Scholar* — Belike he is grown into some sickness by being oversolitary.

*First Scholar* — If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him. — 'Tis but a surfeit, never fear, man.

*Faustus* — A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

*Second Scholar* — Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, remember God's mercies are infinite.

*Faustus* — But Faustus' offense can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell forever, hell, ah, hell, forever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell forever?

*Third Scholar* — Yet, Faustus, call on God.

*Faustus* — On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!

*All* — Who, Faustus?

*Faustus* — Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

*All* — God forbid!

*Faustus* — God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it. For vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired, the time will come, and he will fetch me.

*First Scholar* — Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

*Faustus* — Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

*Second Scholar* — O, what shall we do to save Faustus?

*Faustus* — Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

*Third Scholar* — God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

*First Scholar* — Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

*Faustus* — Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

*Second Scholar* — Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

*Faustus* — Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

*All* — Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Scholars. — *The clock strikes eleven.*

*Faustus* —

Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
*O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!*
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
O, I'll leap up to my God! — Who pulls me down? —
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ! —
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer! —
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No, no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth, gape! O no, it will not harbor me!

You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud[s],
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!
[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*
Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
O God,
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved!
O, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements,
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Cursed be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.
[*The clock strikes twelve.*
O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
[*Thunder and lightning.*
O soul, be changed into little water drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

*Enter* Devils

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! — Ah, Mephistophilis!
[*Exeunt* Devils *with* FAUSTUS.

*Enter* Chorus

*Chorus* —
Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,

That some time grew within this learnèd man
Faustus is gone regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practice more than heavenly power permits. [*Exit.*

*Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.*



# A MALTESE MILLIONAIRE.

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

(From "The Jew of Malta")

BARABAS *discovered in his Countinghouse, with Heaps of Gold before him*

*Barabas* —

So that of thus much that return was made.
And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summed and satisfied
As for those Sabans, and the men of Uz,
That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,
Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.
Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom that never fingered groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coin.
But he whose steel-barred coffers are crammed full,
And all his lifetime hath been tired,
Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loath to labor so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mold,
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearls like pebblestones,
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, and amethysts,

Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a carat of this quantity,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?[1]
Ha! to the east? yes see, how stand the vanes?
East and by south why then I hope my ships
I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks:
Mine argosies from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.
But who comes here?

*Enter a* Merchant.

How now?

*Merchant*—
Barabas, thy ships are safe,
Riding in Malta road: and all the merchants
With other merchandise are safe arrived,
And have sent me to know whether yourself
Will come and custom them.[2]

*Barabas*—
The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly fraught.

*Merchant*—
They are

*Barabas*—
Why then go bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bills of entry:
I hope our credit in the customhouse

[1] A stuffed kingfisher (the halcyon), suspended by a string, was supposed to show the direction of the wind. *Halcyon days* were *calm days*, the belief being that the weather was always calm when kingfishers were breeding.

[2] Pay the duties.

Will serve as well as I were present there
Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,
And twenty wagons to bring up the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine,
And is thy credit not enough for that?

*Merchant*—
The very custom barely comes to more
Than many merchants of the town are worth,
And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

*Barabas*—
Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man:
Tush! who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?

*Merchant*—
I go.

*Barabas*—
So then, there's somewhat come
Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of?

*Merchant*—
Of the "Speranza," sir.

*Barabas*—
And saw'st thou not
Mine argosy at Alexandria?
Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Caire,
But at the entry there into the sea,
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

*Merchant*—
I neither saw them, nor inquired of them:
But this we heard some of our seamen say,
They wondered how you durst with so much wealth
Trust such a crazèd vessel, and so far.

*Barabas*—
Tush, they are wise! I know her and her strength.
But go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
And bid my factor bring his loading in. [*Exit* Merchant
And yet I wonder at this argosy.

*Enter a second* Merchant.

*Second Merchant*—
Thine argosy from Alexandria,
Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta road,
Laden with riches, and exceeding store
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

*Barabas*—
How chance you came not with those other ships
That sailed by Egypt?

*Second Merchant*—
Sir, we saw 'em not.

*Barabas*—
Belike they coasted round by Candy shore
About their oils, or other businesses
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far
Without the aid or conduct of their ships

*Second Merchant*—
Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,
That never left us till within a league,
That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.

*Barabas*—
O!—they were going up to Sicily —
Well, go,
And bid the merchants and my men dispatch
And come ashore, and see the fraught[1] discharged.

*Second Merchant*—
I go [*Exit.*

*Barabas*—
Thus trowls[2] our fortune in by land and sea,
And thus are we on every side enriched
These are the blessings promised to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness
What more may heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the seas their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honored now but for his wealth?
Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty.
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scattered nation
I cannot tell, but we have scambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;

[1] Freight [2] Rolls

Ay, wealthier far than any Christian
I must confess we come not to be kings;
That's not our fault. alas, our number's few,
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urged by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent
Give us a peaceful rule, make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality
I have no charge, nor many children,
But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigen:
And all I have is hers.



## BARABAS AND HIS DAUGHTER.

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

(From "The Jew of Malta")

*Before* BARABAS' *House, now a Nunnery.*

*Enter* BARABAS *with a light.*

*Barabas* —

Thus, like the sad presaging raven that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;
Vexed and tormented runs poor Barabas
With fatal curses towards these Christians
The uncertain pleasures of swift-footed time
Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance, like a soldier's scar,
That has no further comfort for his maim.
O thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the hand
Of Abigail this night; or let the day
Turn to eternal darkness after this!
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distempered thoughts,
Till I have answer of my Abigail.

*Enter* ABIGAIL *above.*

*Abigail*—

Now have I happily espied a time
To search the plank my father did appoint;
And here behold, unseen, where I have found
The gold, the pearls, and jewels, which he hid

*Barabas*—

Now I remember those old women's words,
Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night
About the place where treasure hath been hid.
And now methinks that I am one of those.
For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And, when I die, here shall my spirit walk

*Abigail*—

Now that my father's fortune were so good
As but to be about this happy place;
'Tis not so happy yet when we parted last,
He said he would attend me in the morn
Then, gentle sleep, where'er his body rests,
Give charge to Morpheus that he may dream
A golden dream, and of the sudden wake,
Come and receive the treasure I have found.

*Barabas*—

*Bueno para todos mi ganado no era* [1]
As good go on as sit so sadly thus
But stay, what star shines yonder in the east?
The loadstar of my life, if Abigail.
Who's there?

*Abigail*—

Who's that?

*Barabas*—

Peace, Abigail, 'tis I.

*Abigail*—

Then, father, here receive thy happiness

*Barabas*—

Hast thou't?

*Abigail*—

Here [*throws down the bags*], hast thou't?
There's more, and more, and more

*Barabas*—

O my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity!

[1] My gains were not of advantage to every one.

Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy!
Welcome the first beginner of my bliss!
O Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too!
Then my desires were fully satisfied·
But I will practice thy enlargement thence·
O girl! O gold! O beauty! O my bliss! [*Hugs the bags.*

*Abigail* —
Father, it draweth towards midnight now,
And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake;
To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.

*Barabas* —
Farewell, my joy, and by my fingers take
A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.
[*Exit* ABIGAIL *above.*
Now Phœbus ope the eyelids of the day,
And for the raven wake the morning lark,
That I may hover with her in the air,
Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young,
*Hermoso placer de los dineros.*[1] [*Exit.*



# ELIZABETH AND AMY ROBSART.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

("From Kenilworth")

[SIR WALTER SCOTT The great Scotch novelist and poet, born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author, and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels" He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works, but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick" Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The

[1] Spanish, "Beautiful delight of money"

Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

It chanced upon that memorable morning, that one of the earliest of the huntress train, who appeared from her chamber in full array for the Chase, was the Princess for whom all these pleasures were instituted, England's Maiden Queen. I know not if it were by chance, or out of the befitting courtesy due to a mistress by whom he was so much honored, that she had scarcely made one step beyond the threshold of her chamber ere Leicester was by her side, and proposed to her, until the preparations for the Chase had been completed, to view the Pleasance, and the gardens which it connected with the Castle-yard.

To this new scene of pleasures they walked, the Earl's arm affording his Sovereign the occasional support which she required, where flights of steps, then a favorite ornament in a garden, conducted them from terrace to terrace, and from parterre to parterre. The ladies in attendance, gifted with prudence, or endowed perhaps with the amiable desire of acting as they would be done by, did not conceive their duty to the Queen's person required them, though they lost not sight of her, to approach so near as to share, or perhaps disturb, the conversation betwixt the Queen and the Earl, who was not only her host but also her most trusted, esteemed, and favored servant. They contented themselves with admiring the grace of this illustrious couple, whose robes of state were now exchanged for hunting suits almost equally magnificent.

Elizabeth's sylvan dress, which was of a pale blue silk, with silver lace and *aiguillettes*, approached in form to that of the ancient amazons; and was, therefore, well suited at once to her height, and to the dignity of her mien, which her conscious rank and long habits of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in ordinary female weeds. Leicester's hunting suit of Lincoln green, richly embroidered with gold, and crossed by the gay baldric, which sustained a bugle horn, and a wood knife instead of a sword, became its master, as did his other vestments of court or of war. For such were the perfections of his form and mien, that Leicester was always supposed to be seen to the greatest advantage in the character and dress which for the time he represented or wore.



QUEEN ELIZABETH

The conversation of Elizabeth and the favorite Earl has not reached us in detail. But those who watched at some distance (and the eyes of courtiers and court ladies are right sharp) were of opinion that on no occasion did the dignity of Elizabeth, in gesture and motion, seem so decidedly to soften away into a mien expressive of indecision and tenderness. Her step was not only slow, but even unequal, a thing most unwonted in her carriage; her looks seemed bent on the ground, and there was a timid disposition to withdraw from her companion, which external gesture in females often indicates exactly the opposite tendency in the secret mind. The Duchess of Rutland, who ventured nearest, was even heard to aver that she discerned a tear in Elizabeth's eye, and a blush on the cheek; and still further, "She bent her looks on the ground to avoid mine," said the Duchess; "she who, in her ordinary mood, could look down a lion." To what conclusion these symptoms led is sufficiently evident; nor were they probably entirely groundless. The progress of private conversation, betwixt two persons of different sexes, is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very different perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and Queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

Horses in the mean while neighed, and champed the bits with impatience in the base court; hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chase in view, or, to speak more justly toward him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that have crossed his path by accident. The Queen — an accomplished and handsome woman — the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain, had probably listened with more than usual favor to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the Earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents — "no, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties,

that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her Sovereign. — No, Leicester, urge it no more — were I as others, free to seek my own happiness — then, indeed — but it cannot — cannot be. — Delay the chase — delay it for half an hour — and leave me, my lord."

"How, leave you, madam!" said Leicester. — "Has my madness offended you?"

"No, Leicester, not so!" answered the Queen, hastily; "but it is madness, and must not be repeated. Go — but go not far from hence — and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy."

While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply, and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The Queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself — "Were it possible — were it *but* possible! — but no — no — Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone."

As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose step she heard approaching, the Queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless and yet but too successful rival lay concealed.

The mind of England's Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments called Rocking Stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace toward the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of command.

It was then the Queen became aware that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column, at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of Numa and Egeria, and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad whose inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced, she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire which she had to make her condition known to one of her own sex, and her awe for the

stately form which approached her, and which, though her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the personage she really was. Amy had arisen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady who entered the grotto alone, and, as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the Queen's knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands perfectly motionless, and her cheeks as pallid as the ababaster pedestal against which she leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of a Grecian Nymph, such an antique disguise having been thought the most secure, where so many maskers and revelers were assembled; so that the Queen's doubt of her being a living form was justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by the bloodless cheek and fixed eye.

Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned that by the doubtful light it could not be distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness that the astonishment which had kept Amy immovable gave away to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes and dropped her head under the commanding gaze of the Sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage, and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness — "How now, fair Nymph of this lovely grotto — art thou spellbound and struck with dumbness by the wicked enchanter whom men term *Fear?* — We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee."

Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate Countess dropped on her knee before the Queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the Queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

"What may this mean?" she said; "this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel — what wouldst thou have with us?"

"Your protection, madam," faltered forth the unhappy petitioner.

"Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it," replied the Queen; "but your distress seems to have a deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?"

Amy hastily endeavored to recall what she were best to say, which might secure herself from the imminent dangers that surrounded her, without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amidst the chaos which filled her mind, she could at length, in answer to the Queen's repeated inquiries in what she sought protection, only falter out, "Alas! I know not."

"This is folly, maiden," said Elizabeth, impatiently; for there was something in the extreme confusion of the suppliant, which irritated her curiosity, as well as interested her feelings. "The sick man must tell his malady to the physician, nor are WE accustomed to ask questions so oft, without receiving an answer."

"I request — I implore," stammered forth the unfortunate Countess, — "I beseech your gracious protection — against — against one Varney." She choked well-nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the Queen.

"What, Varney, — Sir Richard Varney, — the servant of Lord Leicester! — What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?"

"I — I — was his prisoner — and he practiced on my life — and I broke forth to — to ——"

"To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless," said Elizabeth. "Thou shalt have it — that is if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost — Thou art," she said, bending on the Countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul, — "thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall?"

"Forgive me — forgive me — most gracious princess!" said Amy, dropping once more on her knee, from which she had arisen.

"For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?" said Elizabeth; "for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brainsick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches. Thou didst deceive thine old and honored father — thy look confesses it — cheated Master Tressilian — thy blush avouches it — and married this same Varney."

Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the Queen eagerly with, "No, madam, no — as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave — of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!"

The Queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, "Why, God ha' mercy, woman! — I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman," she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practiced on her, — "tell me, woman — for by God's day, I WILL know — whose wife or whose paramour art thou? Speak out, and be speedy. — Thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth."

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of a precipice which she saw but could not avoid, — permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended Queen, Amy at length uttered in despair, "The Earl of Leicester knows it all."

"The Earl of Leicester!" said Elizabeth, in utter astonishment. — "The Earl of Leicester!" she repeated, with kindling anger, — "Woman, thou art set on to this — thou dost belie him — he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord, and the truest-hearted gentleman, in England! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me — come with me instantly!"

As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the incensed Queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth rapidly advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of the grotto, and along the principal alley of the

Pleasance, dragging with her the terrified Countess, whom she still held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the indignant Queen.

Leicester was at this moment the center of a splendid group of lords and ladies assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley. The company had drawn together in that place, to attend the commands of her Majesty when the hunting party should go forward, and their astonishment may be imagined, when, instead of seeing Elizabeth advance toward them with her usual measured dignity of motion, they beheld her walking so rapidly that she was in the midst of them ere they were aware; and then observed, with fear and surprise, that her features were flushed betwixt anger and agitation, that her hair was loosened by her haste of motion, and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont when the spirit of Henry VIII. mounted highest in his daughter. Nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, attenuated, half-dead, yet still lovely female, whom the Queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waved aside the ladies and nobles who pressed toward her under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill.—"Where is my Lord of Leicester?" she said, in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around —"Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester!"

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven, and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveler, he could not gaze upon the smoldering chasm which so unexpectedly yawned before him with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had that instant been receiving, with a political affectation of disavowing and misunderstanding their meaning, the half-uttered, half-intimated congratulations of the courtiers, upon the favor of the Queen, carried apparently to its highest pitch during the interview of that morning; from which most of them seemed to augur that he might soon arise from their equal in rank to become their master. And now, while the subdued yet proud smile with which he disclaimed those inferences was yet curling his cheek, the Queen shot into the circle, her passions excited to the uttermost; and, supporting with one hand, and apparently without an effort, the pale and sinking form of his almost expiring wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to her half-dead fea-

tures, demanded in a voice that sounded to the ear of the astounded statesman like the last dread trumpet call, that is to summon body and spirit to the judgment seat, "Knowest thou this woman?"

As, at the blast of that last trumpet, the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride, to burst its strong conjunction, and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flagstones on which she stood.

"Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, "could I think thou hast practiced on me — on me thy Sovereign — on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises — by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!"

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied, "My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers — to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service."

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, "we are defied, I think — defied in the Castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man! — My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England; attach him of high treason."

"Whom does your Grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean, but that traitor Dudley, Earl of Leicester! — Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody. — I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the Queen than almost any other dared to do, replied bluntly, "And it is like your Grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient."

"Patient—God's life!" exclaimed the Queen, "name not the word to me—thou know'st not of what he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended Sovereign, instantly (and alas, how many women have done the same!) forgot her own wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing herself before the Queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam, he is guiltless—no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester."

"Why, minion," answered the Queen, "didst not thou thyself say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so?" repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self-interest. "Oh, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath—and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire—shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace."

As the Queen uttered this threat, Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness which would overwhelm him forever if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandoned her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the Queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of honor, to avow his marriage, and proclaim himself the protector of his Countess, when Varney, born, as it appeared, to be his master's evil genius, rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel

"What means this saucy intrusion?" said Elizabeth.

Varney, with the air of a man overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, my Liege, pardon!—or at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!"

Amy, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw the man whom she deemed most odious place himself so near her, and was about to fly toward Leicester, when, checked at once by the

uncertainty and even timidity which his looks had reassumed as soon as the appearance of his confidant seemed to open a new scene, she hung back, and uttering a faint scream, besought of her Majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the lowest dungeon of the Castle — to deal with her as the worst of criminals — "But spare," she exclaimed, "my sight and hearing, what will destroy the little judgment I have left — the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!"

"And why, sweetheart?" said the Queen, moved by a new impulse; "what hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?"

"Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury — he has sown dissension where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him."

"Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already," answered the Queen. — "My Lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming."

Two or three of the ladies in attendance, either moved by compassion for a creature so interesting, or by some other motive, offered their service to look after her; but the Queen briefly answered, "Ladies, under favor, no. — You have all (give God thanks) sharp ears and nimble tongues — our kinsman Hunsdon has ears of the dullest, and a tongue somewhat rough, but yet of the slowest. — Hunsdon, look to it that none have speech of her."

"By Our Lady!" said Hunsdon, taking in his strong sinewy arms the fading and almost swooning form of Amy, "she is a lovely child; and though a rough nurse, your Grace hath given her a kind one. She is safe with me as one of my own ladybirds of daughters."

So saying, he carried her off unresistingly and almost unconsciously, his war-worn locks and long gray beard mingling with her light brown tresses, as her head reclined on his strong square shoulder. The Queen followed him with her eye — she had already, with that self-command which forms so necessary a part of a Sovereign's accomplishments, suppressed every appearance of agitation, and seemed as if she desired to banish all traces of her burst of passion from the recollection of those who had witnessed it. "My Lord of Hunsdon says well," she observed; "he is indeed but a rough nurse for so tender a babe."

"My Lord of Hunsdon," said the Dean of Saint Asaph, "I speak it not in defamation of his more noble qualities, hath a broad license in speech, and garnishes his discourse somewhat too freely with the cruel and superstitious oaths which savor both of profaneness and of old papistrie."

"It is the fault of his blood, Mr. Dean," said the Queen, turning sharply round upon the reverend dignitary as he spoke; "and you may blame mine for the same distemperature. The Boleyns were ever a hot and plain-spoken race, more hasty to speak their mind than careful to choose their expressions. And, by my word — I hope there is no sin in that affirmation — I question if it were much cooled by mixing with that of Tudor."

As she made this last observation, she smiled graciously and stole her eyes almost insensibly round to seek those of the Earl of Leicester, to whom she now began to think she had spoken with hasty harshness upon the unfounded suspicion of a moment.

The Queen's eye found the Earl in no mood to accept the implied offer of conciliation. His own looks had followed, with late and rueful repentance, the faded form which Hunsdon had just borne from the presence; they now reposed gloomily on the ground, but more — so at least it seemed to Elizabeth — with the expression of one who has received an unjust affront, than of him who is conscious of guilt. She turned her face angrily from him, and said to Varney, "Speak, Sir Richard, and explain these riddles — thou hast sense and the use of speech, at least, which elsewhere we look for in vain."

As she said this, she darted another resentful glance toward Leicester, while the wily Varney hastened to tell his own story.

"Your Majesty's piercing eye," he said, "has already detected the cruel malady of my beloved lady; which, unhappy that I am, I would not suffer to be expressed in the certificate of her physician, seeking to conceal what has now broken out with so much the more scandal."

"She is then distraught?" said the Queen — "indeed we doubted not of it — her whole demeanor bears it out. I found her moping in a corner of yonder grotto; and every word she spoke — which indeed I dragged from her as by the rack — she instantly recalled and forswore. But how came she hither? Why had you her not in safe keeping?"

"My gracious Liege," said Varney, "the worthy gentleman under whose charge I left her, Master Anthony Foster, has come hither but now, as fast as man and horse can travel, to show me of her escape, which she managed with the art peculiar to many who are afflicted with this malady. He is at hand for examination."

"Let it be for another time," said the Queen. "But, Sir Richard, we envy you not your domestic felicity; your lady railed on you bitterly, and seemed ready to swoon at beholding you."

"It is the nature of persons in her disorder, so please your Grace," answered Varney, "to be ever most inveterate in their spleen against those whom, in their better moments, they hold nearest and dearest."

"We have heard so, indeed," said Elizabeth, "and give faith to the saying."

"May your Grace then be pleased," said Varney, "to command my unfortunate wife to be delivered into the custody of her friends?"

Leicester partly started; but, making a strong effort, he subdued his emotion, while Elizabeth answered sharply, "You are something too hasty, Master Varney; we will have first a report of the lady's health and state of mind from Masters, our own physician, and then determine what shall be thought just. You shall have license, however, to see her, that if there be any matrimonial quarrel betwixt you—such things we have heard do occur, even betwixt a loving couple—you may make it up, without further scandal to our court, or trouble to ourselves."

Varney bowed low, and made no other answer.

Elizabeth again looked toward Leicester, and said, with a degree of condescension which could only arise out of the most heartfelt interest, "Discord, as the Italian poet says, will find her way into peaceful convents, as well as into the privacy of families; and we fear our own guards and ushers will hardly exclude her from courts. My Lord of Leicester, you are offended with us, and we have right to be offended with you. We will take the lion's part upon us, and be the first to forgive."

Leicester smoothed his brow, as if by an effort, but the trouble was too deep-seated that its placidity should at once return. He said, however, that which fitted the occasion, "that he could not have the happiness of forgiving, because

she who commanded him to do so could commit no injury toward him."

Elizabeth seemed content with this reply, and intimated her pleasure that the sports of the morning should proceed. The bugles sounded—the hounds bayed—the horses pranced—but the courtiers and ladies sought the amusements to which they were summoned with hearts very different from those which had leaped to the morning's *réveil.* There was doubt, and fear, and expectation on every brow, and surmise and intrigue in every whisper.

Blount took an opportunity to whisper into Raleigh's ear, "This storm came like a levanter in the Mediterranean."

"*Varium et mutabile,*" answered Raleigh, in a similar tone.

"Nay, I know naught of your Latin," said Blount; "but I thank God Tressilian took not the sea during that hurricane. He could scarce have missed shipwreck, knowing as he does so little how to trim his sails to a court gale."

"Thou wouldst have instructed him?" said Raleigh.

"Why, I have profited by my time as well as thou, Sir Walter," replied honest Blount. "I am knight as well as thou, and of the earlier creation."

"Now, God further thy wit," said Raleigh; "but for Tressilian, I would I knew what were the matter with him. He told me this morning he would not leave his chamber for the space of twelve hours or thereby, being bound by a promise. This lady's madness, when he shall learn it, will not, I fear, cure his infirmity. The moon is at the fullest, and men's brains are working like yeast. But hark! they sound to mount. Let us to horse, Blount; we young knights must deserve our spurs."



## NOW, WHAT IS LOVE?

By Sir WALTER RALEIGH

[Sir Walter Raleigh was born near Sidmouth, Devonshire, 1552, entered Oriel College, Oxford, left it to volunteer for the Huguenot cause in France, and fought at Jarnac and Moncontour, was later in various expeditions, and became noted as a dashing adventurer; was patronized by Leicester, and became a favorite of Elizabeth and high in office; 1584–1587 fitted out three expeditions to colonize America, and in 1587 colonized a large grant in Ireland; in 1592 was sent to the Tower for a love affair, in 1595 explored the northeastern coast of

South America, and in 1596 published "The Discovery of Guiana", in 1596 helped win the great naval action at Cadiz, in 1597 stormed Fayal, 1600-1603 was governor of Jersey, after James' accession was imprisoned in the Tower for conspiracy (1603-1616); released to go on an exploring expedition, he violated his parole by making war on the Spanish settlements, and was beheaded October 29, 1618 While in the Tower he wrote one volume of a "History of the World" (1614), suppressed by James, "The Prerogative of Parliaments" (1615), "The Cabinet Council" (1658), and "A Discourse of War"]

Now, what is love, I pray thee, tell?
  It is that fountain and that well
  Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
  It is, perhaps, the sauncing bell
  That tolls all into heaven or hell,
  And this is love, as I hear tell

Yet what is love, I prithee, say?
  It is a work on holiday,
  It is December matched with May,
  When lusty bloods in fresh array
  Hear ten months after of the play;
  And this is love, as I hear say

Yet what is love, good shepherd, sain?
  It is a sunshine mixed with rain,
  It is a toothache or like pain,
  It is a game where none hath gain,
  The lass saith no, yet would full fain;
  And this is love, as I hear sain.

Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?
  It is a yes, it is a nay,
  A pretty kind of sporting fay,
  It is a thing will soon away,
  Then, nymphs, take vantage while ye may
  And this is love, as I hear say.

Yet what is love, good shepherd, show?
  A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
  A prize that passeth to and fro,
  A thing for one, a thing for moe,
  And he that proves shall find it so;
  And, shepherd, this is love, I trow.

# A REPORT OF THE TRUTH OF THE FIGHT ABOUT THE ISLES OF AZORES,

THE LAST OF AUGUST, 1591, BETWIXT THE "REVENGE," ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS, AND AN ARMADA OF THE KING OF SPAIN; PENNED BY THE HONORABLE SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT.

(From "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Trafficks, and Discoveries of the English Nation." Collected by Richard Hakluyt, Preacher, and sometime Student of Christ Church in Oxford )

BECAUSE the rumors are diversely spread, as well in England as in the Low Countries and elsewhere, of this late encounter between her Majesty's ships and the Armada of Spain; and that the Spaniards, according to their usual manner, fill the world with their vainglorious vaunts, making great appearance of victories when, on the contrary, themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonored; it is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth, to overcome falsehood and untruth, that the beginning, continuance, and success of this late honorable encounter of Sir Richard Grenville and other her Majesty's Captains with the Armada of Spain should be truly set down and published without partiality or false imaginations. And it is no marvel that the Spaniard should seek by false and slanderous pamphlets, advisoes, and letters, to cover their own loss, and to derogate from others their due honors, especially in this fight performed far off; seeing they were not ashamed in the year 1588, when they purposed the invasion of this land, to publish in sundry languages in print great victories in words, which they pleaded to have obtained against this realm, and spread the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere. When, shortly after, it was happily manifested in very deed to all nations how their navy, which they termed invincible, consisting of one hundred and forty sail of ships, not only of their own kingdom but strengthened with the greatest argosies, Portugal caracks, Florentines, and huge hulks of other countries, were by thirty of her Majesty's own ships of war, and a few of our own merchants, by the wise, valiant, and advantageous conduct of the Lord Charles Howard, high Admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together, even from the Lizard in Cornwall, first to Portland, where they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdes with his mighty ship; from Portland

to Calais, where they lost Hugo de Moncado with the galleys of which he was captain; and from Calais, driven with squibs from their anchors, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland. Where for the sympathy of their religion hoping to find succor and assistance, a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those other that landed, being very many in number, were, notwithstanding, broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from village to village, coupled in halters, to be shipped into England. Where her Majesty, of her princely disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or entertain them, sent them all back again to their countries, to witness and recount the worthy achievements of their invincible and dreadful navy: of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burthen of their ships, the commanders' names of every squadron, with all their magazines of provisions, were put in print as an army and navy unresistible, and disdaining prevention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all their sailing round about England so much as sink, or take, one ship, bark, pinnace, or cockboat of ours, or ever burnt so much as one sheepcote of this land. Whenas, on the contrary, Sir Francis Drake with only eight hundred soldiers not long before landed in their Indies and forced Sant-Iago, Santo Domingo, Carthagena, and the forts of Florida. And after that, Sir John Norris marched from Peniche in Portugal with a handful of soldiers to the gates of Lisbon, being above forty English miles. Where the Earl of Essex himself and other valiant gentlemen braved the city of Lisbon, encamped at the very gates; from whence, after many days' abode, they made retreat by land, in despite of all their garrisons, both of horse and foot.

In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose only by the necessary comparison of their and our actions: the one covetous of honor without vaunt of ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affairs, and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their own dishonors, that they will not only not blush to spread all manner of untruths, but even for the least advantage, be it but for the taking of one poor adventurer of the English, will celebrate the victory with bonfires in every town — always spending more in fagots than the purchase was worth they obtained. Whenas we never thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we have taken eight or ten of their Indian ships at one time, and twenty

of the Brazil fleet. Such is the difference between true valor and ostentation, and between honorable actions and frivolous, vainglorious vaunts. But now to return to my purpose.

The Lord Thomas Howard with six of her Majesty's ships, six victualers of London, the bark "Raleigh," and two or three other pinnaces riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news than the fleet was in sight. Many of our ships' companies were on shore, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships were all pestered, and rummaging everything out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable: for in the "Revenge" there were ninety diseased; in the "Bonaventure" not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these as followeth: the "Defiance," which was admiral; the "Revenge," vice admiral; the "Bonaventure," commanded by Captain Crosse; the "Lion," by George Fenner; the "Foresight," by M. Thomas Vavasour; and the "Crane," by Duffield. The "Foresight" and the "Crane" being but small ships: only the other were of the middle size; the rest, besides the bark "Raleigh," commanded by Captain Thin, were victualers, and of small force or none.

The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand that our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors; but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed — to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas, with the rest, very hardly recovered the wind: which Sir Richard Grenville, not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the ship; for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to

turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners tèrm it, sprang their luff and fell under the lee of the "Revenge." But the other course had been the better, and might right well have answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the mean while, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great "San Philip" being in the wind of him and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort that the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm — so huge and high was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the "Revenge" aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard. The said "Philip" carried three tier of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the "Revenge" was entangled with this "Philip," four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great "San Philip" having received the lower tier of the "Revenge," discharged with crossbar shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth unless we are assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the "Revenge," and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers, but were repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the "George Noble" of London having received some shot through her from the Armada, fell under the lee of the "Revenge," and asked Sir Richard what he would command her, being one of the victualers and of

small force. Sir Richard bade her save herself and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain or hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada and the admiral of the hulks both sank: and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the "Revenge's" own company, brought home in a ship of Lime from the islands (examined by some of the lords and others), affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck till an hour before midnight: and then being shot into the body with a musket, as he was a dressing, he was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon was wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Sir Francis Godolphin of four other mariners of the same ship being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew, of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight: the Spanish ships which attempted to board the "Revenge," as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places (she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her), so that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, that they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the "Pilgrim," commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the "Revenge," was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the "Revenge," to the last barrel, was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army! By those hundred all was sustained — the volleys, boardings, and

enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron: all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons: — the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defense.

Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several armadas (all by turns aboard him) and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and finding himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him (the "Revenge" not able to move one way or the other, but as she was moved with the waves and billows of the sea), commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards — seeing in so many hours' fight and with so great a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal — and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days. The master gunner readily condescended, and divers others; but the captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniards would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same, and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered that the ship had six feet of water in hold, three shot under water (which were so weakly stopped that with the first working of the sea she must needs sink), and was besides so crushed

and bruised that she could never be removed out of the place.

While the matter was thus in dispute and Sir Richard was refusing to hearken to any of their reasons, the master of the "Revenge" (for the captain had won unto himself the greater party) was convoyed aboard the "General" of Don Alphonso Baçan, who, finding none overhasty to enter the "Revenge" again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the "Revenge" his dangerous disposition, yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent to England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear; and in the mean season they were to be free from galleys or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville, whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned — that safety of life was promised — the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master gunner. It was no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the "General" sent many boats aboard the "Revenge," and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the "General" and other ships. Sir Richard thus overmatched was sent unto by Alphonso Baçan to remove out of the "Revenge," the ship being marvelous unsavory, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughterhouse. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned: and, reviving again, desired the company to pray for him. The "General" used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armadas, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries

of so many soldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same armada and a present actor in the fight, who, being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the "Lion" of London, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The general commander of the Armada was Don Alphonso Baçan, brother to the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The admiral of the Biscayan squadron was Britandona; of the squadron of Seville, the Marquis of Arumburch. The hulks and flyboats were commanded by Luis Coutinho. There were slain and drowned in this fight well near one thousand of the enemies and two special commanders, Don Luis de St. John, and Don George de Prunaria de Malaga, as the Spanish captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The "Admiral" of the hulks and the "Ascension" of Seville were both sunk by the side of the "Revenge"; one other recovered the road of Saint Michael and sank also there; a fourth ran herself with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the "General," and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it was buried in the sea or on the land, we know not. The comfort that remaineth to his friends is that he hath ended his life honorably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that, being dead, he hath not outlived his own honor.

For the rest of her Majesty's ships that entered not so far into the fight as the "Revenge," the reasons and causes were these. . . . The island of Flores was on the one side, fifty-three sail of the Spanish, divided into squadrons, on the other, all as full filled with soldiers as they could contain. Almost the one half of our men sick and not able to serve; the ships grown foul, unrummaged, and scarcely able to bear any sail for want of ballast, having been six months at the sea before. If all the rest had entered, all had been lost, for the very hugeness of the Spanish fleet, if no other violence had been offered, would have crushed them between them into shivers. Of which the dishonor and loss to the Queen had been far greater than the spoil or harm that the enemy could any way have received. Notwithstanding, it is very true that the Lord Thomas would have entered between the squadrons, but the rest would not condescend: and the master of his own ship offered to leap into

the sea rather than to conduct that her Majesty's ship and the rest, to be a prey to the enemy where there was no hope nor possibility either of defense or victory. Which also in my opinion had ill sorted or answered the discretion and trust of a general — to commit himself and his charge to an assured destruction without hope or any likelihood of prevailing, thereby to diminish the strength of her Majesty's navy, and to enrich the pride and glory of the enemy. The "Foresight," of the Queen's, commanded by M. Thomas Vavasour, performed a very great fight and stayed two hours as near the "Revenge" as the weather would permit him, not forsaking the fight till he was likely to be encompassed by the squadrons, and with great difficulty cleared himself. The rest gave divers volleys of shot and entered as far as the place permitted, and their own necessities to keep the weather gauge of the enemy, until they were parted by night. A few days after the fight was ended and the English prisoners dispersed into the Spanish and Indian ships, there arose so great a storm from the west and northwest that all the fleet was dispersed, as well as the Indian fleet which was then come unto them, as the rest of the Armada that attended their arrival, of which fourteen sail, together with the "Revenge," and in her two hundred Spaniards, were cast away upon the island of Saint Michael. So it pleased them to honor the burial of that renowned ship, the "Revenge," not suffering her to perish alone for the great honor she had achieved in her lifetime. . . .

To conclude: it hath ever to this day pleased God to prosper and defend her Majesty, to break the purposes of malicious enemies, of forsworn traitors, and of unjust practices and invasions. She hath ever been honored of the worthiest kings, served by faithful subjects, and shall, by the favor of God, resist, repel, and confound all attempts whatsoever against her sacred person or kingdom. In the mean time let the Spaniard and traitor vaunt of their success, and we, her true and obedient vassals, guided by the shining light of her virtues, shall always love her, serve her, and obey her to the end of our lives.

# THE "REVENGE."[1]

## A Ballad of the Fleet.

By ALFRED TENNYSON

[Alfred Tennyson, Baron Tennyson. English poet; born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809, died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892 His first poems were published with his brother Charles' in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo" The following year came his "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published, and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review* Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned. "Idylls of the King," 1859; "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail," 1869; "Queen Mary," 1875; "Harold," 1876; "The Cup," 1884, "Tiresias," 1885, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 1886, "The Foresters" and "The Death of Œnone," 1892.]

I.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard. "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick
We are six ships of the line, can we fight with fifty-three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

[1] By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co, Ltd.

IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set"
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so
The little "Revenge" ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little "Revenge" ran on thro' the long sea lane between.

VI.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delayed
By their mountainlike "San Philip," that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

VII

And while now the great "San Philip" hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great "San Philip," she bethought herself and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musketeers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.



ALFRED TENNYSON

*From a painting by P Kramer   By permission of F Bruckmann, Munich*

IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer
sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle thunder and
flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and
her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight us
no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

X.

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the sum-
mer sea.
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring:
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we still could
sting,
So they watched what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it
spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

XII

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply: —
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they manned the "Revenge" with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own,
When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of Spain,
And the little "Revenge" herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

# PHILASTER.

### By BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

[BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER Two famous Elizabethan dramatists who were so closely associated in their lives and labors that their names have become indissolubly united They lived in the same house not far from the Globe Theater on the Bankside, sharing all things in common, and from 1606 until 1616 wrote in combination a large number of dramas, the most notable being "The Maid's Tragedy," "Philaster," "A King and No King," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," "Cupid's Revenge" Beaumont and Fletcher were very popular with their contemporaries, and Dryden informs us that in his time their plays were performed oftener than those of Shakespeare.

Francis Beaumont was born at Grace-Dieu, Leicestershire, in 1584, the son of a judge of Common Pleas At twelve he entered Oxford, and in 1600 was admitted a member of Lincoln's Inn, but does not seem to have pursued his legal studies He made the acquaintance of Ben Jonson at the Mermaid Tavern, and wrote commendatory verses to some of his dramas He died at the early age of thirty-two, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

John Fletcher was born at Rye, Sussex, December, 1579. He was for some time a student of Bennet College (now Corpus), Cambridge, where he acquired a reputation for classical erudition From that time until his meeting with Beaumont in 1606 nothing definite is known of his life. He died of the plague in London, August, 1625, and was buried in the Church of St Savior's. Besides the plays above mentioned Fletcher wrote with Massinger, Rowley, and others, "The Knight of Malta," "Thierry and Theodoret," "The Spanish Curate," "The Fair Maid of the Inn," "The Two Noble Kinsmen" (in which Shakespeare probably had a share) He was sole author of "The Faithful Shepherdess", "The Humorous Lieutenant," and "Rule a Wife and have a Wife"]

*Enter* PHILASTER.

*Philaster* —

Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks
Whereon she dwells, that might have strewed my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbors, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue! This had been a life
Free from vexation.

*Enter* BELLARIO.

*Bellario* —

Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;

Nothing assaults me here [*Aside*] See, my grieved lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body!—Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment, for I must speak:
You that are grieved can pity, hear, my lord!

*Philaster*—
Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

*Bellario*—
Oh, my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger!

*Philaster*—
Is it thou? begone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

*Bellario*—
Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

*Philaster*—
Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight
Thou'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade·
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and looked'st, and spok'st when first
I took thee up·
Curse on the time! If thy commanding tears
Can work on any other, use thy art;
I'll not betray it Which way wilt thou take?
That I may shun thee, for thine eyes are poison
To mine, and I am loath to grow in rage.
This way, or that way?

*Bellario*—
Any will serve; but I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.
[*Exeunt severally*

*Enter on one side* Dion, *and on the other two* Woodmen.

*Dion*—
This is the strangest sudden chance! You, Woodmen!

*First Woodman* — My Lord Dion?

*Dion* — Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studded with stars of white?

*Second Woodman* — Was she not young and tall?

*Dion* — Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

*Second Woodman* — Faith, my lord, we saw none.

[*Exeunt* Woodmen.

*Dion* — Plague of your questions then!

*Enter* CLEREMONT.

What, is she found?

*Cleremont* — Nor will be, I think.

*Dion* — Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little, but the whole court must be in arms.

*Cleremont* — There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us. Some say, her horse ran away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: but, questionless, she rode away willingly.

*Enter* KING, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants.

*King* —
Where is she?

*Cleremont* —
Sir, I cannot tell.

*King* —
How's that?
Answer me so again!

*Cleremont* —
Sir, shall I lie?

*King* —
Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.
I say again, where is she? Mutter not! —
Sir, speak you; where is she?

*Dion* —
Sir, I do not know.

*King* —
Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heaven,
It is thy last! — You, fellows, answer me;
Where is she? Mark me, all; *I am your King:*
I wish to see my daughter; *show her me;*
I do command you all, as *you are subjects,*
To show her me! What! *am I not your King?*
If ay, then am I *not to be obeyed?*

*Dion* —
Yes, if you command thing, p[illegible] one t[illegible]

*King* —
Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy King to things
Possible and honest! show her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!

*Dion* —
Indeed I cannot,
Unless you tell me where she is

*King* —
You have betrayed me, you have let me lose
The jewel of my life Go, bring her to me,
And set her here before me. 'tis the King
Will have it so, whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven Speak, can it not?

*Dion* —
No

*King* —
No! cannot the breath of kings do this?

*Dion* —
No, nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted

*King* —
Is it so? Take heed!

*Dion* —
Sir, take you heed how you dare the powers
That must be just

*King* —
Alas! what are we kings!
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be served, flattered, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings?
I have sinned, 'tis true, and here stand to be punished
Yet would not thus be punished let me choose
My way, and lay it on!

*Dion* [*aside*] — He articles with the gods Would somebody would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

*Enter* PHARAMOND, GALATEA, *and* MEGRA.

*King* —
What, is she found?

*Pharamond* —
No, we have ta'en her horse;

He galloped empty by There is some treason
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?

*Galatea*—
She did command me

*King*—
Command! you should not

*Galatea*—
'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my King

*King*—
You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her

*Pharamond*—
If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.

*Dion* [*aside*]—
What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?

*Pharamond*—
I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A cook, and a tailor.

*King* [*aside*]—
I see
The injuries I have done must be revenged.

*Dion*—
Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

*King*—
Run all, disperse yourselves. The man that finds her,
Or (if she be killed), the traitor, I'll make him great

*Dion* [*aside*]—I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her

*Pharamond*—
Come, let us seek.

*King*—
Each man a several way,
Here I myself.

*Dion*—
Come, gentlemen, we here

*Cleremont*—
Lady, you must go search too

*Megra*—
I had rather be searched myself [*Exeunt severally.*

*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter* ARETHUSA.

*Arethusa* —
Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, through brambles, pits, and floods
Heaven, I hope, will ease me I am sick. [*Sits down.*

*Enter* BELLARIO

*Bellario* [*aside*] —
Yonder's my lady. Heaven knows I want
Nothing, because I do not wish to live,
Yet I will try her charity —Oh, hear,
You that have plenty! from that flowing store
Drop some on dry ground — See, the lively red
Is gone to guard her heart! I fear she faints. —
Madam, look up! —She breathes not —Open once more
Those rosy twins, and send unto my lord
Your latest farewell! — Oh, she stirs.—How is it,
Madam? speak comfort.

*Arethusa* —
'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there I prithee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee, I am well.

*Enter* PHILASTER

*Philaster* —
I am to blame to be so much in rage·
I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard
This killing truth I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing —
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here!

*Bellario* —
My lord, help, help!
The princess!

*Arethusa* —
I am well: forbear.

*Philaster* [*aside*] —
Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes

Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good god look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damned act!—Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quenched with tears, for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals and beds
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!

*Arethusa*—
Dear Philaster, leave
To be enraged, and hear me.

*Philaster*—
I have done,
Forgive my passion. Not the calmèd sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturbed than I. I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
[*Offers his drawn sword.*
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you and this your boy may live and reign
In lust without control. Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee kill me; thou art poor, and mayst
Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead,
Thy way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live
Sirs, feel my pulse, whether you have known
A man in a more equal tune to die

*Bellario*—
Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time!
So does your tongue

*Philaster*—
You will not kill me, then?

*Arethusa*—
Kill you!

*Bellario*—
Not for a world.

*Philaster*—
I blame not thee,
Bellario thou hast done but that which gods
Would have transformed themselves to do Begone,
Leave me without reply; this is the last

Of all our meetings. [*Exit* BELLARIO] Kill me with
this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
Or suffer

*Arethusa* —
If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousies in the other world, no ill there?

*Philaster* —
No

*Arethusa* —
Show me, then, the way.

*Philaster* —
Then guide my feeble hand,
You that have power to do it, for I must
Perform a piece of justice! — If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it

*Arethusa* —
I am prepared



## MARY'S ESCAPE FOILED.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

(From "The Abbot" For biographical sketch, see page 2497)

[After Carberry Height and the flight of her husband, Bothwell, Queen Mary was imprisoned in the tiny isle of Lochleven in Kinross The Protestant lords sent envoys to force her to sign her recantation Except for Roland Graeme, the hero of the novel, who partly plays the rôle of the real Sir James Melville, the scene is historical]

WHEN Roland Graeme had finished his repast, having his dismissal from the Queen for the evening, and being little inclined for such society as the castle afforded, he stole into the garden, in which he had permission to spend his leisure time when it pleased him. In this place the ingenuity of the contriver and disposer of the walks had exerted itself to make the most of little space, and by screens, both of stone ornamented with rude sculpture and hedges of living green, had endeavored to give as much intricacy and variety as the confined limits of the garden would admit.

Here the young man walked sadly, considering the events of the day, and comparing what had dropped from the Abbot with what he had himself noticed of the demeanor of George Douglas. "It must be so," was the painful but inevitable conclusion at which he arrived. "It must be by his aid that she is thus enabled, like a phantom, to transport herself from place to place, and to appear at pleasure on the mainland or on the islet. It must be so," he repeated once more; "with him she holds a close, secret, and intimate correspondence, altogether inconsistent with the eye of favor which she has *sometimes cast upon me, and destructive to the hopes* which she must have known these glances have necessarily inspired." And yet (for love will hope where reason despairs) the thought rushed on his mind that it was possible she only encouraged Douglas' passion so far as might serve her mistress' interest, and that she was of too frank, noble, and candid a nature to hold out to himself hopes which she meant not to fulfill. . . .

The sun had now for some time set, and the twilight of May was rapidly falling into a serene night. On the lake the expanded water rose and fell, with the slightest and softest influence of a southern breeze, which scarcely dimpled the surface over which it passed. In the distance was still seen the dim outline of the island of Saint Serf, once visited by many a sandaled pilgrim, as the blessed spot trodden by a man of God—now neglected or violated as the refuge of lazy priests, who had with justice been compelled to give place to the sheep and the heifers of a Protestant baron.

As Roland gazed on the dark speck amid the lighter blue of the waters which surrounded it, the mazes of polemical discussion again stretched themselves before the eye of his mind. Had these men justly suffered their exile as licentious drones, the robbers, at once, and disgrace of the busy hive? or had the hand of avarice and rapine expelled from the temple, not the ribalds who polluted, but the faithful priests who served the shrine in honor and fidelity? The arguments of Henderson, in this contemplative hour, rose with double force before him, and could scarcely be parried by the appeal which the Abbot Ambrosius had made from his understanding to his feelings—an appeal which he had felt more forcibly amid the bustle of stirring life than now, when his reflections were more undisturbed. It required an effort to divert his mind from this

embarrassing topic; and he found that he best succeeded by turning his eyes to the front of the tower, watching where a twinkling light still streamed from the casement of Catherine Seyton's apartment, obscured by times for a moment as the shadow of the fair inhabitant passed betwixt the taper and the window. At length the light was removed or extinguished, and that object of speculation was also withdrawn from the eyes of the meditative lover. Dare I confess the fact, without injuring his character forever as a hero of romance? These eyes gradually became heavy; speculative doubts on the subject of religious controversy, and anxious conjectures concerning the state of his mistress' affections, became confusedly blended together in his musings; the fatigues of a busy day prevailed over the harassing subjects of contemplation which occupied his mind, and he fell fast asleep.

Sound were his slumbers, until they were suddenly dispelled by the iron tongue of the castle bell, which sent its deep and sullen sounds wide over the bosom of the lake, and awakened the echoes of Bennarty, the hill which descends steeply on its southern bank. Roland started up, for this bell was always tolled at ten o'clock, as the signal for locking the castle gates and placing the keys under the charge of the seneschal. He therefore hastened to the wicket by which the garden communicated with the building, and had the mortification, just as he reached it, to hear the bolt leave its sheath with a discordant crash, and enter the stone groove of the door lintel.

"Hold, hold," cried the page, "and let me in ere you lock the wicket."

The voice of Dryfesdale replied from within, in his usual tone of imbittered sullenness, "The hour is passed, fair master—you like not the inside of these walls—even make it a complete holiday, and spend the night as well as the day out of bounds."

"Open the door," exclaimed the indignant page, "or, by Saint Giles, I will make thy gold chain smoke for it!"

"Make no alarm here," retorted the impenetrable Dryfesdale, "but keep thy sinful oaths and silly threats for those that regard them—I do mine office, and carry the keys to the seneschal.—Adieu, my young master! the cool night air will advantage your hot blood."

The steward was right in what he said; for the cooling breeze was very necessary to appease the feverish fit of anger

which Roland experienced, nor did the remedy succeed for some time. At length, after some hasty turns made through the garden, exhausting his passion in vain vows of vengeance, Roland Graeme began to be sensible that his situation ought rather to be held as a matter of laughter than of serious resentment. To one bred a sportsman, a night spent in the open air had in it little of hardship, and the poor malice of the steward seemed more worthy of his contempt than his anger. "I would to God," he said, "that the grim old man may always have contented himself with such sportive revenge. He often looks as he were capable of doing us a darker turn." Returning, therefore, to the turf seat which he had formerly occupied, and which was partially sheltered by a trim fence of green holly, he drew his mantle around him, stretched himself at length on the verdant settle, and endeavored to resume that sleep which the castle bell had interrupted to so little purpose.

Sleep, like other earthly blessings, is niggard of its favors when most courted. The more Roland invoked her aid, the farther she fled from his eyelids. He had been completely awakened, first, by the sounds of the bell, and then by his own aroused vivacity of temper, and he found it difficult again to compose himself to slumber. At length, when his mind was wearied out with a maze of unpleasing meditation, he succeeded in coaxing himself into a broken slumber. This was again dispelled by the voices of two persons who were walking in the garden, the sound of whose conversation, after mingling for some time in the page's dreams, at length succeeded in awaking him thoroughly. He raised himself from his reclining posture in the utmost astonishment, which the circumstance of hearing two persons at that late hour conversing on the outside of the watchfully guarded Castle of Lochleven was so well calculated to excite. His first thought was of supernatural beings; his next, upon some attempt on the part of Queen Mary's friends and followers; his last was, that George of Douglas, possessed of the keys, and having the means of ingress and egress at pleasure, was availing himself of his office to hold a rendezvous with Catherine Seyton in the castle garden. He was confirmed in this opinion by the tone of the voice, which asked in a low whisper, "whether all was ready?"

Roland Graeme, availing himself of a breach in the holly screen, and of the assistance of the full moon, which was now

arisen, had a perfect opportunity, himself unobserved, to reconnoiter the persons and the motions of those by whom his rest had been thus unexpectedly disturbed; and his observations confirmed his jealous apprehensions. They stood together in close and earnest conversation within four yards of the place of his retreat, and he could easily recognize the tall form and deep voice of Douglas, and the no less remarkable dress and tone of the page at the hostelry of Saint Michael's.

"I have been at the door of the page's apartment," said Douglas, "but he is not there, or he will not answer. It is fast bolted on the inside, as is the custom, and we cannot pass through it — and what his silence may bode I know not."

"You have trusted him too far," said the other; "a feather-headed coxcomb, upon whose changeable mind and hot brain there is no making an abiding impression."

"It was not I who was willing to trust him," said Douglas; "but I was assured he would prove friendly when called upon — for ——" Here he spoke so low that Roland lost the tenor of his words, which was the more provoking, as he was fully aware that he was himself the subject of their conversation.

"Nay," replied the stranger, more aloud, "I have on my side put him off with fair words, which make fools fain — but now, if you distrust him at the push, deal with him with your dagger, and so make open passage."

"That were too rash," said Douglas; "and besides, as I told you, the door of his apartment is shut and bolted. I will essay again to waken him."

Graeme instantly comprehended that the ladies, having been somehow made aware of his being in the garden, had secured the door of the outer room in which he usually slept, as a sort of sentinel upon that only access to the Queen's apartments. But then, how came Catherine Seyton to be abroad, if the Queen and the other lady were still within their chambers, and the access to them locked and bolted? — "I will be instantly at the bottom of these mysteries," he said, "and then thank Mistress Catherine, if this be really she, for the kind use which she exhorted Douglas to make of his dagger — they seek me, as I comprehend, and they shall not seek me in vain."

Douglas had by this time reentered the castle by the wicket, which was now open. The stranger stood alone in the garden walk, his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes cast impatiently up to the moon, as if accusing her of betraying

him by the magnificence of her luster. In a moment Roland Graeme stood before him. — "A goodly night," he said, "Mistress Catherine, for a young lady to stray forth in disguise, and to meet with men in an orchard!"

"Hush!" said the stranger page, "hush, thou foolish patch, and tell us in a word if thou art friend or foe."

"How should I be friend to one who deceives me by fair words, and who would have Douglas deal with me with his poniard?" replied Roland.

"The fiend receive George of Douglas, and thee too, thou born madcap, and sworn marplot!" said the other; "we shall be discovered, and then death is the word."

"Catherine," said the page, "you have dealt falsely and cruelly with me, and the moment of explanation is now come — neither it nor you shall escape me."

"Madman!" said the stranger, "I am neither Kate nor Catherine — the moon shines bright enough surely to know the hart from the hind."

"That shift shall not serve you, fair mistress," said the page, laying hold on the lap of the stranger's cloak; "this time, at least, I will know with whom I deal."

"Unhand me," said she, endeavoring to extricate herself from his grasp; and in a tone where anger seemed to contend with a desire to laugh, "Use you so little discretion toward a daughter of Seyton?"

But as Roland, encouraged perhaps by her risibility to suppose his violence was not unpardonably offensive, kept hold on her mantle, she said, in a sterner tone of unmixed resentment, "Madman, let me go! — there is life and death in this moment — I would not willingly hurt thee, and yet beware!"

As she spoke, she made a sudden effort to escape, and in doing so, a pistol, which she carried in her hand or about her person, went off.

The warlike sound instantly awakened the well-warded castle. The warder blew his horn, and began to toll the castle bell, crying out at the same time, "Fie, treason! treason! cry all! cry all!"

The apparition of Catherine Seyton, which the page had let loose in the first moment of astonishment, vanished in darkness, but the plash of oars was heard, and in a second or two five or six arquebuses and a falconet were fired from the battlements of the castle successively, as if leveled at some object

on the water. Confounded with these incidents, no way for Catherine's protection (supposing her to be in the boat which he had heard put from the shore) occurred to Roland, save to have recourse to George of Douglas. He hastened for this purpose toward the apartment of the Queen, whence he heard loud voices and much trampling of feet. When he entered, he found himself added to a confused and astonished group, which, assembled in that apartment, stood gazing upon each other. At the upper end of the room stood the Queen, equipped as for a journey, and attended not only by the Lady Fleming, but by the omnipresent Catherine Seyton, dressed in the habit of her own sex, and bearing in her hand the casket in which Mary kept such jewels as she had been permitted to retain. At the other end of the hall was the Lady of Lochleven, hastily dressed, as one startled from slumber by the sudden alarm, and surrounded by domestics, some bearing torches, others holding naked swords, partisans, pistols, or such other weapons as they had caught up in the hurry of a night alarm. Betwixt these two parties stood George of Douglas, his arms folded on his breast, his eyes bent on the ground, like a criminal who knows not how to deny, yet continues unwilling to avow, the guilt in which he has been detected.

"Speak, George of Douglas," said the Lady of Lochleven; "speak, and clear the horrid suspicion which rests on thy name. Say 'A Douglas was never faithless to his trust, and I am a Douglas.' Say this, my dearest son, and it is all I ask thee to say to clear thy name, even under such a foul charge. Say it was but the wile of these unhappy women, and this false boy, which plotted an escape so fatal to Scotland—so destructive to thy father's house."

"Madam," said old Dryfesdale, the steward, "this much do I say for this silly page, that he could not be accessory to unlocking the doors, since I myself this night bolted him out of the castle. Whoever limned this night piece, the lad's share in it seems to have been small."

"Thou liest, Dryfesdale," said the Lady, "and wouldst throw the blame on thy master's house, to save the worthless life of a gypsy boy."

"His death were more desirable to me than his life," answered the steward, sullenly; "but the truth is the truth."

At these words Douglas raised his head, drew up his figure to its full height, and spoke boldly and sedately, as one whose

resolution was taken. "Let no life be endangered for me. I alone——"

"Douglas," said the Queen, interrupting him, "art thou mad? Speak not, I charge you."

"Madam," he replied, bowing with the deepest respect, "gladly would I obey your commands, but they must have a victim, and let it be the true one. Yes, madam," he continued, addressing the Lady of Lochleven, "I alone am guilty in this matter. If the word of a Douglas has yet any weight with you, believe me that this boy is innocent; and on your conscience I charge you do him no wrong; nor let the Queen suffer hardship for embracing the opportunity of freedom which sincere loyalty—which a sentiment yet deeper—offered to her acceptance. Yes! I had planned the escape of the most beautiful, the most persecuted, of women; and far from regretting that I, for a while, deceived the malice of her enemies, I glory in it, and am most willing to yield up life itself in her cause."

"Now may God have compassion on my age," said the Lady of Lochleven, "and enable me to bear this load of affliction! O Princess, born in a luckless hour, when will you cease to be the instrument of seduction and of ruin to all who approach you? O ancient house of Lochleven, famed so long for birth and honor, evil was the hour which brought the deceiver under thy roof!"

"Say not so, madam," replied her grandson; "the old honors of the Douglas line will be outshone, when one of its descendants dies for the most injured of Queens—for the most lovely of women."

"Douglas," said the Queen, "must I at this moment—ay, even at this moment, when I may lose a faithful subject forever, chide thee for forgetting what is due to me as thy Queen?"

"Wretched boy," said the distracted Lady of Lochleven, "hast thou fallen even thus far into the snare of this Moabitish woman?—hast thou bartered thy name, thy allegiance, thy knightly oath, thy duty to thy parents, thy country, and thy God, for a feigned tear, or a sickly smile, from lips which flattered the infirm Francis—lured to death the idiot Darnley—read luscious poetry with the minion Chastelar—mingled in the lays of love which were sung by the beggar Rizzio—and which were joined in rapture to those of the foul and licentious Bothwell!"

"Blaspheme not, madam!" said Douglas; "nor you, fair Queen, and virtuous as fair, chide at this moment the presumption of thy vassal!—Think not that the mere devotion of a subject could have moved me to the part I have been performing. Well you deserve that each of your lieges should die for you; but I have done more—have done that to which love alone could compel a Douglas—I have dissembled.—Farewell, then, Queen of all hearts, and Empress of that of Douglas!—When you are freed from this vile bondage—as freed you shall be, if justice remains in Heaven—and when you load with honors and titles the happy man who shall deliver you, cast one thought on him whose heart would have despised every reward for a kiss of your hand—cast one thought on his fidelity, and drop one tear on his grave." And throwing himself at her feet, he seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"This before my face!" exclaimed the Lady of Lochleven—"wilt thou court thy adulterous paramour before the eyes of a parent?—tear them asunder, and put him under strict ward! Seize him, upon your lives!" she added, seeing that her attendants looked on each other with hesitation.

"They are doubtful," said Mary. "Save thyself, Douglas, I command thee!"

He started up from the floor, and only exclaiming, "My life or death are yours, and at your disposal!" drew his sword, and broke through those who stood betwixt him and the door. The enthusiasm of his onset was too sudden and too lively to have been opposed by anything short of the most decided opposition; and as he was both loved and feared by his father's vassals, none of them would offer him actual injury.

The Lady of Lochleven stood astonished at his sudden escape.—"Am I surrounded," she said, "by traitors? Upon him, villains!—pursue, stab, cut him down!"

"He cannot leave the island, madam," said Dryfesdale, interfering; "I have the key of the boat chain."

But two or three voices of those who pursued from curiosity, or command of their mistress, exclaimed from below that he had cast himself into the lake.

"Brave Douglas still!" exclaimed the Queen.—"Oh, true and noble heart, that prefers death to imprisonment!"

"Fire upon him!" said the Lady of Lochleven; "if there

be here a true servant of his father, let him shoot the runagate dead, and let the lake cover our shame!"

The report of a gun or two was heard, but they were probably shot rather to obey the Lady than with any purpose of hitting the mark; and Randal immediately entering, said that Master George had been taken up by a boat from the castle, which lay at a little distance.

"Man a barge, and pursue them!" said the Lady.

"It were quite vain," said Randal; "by this time they are halfway to shore, and a cloud has come over the moon."

"And has the traitor then escaped?" said the Lady, pressing her hands against her forehead with a gesture of despair; "the honor of our house is forever gone, and all will be deemed accomplices in this base treachery."

"Lady of Lochleven," said Mary, advancing toward her, "you have this night cut off my fairest hopes — you have turned my expected freedom into bondage, and dashed away the cup of joy in the very instant I was advancing it to my lips — and yet I feel for your sorrow the pity that you deny to mine. — Gladly would I comfort you if I might; but as I may not, I would at least part from you in charity."

"Away, proud woman!" said the Lady; "who ever knew so well as thou to deal the deepest wounds under the pretense of kindness and courtesy? — Who, since the great traitor, could ever so betray with a kiss?"

"Lady Douglas of Lochleven," said the Queen, "in this moment thou canst not offend me — no, not even by thy coarse and unwomanly language, held to me in the presence of menials and armed retainers. I have this night owed so much to one member of the house of Lochleven, as to cancel whatever its mistress can do or say in the wildness of her passion."

"We are bounden to you, Princess," said Lady Lochleven, putting a strong constraint on herself, and passing from her tone of violence to that of bitter irony; "our poor house hath been but seldom graced with royal smiles, and will hardly, with my choice, exchange their rough honesty for such court honor as Mary of Scotland has now to bestow."

"They," replied Mary, "who knew so well how to *take*, may think themselves excused from the obligation implied in receiving. And that I have now little to offer is the fault of the Douglases and their allies."

"Fear nothing, madam," replied the Lady of Lochleven, in

the same bitter tone, "you retain an exchequer which neither your own prodigality can drain, nor your offended country deprive you of. While you have fair words and delusive smiles at command, you need no other bribes to lure youth to folly."

The Queen cast not an ungratified glance on a large mirror which, hanging on one side of the apartment, and illuminated by the torchlight, reflected her beautiful face and person. "Our hostess grows complaisant," she said, "my Fleming; we had not thought that grief and captivity had left us so well stored with that sort of wealth which ladies prize most dearly."

"Your Grace will drive this severe woman frantic," said Fleming, in a low tone. "On my knees I implore you to remember she is already dreadfully offended, and that we are in her power."

"I will not spare her, Fleming," answered the Queen; "it is against my nature. She returned my honest sympathy with insult and abuse, and I will gall her in return—if her words are too blunt for answer, let her use her poniard if she dare!"

"The Lady Lochleven," said the Lady Fleming, aloud, "would surely do well now to withdraw, and to leave her Grace to repose."

"Ay," replied the Lady, "or to leave her Grace, and her Grace's minions, to think what silly fly they may next wrap their meshes about. My eldest son is a widower—were he not more worthy the flattering hopes with which you have seduced his brother?—True, the yoke of marriage has been already thrice fitted on—but the church of Rome calls it a sacrament, and its votaries may deem it one in which they cannot too often participate."

"And the votaries of the church of Geneva," replied Mary, coloring with indignation, "as they deem marriage *no* sacrament, are said at times to dispense with the holy ceremony." Then, as if afraid of the consequences of this home allusion to the errors of Lady Lochleven's early life, the Queen added, "Come, my Fleming, we grace her too much by this altercation; we will to our sleeping apartment. If she would disturb us again to-night, she must cause the door to be forced." So saying, she retired to her bedroom, followed by her two women.

Lady Lochleven, stunned as it were by this last sarcasm, and not the less deeply incensed that she had drawn it upon herself, remained like a statue on the spot which she had occupied when

she received an affront so flagrant. Dryfesdale and Randal endeavored to rouse her to recollection by questions.

"What is your honorable Ladyship's pleasure in the premises?"

"Shall we not double the sentinels, and place one upon the boats and another in the garden?" said Randal.

"Would you that dispatches were sent to Sir William at Edinburgh, to acquaint him with what has happened?" demanded Dryfesdale; "and ought not the place of Kinross to be alarmed, lest there be force upon the shores of the lake?"

"Do all as thou wilt," said the Lady, collecting herself, and about to depart. "Thou hast the name of a good soldier, Dryfesdale, take all precautions. — Sacred Heaven! that I should be thus openly insulted!"

"Would it be your pleasure," said Dryfesdale, hesitating, "that this person — this Lady — be more severely restrained?"

"No, vassal!" answered the Lady, indignantly, "my revenge stoops not to so low a gratification. But I will have more worthy vengeance, or the tomb of my ancestors shall cover my shame!"

"And you shall have it, madam," replied Dryfesdale. "Ere two suns go down you shall term yourself amply revenged."

The Lady made no answer — perhaps did not hear his words, as she presently left the apartment. By the command of Dryfesdale, the rest of the attendants were dismissed, some to do the duty of guard, others to their repose. The steward himself remained after they had all departed; and Roland Graeme, who was alone in the apartment, was surprised to see the old soldier advance toward him with an air of greater cordiality than he had ever before assumed to him, but which sat ill on his scowling features.

"Youth," he said, "I have done thee some wrong — it is thine own fault, for thy behavior hath seemed as light to me as the feather thou wearest in thy hat; and surely thy fantastic apparel, and idle humor of mirth and folly, have made me construe thee something harshly. But I saw this night from my casement (as I looked out to see how thou hadst disposed of thyself in the garden), I saw, I say, the true efforts which thou didst make to detain the companion of the perfidy of him who is no longer worthy to be called by his father's name, but must be cut off from his house like a rotten branch. I was just about to come to thy assistance when the pistol went off, and

the warden (a false knave, whom I suspect to be bribed for the nonce) saw himself forced to give the alarm, which, perchance, till then he had willfully withheld. To atone, therefore, for my injustice toward you, I would willingly render you a courtesy, if you would accept of it from my hands."

"May I first crave to know what it is?" replied the page.

"Simply to carry the news of this discovery to Holyrood, where thou mayest do thyself much grace, as well with the Earl of Morton and the Regent himself, as with Sir William Douglas, seeing thou hast seen the matter from end to end, and borne faithful part therein. The making thine own fortune will be thus lodged in thine own hand, when I trust thou wilt estrange thyself from foolish vanities, and learn to walk in this world as one who thinks upon the next"

"Sir Steward," said Roland Graeme, "I thank you for your courtesy, but I may not do your errand. I pass that I am the Queen's sworn servant, and may not be of counsel against her. But, setting this apart, methinks it were a bad road to Sir William of Lochleven's favor to be the first to tell him of his son's defection — neither would the Regent be over well pleased to hear the infidelity of his vassal, nor Morton to learn the falsehood of his kinsman."

"Um!" said the steward, making that inarticulate sound which expresses surprise mingled with displeasure. "Nay, then, even fly where ye list; for, giddy-pated as ye may be, you know how to bear you in the world."

"I will show you my esteem is less selfish than ye think for," said the page; "for I hold truth and mirth to be better than gravity and cunning — ay, and in the end to be a match for them. You never loved me less, Sir Steward, than you do at this moment. I know you will give me no real confidence, and I am resolved to accept no false protestations as current coin. Resume your old course — suspect me as much and watch me as closely as you will, I bid you defiance — you have met with your match"

"By Heaven, young man," said the steward, with a look of bitter malignity, "if thou darest to attempt any treachery toward the House of Lochleven, thy head shall blacken in the sun from the warder's turret!"

"He cannot commit treachery who refuses trust," said the page; "and for my head, it stands as securely on my shoulders, as on any turret that ever mason built."

"Farewell, thou prating and speckled pie," said Dryfesdale, "thou art so vain of thine idle tongue and variegated coat! Beware trap and lime twig."

"And fare thee well, thou hoarse old raven," answered the page; "thy solemn flight, sable hue, and deep croak are no charms against birdbolt or hailshot, and that thou mayest find—it is open war betwixt us, each for the cause of our mistress, and God show the right!"

"Amen, and defend his own people!" said the steward. "I will let my mistress know what addition thou hast made to this mess of traitors. Good night, Monsieur Featherpate."

"Good night, Seignior Sowersby," replied the page; and, when the old man departed, he betook himself to rest.



# THREE PHASES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.[1]

BY JOHN RICHARD GREEN

[JOHN RICHARD GREEN, English historian, was born at Oxford in 1837, graduated at Jesus College, became a clergyman, and in 1868 librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth His earliest bent was toward studying the gems of English history, and after many short papers his "Short History of the English People" (1874) made him famous In spite of an incurable disease and great weakness, and of ardent service in practical church work, he published "The Making of England" in 1882, and had nearly completed "The Conquest of England" (completed and published by his widow) when he died, March 7, 1883 He published some other works, and suggested the *English Historical Review* ]

## THE PRIMITIVE TEUTONS.

FOR the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ the one country which we know to have borne the name of Angeln or England lay within the district which is now called Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula that parts the Baltic from the northern seas. Its pleasant pastures, its black-timbered homesteads, its prim little townships looking down on inlets of purple water, were then but a wild waste of heather and sand, girt along the coast with a sunless woodland, broken here and there by meadows that crept down to the marshes and the sea The dwellers in this district, how-

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ever, seem to have been merely an outlying fragment of what was called the Engle or English folk, the bulk of whom lay probably in what is now Lower Hanover and Oldenburg. On one side of them the Saxons of Westphalia held the land from the Weser to the Rhine, on the other, the Eastphalian Saxons stretched away to the Elbe. North again of the fragment of the English folk in Sleswick lay another kindred tribe, the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. Engle, Saxon, and Jute all belonged to the same Low German branch of the Teutonic family; and at the moment when history discovers them they were being drawn together by the ties of a common blood, common speech, common social and political institutions. There is little ground indeed for believing that the three tribes looked on themselves as one people, or that we can as yet apply to them, save by anticipation, the common name of Englishmen. But each of them was destined to share in the conquest of the land in which we live, and it is from the union of all of them when its conquest was complete that the English people has sprung.

Of the temper and life of the folk in this older England we know little. But from the glimpses that we catch of it when conquest had brought them to the shores of Britain their political and social organization must have been that of the German race to which they belonged. In their villages lay ready formed the social and political life which is round us in the England of to-day. A belt of forest or waste parted each from its fellow-villages, and within this boundary or mark the "township," as the village was then called, from the "tun" or rough fence and trench that served as its simple fortification, formed a complete and independent body, though linked by ties which were strengthening every day to the townships about it and the tribe of which it formed a part. Its social center was the homestead where the ætheling or eorl, a descendant of the first English settlers in the waste, still handed down the blood and traditions of his fathers. Around this homestead or æthel, each in its little croft, stood the lowlier dwellings of freelings or ceorls, men sprung, it may be, from descendants of the earliest settler who had in various ways forfeited their claim to a share in the original homestead, or more probably from incomers into the village who had since settled round it and been admitted to a share in the land and freedom of the community. The eorl was distinguished from his fellow-villagers by his wealth

and his nobler blood; he was held by them in a hereditary reverence; and it was from him and his fellow-æthelings that host leaders, whether of the village or the tribe, were chosen in times of war. But this claim to precedence rested simply on the free recognition of his fellow-villagers. Within the township every freeman or ceorl was equal. It was the freeman who was the base of village society. He was the "free-necked man," whose long hair floated over a neck which had never bowed to a lord. He was the "weaponed man," who alone bore spear and sword, and who alone preserved that right of self-redress or private war which in such a state of society formed the main check upon lawless outrage.

Among the English, as among all the races of mankind, justice had originally sprung from each man's personal action. There had been a time when every freeman was his own avenger. But even in the earliest forms of English society of which we find traces this right of self-defense was being modified and restricted by a growing sense of public justice. The "blood-wite" or compensation in money for personal wrong was the first effort of the tribe as a whole to regulate private revenge. The freeman's life and the freeman's limb had each on this system its legal price. "Eye for eye," ran the rough code, and "life for life," or for each fair damages. We see a further step towards the modern recognition of a wrong as done not to the individual man but to the people at large in another custom of early date. The price of life or limb was paid, not by the wrongdoer to the man he wronged, but by the family or house of the wrongdoer to the family or house of the wronged. Order and law were thus made to rest in each little group of people upon the blood bond which knit its families together; every outrage was held to have been done by all who were linked in blood to the doer of it, every crime to have been done against all who were linked in blood to the sufferer from it. From this sense of the value of the family bond as a means of restraining the wrongdoer by forces which the tribe as a whole did not as yet possess sprang the first rude forms of English justice. Each kinsman was his kinsman's keeper, bound to protect him from wrong, to hinder him from wrongdoing, and to suffer with him and pay for him if wrong were done. So fully was this principle recognized that even if any man was charged before his fellow-tribesmen with crime his kinsfolk still remained in fact his sole judges,

for it was by their solemn oath of his innocence or his guilt that he had to stand or fall.

As the blood bond gave its first form to English justice, so it gave their first forms to English society and English warfare. Kinsmen fought side by side in the hour of battle, and the feelings of honor and discipline which held the host together were drawn from the common duty of every man in each little group of warriors to his house. And as they fought side by side on the field, so they dwelt side by side on the soil. Harling abode by Harling, and Billing by Billing; and each "wick" or "ham," or "stead" or "tun" took its name from the kinsmen who dwelt together in it. In this way the home or "ham" of the Billings was Billingham, and the "tun" or township of the Harlings was Harlington. But in such settlements the tie of blood was widened into the larger tie of land. Land with the German race seems at a very early time to have become everywhere the accompaniment of full freedom. The freeman was strictly the freeholder, and the exercise of his full rights as a free member of the community to which he belonged became inseparable from the possession of his "holding" in it. But property had not as yet reached that stage of absolutely personal possession which the social philosophy of a later time falsely regarded as its earliest state The woodland and pasture land of an English village were still undivided, and every free villager had the right of turning into it his cattle or swine. The meadow land lay in like manner open and undivided from hay harvest to spring. It was only when grass began to grow afresh that the common meadow was fenced off into grass fields, one for each household in the village; and when hay harvest was over fence and division were at an end again. The plow land alone was permanently allotted in equal shares both of corn land and fallow land to the families of the freemen, though even the plow land was subject to fresh division as the number of claimants grew greater or less

It was this sharing in the common land which marked off the freeman or ceorl from the unfree man or læt, the tiller of land which another owned. As the ceorl was the descendant of settlers who, whether from their earlier arrival or from kinship with the original settlers of the village, had been admitted to a share in its land and its corporate life, so the læt was a descendant of later comers to whom such a share was denied, or in some cases, perhaps, of earlier dwellers from whom the land

had been wrested by force of arms. In the modern sense of freedom the læt was free enough. He had house and home of his own, his life and limb was as secure as the ceorl's — save as against his lord. It is probable from what we see in later laws that as time went on he was recognized among the three tribes as a member of the nation, summoned to the folkmoot, allowed equal right at law, and called like the full free man to the hosting. But he was unfree as regards law and land. He had neither part nor lot in the common land of the village. The ground which he tilled he held of some free man of the tribe to whom he paid rent in labor or in kind. And this man was his lord. Whatever rights the unfree villager might gain in the general social life of his fellow-villagers, he had no rights as against his lord. He could leave neither land nor lord at his will. He was bound to render due service to his lord in tillage or in fight. So long, however, as these services were done the land was his own. His lord could not take it from him; and he was bound to give him aid and protection in exchange for his services.

Far different from the position of the læt was that of the slave, though there is no ground for believing that the slave class was other than a small one. It was a class which sprang mainly from debt or crime. Famine drove men to "bend their heads in the evil days for meat;" the debtor, unable to discharge his debt, flung on the ground his freeman's sword and spear, took up the laborer's mattock, and placed his head as a slave within a master's hands. The criminal whose kinsfolk would not make up his fine became a crime serf of the plaintiff or the king. Sometimes a father pressed by need sold children or wife into bondage. In any case the slave became part of the livestock of his master's estate, to be willed away at death with horse or ox, whose pedigree was kept as carefully as his own. His children were bondsmen like himself; even a freeman's children by a slave mother inherited the mother's taint. "Mine is the calf that is born of my cow," ran an English proverb. Slave cabins clustered round the homestead of every rich landowner; plowman, shepherd, goatherd, swineherd, oxherd and cowherd, dairymaid, barnman, sower, hayward and woodward, were often slaves. It was not, indeed, slavery such as we have known in modern times, for stripes and bonds were rare; if the slave was slain it was by an angry blow, not by the lash. But his master could slay him if he would; it was but a chattel the

less The slave had no place in the justice court, no kinsmen to claim vengeance or guilt-fine for his wrong. If a stranger slew him his lord claimed the damages; if guilty of wrong-doing, "his skin paid for him" under his master's lash. If he fled he might be chased like a strayed beast, and when caught he might be flogged to death. If the wrongdoer were a woman slave she might be burned.

With the public life of the village, however, the slave had nothing, the læt in early days little, to do. In its moot, the common meeting of its villagers for justice and government, a slave had no place or voice, while the læt was originally represented by the lord whose land he tilled. The life, the sovereignty of the settlement resided solely in the body of the freeman whose holdings lay round the moot hill or the sacred tree where the community met from time to time to deal out its own justice or make its own laws. Here new settlers were admitted to the freedom of the township, and by-laws framed and headmen and tithingmen chosen for its governance. Here plow land and meadow land were shared in due lot among the villagers, and field and homestead passed from man to man by the delivery of a turf cut from its soil. Here strife of farmer with farmer was settled according to the "customs" of the township as its elder men stated them, and four men were hired to follow headmen or ealdormen to hundred court or war. It is with a reverence such as is stirred by the sight of the head waters of some mighty river that one looks back to these village moots of Friesland or Sleswick. It was here that England learned to be a "mother of Parliaments." It was in these tiny knots of farmers that the men from whom Englishmen were to spring learned the worth of public opinion, of public discussion, the worth of the agreement, the "common sense," the general conviction to which discussion leads, as of the laws which derive their force from being expressions of that general conviction. A humorist of our own day has laughed at parliaments as "talking shops," and the laugh has been echoed by some who have taken humor for argument But talk is persuasion, and persuasion is force The "talk" of the village moot, the strife and judgment of men giving freely their own rede and setting it as freely aside for what they learn to be the wiser rede of other men, is the groundwork of English history.

Small, therefore, as it might be, the township or village was thus the primary and perfect type of English life, domestic,

social, and political. All that England has been since lay there. But changes of which we know nothing had long before the time at which our history opens grouped these little commonwealths together in larger communities, whether we name them tribe, people, or folk. The ties of race and kindred were no doubt drawn tighter by the needs of war. The organization of each folk, as such, sprang in all likelihood mainly from war, from a common greed of conquest, a common need of defense. Its form at any rate was wholly military. The folkmoot was in fact the war host, the gathering of every freeman of the tribe in arms. The head of the folk, a head which existed only so long as war went on, was the leader whom the host chose to command it. Its witenagemote or meeting of wise men was the host's council of war, the gathering of those ealdormen who had brought the men of the villages to the field. The host was formed by levies from the various districts of the tribe; the larger of which probably owed their name of "hundreds" to the hundred warriors each originally sent to it. In historic times, however, the regularity of such a military organization, if it ever existed, had passed away, and the quotas varied with the varying customs of each district. But men, whether many or few, were still due from each district to the host, and a cry of war at once called town-reeve and hundred-reeve with their followers to the field. . . .

The energy of these peoples found vent in a restlessness which drove them to take part in the general attack of the German race on the Empire of Rome. For busy tillers and busy fishers as Englishmen were, they were at heart fighters, and their world was a world of war. Tribe warred with tribe, and village with village; even within the township itself feuds parted household from household, and passions of hatred and vengeance were handed on from father to son. Their mood was above all a mood of fighting men, venturesome, self-reliant, proud, with a dash of hardness and cruelty in it, but ennobled by the virtues which spring from war, by personal courage and loyalty to plighted word, by a high and stern sense of manhood and the worth of man. A grim joy in hard fighting was already a characteristic of the race. War was the Englishman's "shield play" and "sword game"; the gleeman's verse took fresh fire as he sang of the rush of the host and the crash of its shield line. Their arms and weapons, helmet and mail shirt, tall spear and javelin, sword and seax, the short, broad dagger

that hung at each warrior's girdle, gathered to them much of the legend and the art which gave color and poetry to the life of Englishmen. Each sword had its name like a living thing. And next to their love of war came their love of the sea. Everywhere throughout Beowulf's song, as everywhere throughout the life that it pictures, we catch the salt whiff of the sea. The Englishman was as proud of his sea craft as of his war craft; sword in teeth he plunged into the sea to meet walrus and sea lion; he told of his whale chase amid the icy waters of the north. Hardly less than his love for the sea was the love he bore to the ship that traversed it. In the fond playfulness of English verse the ship was "the wave floater," "the foam-necked," "like a bird" as it skimmed the wave crest, "like a swan" as its curved prow breasted the "swan road" of the sea.

Their passion for the sea marked out for them their part in the general movement of the German nations. While Goth and Lombard were slowly advancing over the mountain and plain, the boats of the Englishmen pushed faster over the sea. Bands of English rovers, outdriven by stress of fight, had long found a home there, and lived as they could by sack of vessel or coast. Chance has preserved for us in a Sleswick peat bog one of the war keels of these early pirates. The boat is flat-bottomed, seventy feet long and eight or nine feet wide, its sides of oak boards fastened with bark ropes and iron bolts. Fifty oars drove it over the waves with a freight of warriors whose arms, axes, swords, lances, and knives were found heaped together in its hold. Like the galleys of the Middle Ages, such boats could only creep cautiously along from harbor to harbor in rough weather; but in smooth water their swiftness fitted them admirably for the piracy by which the men of these tribes were already making themselves dreaded. Its flat bottom enabled them to beach the vessel on any fitting coast; and a step on shore at once transformed the boatmen into a war band. From the first the daring of the English race broke out in the secrecy and suddenness of the pirates' swoop, in the fierceness of their onset, in the careless glee with which they seized either sword or oar. "Foes are they," sang a Roman poet of the time, "fierce beyond other foes and cunning as they are fierce; the sea is their school of war and the storm their friend; they are sea wolves that prey on the pillage of the world!"

Of the three English tribes the Saxons lay nearest to the empire, and they were naturally the first to touch the Roman

world; before the close of the third century, indeed, their boats appeared in such force in the English Channel as to call for a special fleet to resist them. The piracy of our fathers had thus brought them to the shores of a land which, dear as it is now to Englishmen, had not as yet been trodden by English feet. This land was Britain. When the Saxon boats touched its coast the island was the westernmost province of the Roman Empire. In the fifty-fifth year before Christ a descent of Julius Cæsar revealed it to the Roman world; and a century after Cæsar's landing the Emperor Claudius undertook its conquest The work was swiftly carried out. Before thirty years were over the bulk of the island had passed beneath the Roman sway and the Roman frontier had been carried to the Firths of Forth and of Clyde. The work of civilization followed fast on the work of the sword. To the last, indeed, the distance of the island from the seat of empire left her less Romanized than any other province of the west. The bulk of the population scattered over the country seem in spite of imperial edicts to have clung to their old law as to their old language, and to have retained some traditional allegiance to their native chief. But Roman civilization rested mainly on city life, and in Britain as elsewhere the city was thoroughly Roman. In towns such as Lincoln or York, governed by their own municipal officers, guarded by massive walls, and linked together by a network of magnificent roads which reached from one end of the island to the other, manners, language, political life, all were of Rome.

For three hundred years the Roman sword secured order and peace without Britain and within, and with peace and order came a wide and rapid prosperity. Commerce sprang up in ports, among which London held the first rank; agriculture flourished till Britain became one of the corn-exporting countries of the world; the mineral resources of the province were explored in the tin mines of Cornwall, the lead mines of Somerset or Northumberland, and the iron mines of the Forest of Dean. But evils which sapped the strength of the whole empire told at last on the province of Britain. Wealth and population alike declined under a crushing system of taxation, under restrictions which fettered industry, under a despotism which crushed out all local independence. And with decay within came danger from without. For centuries past the Roman frontier had held back the barbaric world beyond it—the Parthian of the Euphrates, the Numidian of the African

desert, the German of the Danube or the Rhine. In Britain a wall drawn from Newcastle to Carlisle bridled the British tribes, the Picts as they were called, who had been sheltered from Roman conquest by the fastnesses of the Highlands It was this mass of savage barbarism which broke upon the empire as it sank into decay In its western dominions the triumph of these assailants was complete. The Franks conquered and colonized Gaul. The West Goths conquered and colonized Spain. The Vandals founded a kingdom in Africa The Burgundians encamped in the border land between Italy and the Rhone. The East Goths ruled at last in Italy itself.

It was to defend Italy against the Goths that Rome in the opening of the fifth century withdrew her legions from Britain, and from that moment the province was left to struggle unaided against the Picts Nor were these its only enemies While marauders from Ireland, whose inhabitants then bore the name of Scots, harried the west, the boats of Saxon pirates, as we have seen, were swarming off its eastern and southern coasts. For forty years Britain held bravely out against these assailants; but civil strife broke its powers of resistance, and its rulers fell back at last on the fatal policy by which the empire invited its doom while striving to avert it — the policy of matching barbarian against barbarian. By the usual promises of land and pay a band of warriors was drawn for this purpose from Jutland in 449, with two ealdormen, Hengest and Horsa, at their head. If by English history we mean the history of Englishmen in the land which from that time they made their own, it is with this landing of Hengest's war band that English history begins

## JOHN AND THE GREAT CHARTER.

"Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John." The terrible verdict of his contemporaries has passed into the sober judgment of history. Externally John possessed all the quickness, the vivacity, the cleverness, the good humor, the social charm, which distinguished his house. His worst enemies owned that he toiled steadily and closely at the work of administration. He was fond of learned men like Gerald of Wales. He had a strange gift of attracting friends and of winning the love of women. But in his inner soul John was the worst outcome of the Angevins. He united into one mass of wickedness their insolence, their selfishness, their unbridled



SIGNING OF THE MAGNA CHARTA BY KING JOHN

lust, their cruelty and tyranny, their shamelessness, their superstition, their cynical indifference to honor or truth. In mere boyhood he tore, with brutal levity, the beards of the Irish chieftains who came to own him as their lord. His ingratitude and perfidy brought his father with sorrow to the grave. To his brother he was the worst of traitors. All Christendom believed him to be the murderer of his nephew, Arthur of Brittany. He abandoned one wife and was faithless to another. His punishments were refinements of cruelty, the starvation of children, the crushing old men under copes of lead. His court was a brothel where no woman was safe from the royal lust, and where his cynicism loved to publish the news of his victim's shame. He was as craven in his superstition as he was daring in his impiety. Though he scoffed at priests and turned his back on the mass, even amid the solemnities of his coronation, he never stirred on a journey without hanging relics round his neck. But with the wickedness of his race he inherited its profound ability. His plan for the relief of Château Gaillard, the rapid march by which he shattered Arthur's hopes at Mirabel, showed an inborn genius for war. In the rapidity and breadth of his political combinations he far surpassed the statesmen of his time. Throughout his reign we see him quick to discern the difficulties of his position, and inexhaustible in the resources with which he met them. The overthrow of his continental power only spurred him to the formation of a league which all but brought Philip to the ground; and the sudden revolt of England was parried by a shameless alliance with the papacy. The closer study of John's history clears away the charges of sloth and incapacity with which men tried to explain the greatness of his fall. The awful lesson of his life rests on the fact that the king who lost Normandy, became the vassal of the pope, and perished in a struggle of despair against English freedom, was no weak and indolent voluptuary, but the ablest and most ruthless of the Angevins.

From the moment of his return to England in 1204 John's whole energies were bent to the recovery of his dominions on the Continent. He impatiently collected money and men for the support of those adherents of the house of Anjou who were still struggling against the arms of France in Poitou and Guienne, and in the summer of 1205 he gathered an army at Portsmouth and prepared to cross the channel. But his project was suddenly thwarted by the resolute opposition of the

primate, Hubert Walter, and the Earl of Pembroke, William Marshal. So completely had both the baronage and the church been humbled by his father that the attitude of their representatives revealed to the king a new spirit of national freedom which was rising around him, and John at once braced himself to a struggle with it. The death of Hubert Walter in July, only a few days after his protest, removed his most formidable opponent, and the king resolved to neutralize the opposition of the church by placing a creature of his own at its head. John de Grey, Bishop of Norwich, was elected by the monks of Canterbury at his bidding, and enthroned as primate. But in a previous though informal gathering the convent had already chosen its subprior, Reginald, as archbishop. The rival claimants hastened to appeal to Rome, and their appeal reached the papal court before Christmas. The result of the contest was a startling one both for themselves and for the king. After a year's careful examination Innocent the Third, who now occupied the papal throne, quashed at the close of 1206 both the contested elections. The decision was probably a just one, but Innocent was far from stopping there. The monks who appeared before him brought powers from the convent to choose a new primate should their earlier nomination be set aside; and John, secretly assured of their choice of Grey, had promised to confirm their election. But the bribes which the king lavished at Rome failed to win the pope over to his plan; and whether from mere love of power, for he was pushing the papal claims of supremacy over Christendom further than any of his predecessors, or as may fairly be supposed in despair of a free election within English bounds, Innocent commanded the monks to elect in his presence Stephen Langton to the archiepiscopal see.

Personally a better choice could not have been made, for Stephen was a man who, by sheer weight of learning and holiness of life, had risen to the dignity of cardinal, and whose after career placed him in the front rank of English patriots. But in itself the step was an usurpation of the right both of the church and of the crown. The king at once met it with resistance. When Innocent consecrated the new primate in June, 1207, and threatened the realm with interdict if Langton were any longer excluded from his see, John replied by a counter threat that the interdict should be followed by the banishment of the clergy and the mutilation of every Italian

he could seize in the realm. How little he feared the priesthood he showed when the clergy refused his demand of a thirteenth of movables for the whole country, and Archbishop Geoffry of York resisted the tax before the council. John banished the archbishop and extorted the money. Innocent, however, was not a man to draw back from his purpose, and in March, 1208, the interdict he had threatened fell upon the land. All worship, save that of a few privileged orders, all administration of sacraments, save that of private baptism, ceased over the length and breadth of the country: the church bells were silent, the dead lay unburied on the ground. Many of the bishops fled from the country. The church in fact, so long the main support of the royal power against the baronage, was now driven into opposition. Its change of attitude was to be of vast moment in the struggle which was impending; but John recked little of the future; he replied to the interdict by confiscating the lands of the clergy who observed it, by subjecting them in spite of their privileges to the royal courts, and by leaving outrages on them unpunished. "Let him go," said John, when a Welshman was brought before him for the murder of a priest; "he has killed my enemy." In 1209 the pope proceeded to the further sentence of excommunication, and the king was formally cut off from the pale of the church. But the new sentence was met with the same defiance as the old. Five of the bishops fled over sea, and secret disaffection was spreading widely, but there was no public avoidance of the excommunicated king. An archdeacon of Norwich who withdrew from his service was crushed to death under a cope of lead, and the hint was sufficient to prevent either prelate or noble from following his example.

The attitude of John showed the power which the administrative reforms of his father had given to the crown. He stood alone, with nobles estranged from him and the church against him, but his strength seemed utterly unbroken. From the first moment of his rule John had defied the baronage. The promise to satisfy their demand for redress of wrongs in the past reign — a promise made at his election — remained unfulfilled; when the demand was repeated he answered it by seizing their castles and taking their children as hostages for their loyalty. The cost of his fruitless threats of war had been met by heavy and repeated taxation, by increased land tax and increased scutage. The quarrel with the church and fear of

their revolt only deepened his oppression of the nobles. He drove De Braose, one of the most powerful of the lords marchers, to die in exile, while his wife and grandchildren were believed to have been starved to death in the royal prisons. On the nobles who still clung panic-stricken to the court of the excommunicate king, John heaped outrages worse than death. Illegal exactions, the seizure of their castles, the preference shown to foreigners, were small provocations compared with his attacks on the honor of their wives and daughters. But the baronage still submitted. The financial exactions, indeed, became light as John filled his treasury with the goods of the church; the king's vigor was seen in the rapidity with which he crushed a rising of the nobles in Ireland and foiled an outbreak of the Welsh; while the triumphs of his father had taught the baronage its weakness in any single-handed struggle against the crown Hated therefore as he was, the land remained still. Only one weapon was now left in Innocent's hands. Men held then that a king, once excommunicate, ceased to be a Christian or to have claims on the obedience of Christian subjects. As spiritual heads of Christendom, the popes had ere now asserted their right to remove such a ruler from his throne and to give it to a worthier than he; and it was this right which Innocent at last felt himself driven to exercise. After useless threats he issued in 1212 a bull of deposition against John, absolved his subjects from their allegiance, proclaimed a crusade against him as an enemy to Christianity and the church, and committed the execution of the sentence to the king of the French. John met the announcement of this step with the same scorn as before. His insolent disdain suffered the Roman legate, Cardinal Pandulf, to proclaim his deposition to his face at Northampton. When Philip collected an army for an attack on England, an enormous host gathered at the king's call on Barham Down; and the English fleet dispelled all danger of invasion by crossing the channel, by capturing a number of French ships, and by burning Dieppe.

But it was not in England only that the king showed his strength and activity. Vile as he was, John possessed in a high degree the political ability of his race, and in the diplomatic efforts with which he met the danger from France he showed himself his father's equal. The barons of Poitou were roused to attack Philip from the south. John bought the aid

of the Count of Flanders on his northern border. The German king, Otto, pledged himself to bring the knighthood of Germany to support an invasion of France. But at the moment of his success in diplomacy John suddenly gave way. It was, in fact, the revelation of a danger at home which shook him from his attitude of contemptuous defiance. The bull of deposition gave fresh energy to every enemy. The Scotch king was in correspondence with Innocent. The Welsh princes who had just been forced to submission broke out again in war. John hanged their hostages, and called his host to muster for a fresh inroad into Wales, but the army met only to become a fresh source of danger. Powerless to oppose the king openly, the baronage had plunged almost to a man into secret conspiracies. The hostility of Philip had dispelled their dread of isolated action; many, indeed, had even promised aid to the French king on his landing. John found himself in the midst of hidden enemies; and nothing could have saved him but the haste — whether of panic or quick decision — with which he disbanded his army and took refuge in Nottingham Castle. The arrest of some of the barons showed how true were his fears, for the heads of the French conspiracy, Robert Fitz-Walter and Eustace de Vesci, at once fled oversea to Philip. His daring self-confidence, the skill of his diplomacy, could no longer hide from John the utter loneliness of his position. At war with Rome, with France, with Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, at war with the church, he saw himself disarmed by this sudden revelation of treason in the one force left at his disposal. With characteristic suddenness he gave way. He endeavored by remission of fines to win back his people. He negotiated eagerly with the pope. consented to receive the archbishop, and promised to repay the money he had extorted from the church. . . . On the 15th of May, 1213, he knelt before the legate Pandulf, surrendered his kingdom to the Roman see, took it back again as a tributary vassal, swore fealty and did liege homage to the pope.

In after times men believed that England thrilled at the news with a sense of national shame such as she had never felt before. "He has become the pope's man," the whole country was said to have murmured; "he has forfeited the very name of king; from a free man he has degraded himself into a serf." But this was the belief of a time still to come, when the rapid growth of national feeling which this step and its issues did

more than anything to foster made men look back on the scene between John and Pandulf as a national dishonor. We see little trace of such a feeling in the contemporary accounts of the time. All seem rather to have regarded it as a complete settlement of the difficulties in which king and kingdom were involved. As a political measure its success was immediate and complete. The French army at once broke up in impotent rage; and when Philip turned on the enemy John had raised up for him in Flanders, 500 English ships under the Earl of Salisbury fell upon the fleet which accompanied the French army along the coast and utterly destroyed it. The league which John had so long matured at once disclosed itself. Otto, reenforcing his German army by the knighthood of Flanders and Boulogne as well as by a body of mercenaries in the pay of the English king, invaded France from the north. John called on his baronage to follow him oversea for an attack on Philip from the south.

Their plea that he remained excommunicate was set aside by the arrival of Langton and his formal absolution of the king on a renewal of his coronation oath and a pledge to put away all evil customs. But the barons still stood aloof. They would serve at home, they said, but they refused to cross the sea. Those of the north took a more decided attitude of opposition. From this point, indeed, the northern barons began to play their part in our constitutional history. Lacies, Vescies, Percies, Stutevilles, Bruces, houses such as those of De Ros or De Vaux, all had sprung to greatness on the ruins of the Mowbrays and the great houses of the conquest, and had done service to the crown in its strife with the older feudatories. But loyal as was their tradition, they were English to the core; they had neither lands nor interest oversea, and they now declared themselves bound by no tenure to follow the king in foreign wars. Furious at this check to his plans, John marched in arms northwards to bring these barons to submission. But he had now to reckon with a new antagonist in the justiciar, Geoffry Fitz-Peter. Geoffry had hitherto bent to the king's will; but the political sagacity which he drew from the school of Henry the Second, in which he had been trained, showed him the need of concession, and his wealth, his wide kinship, and his experience of affairs gave his interposition a decisive weight. He seized on the political opportunity which was offered by the gathering of a council at St. Albans at the opening of August with the

purpose of assessing the damages done to the church. Besides the bishops and barons, a reeve and his four men were summoned to this council from each royal demesne, no doubt simply as witnesses of the sums due to the plundered clergy. Their presence, however, was of great import. It is the first instance which our history presents of the summons of such representatives to a national council, and the instance took fresh weight from the great matters which came to be discussed. In the king's name the justiciar promised good government for the time to come, and forbade all royal officers to practice extortion as they prized life and limb. The king's peace was pledged to those who had opposed him in the past; and observance of the laws of Henry the First was enjoined upon all within the realm.

But it was not in Geoffry Fitz-Peter that English freedom was to find its champion and the baronage their leader. From the moment of his landing in England Stephen Langton had taken up the constitutional position of the primate in upholding the old customs and rights of the realm against the personal despotism of the kings. As Anselm had withstood William the Red, as Theobald had withstood Stephen, so Langton prepared to withstand and rescue his country from the tyranny of John. He had already forced him to swear to observe the laws of Edward the Confessor, in other words the traditional liberties of the realm. When the baronage refused to sail for Poitou, he compelled the king to deal with them not by arms but by process of law. But the work which he now undertook was far greater and weightier than this. The pledges of Henry the First had long been forgotten when the justiciar brought them to light, but Langton saw the vast importance of such a precedent. At the close of the month he produced Henry's charter in a fresh gathering of barons at St. Paul's, and it was at once welcomed as a base for the needed reforms. From London Langton hastened to the king, whom he reached at Northampton on his way to attack the nobles of the north, and wrested from him a promise to bring his strife with them to legal judgment before assailing them in arms. With his allies gathering abroad John had doubtless no wish to be entangled in a long quarrel at home, and the archbishop's mediation allowed him to withdraw with seeming dignity. After a demonstration, therefore, at Durham, John marched hastily south again, and reached London in October. His justiciar at once laid before him the claims of the councils of St. Alban's and St. Paul's;

but the death of Geoffry at this juncture freed him from the pressure which his minister was putting upon him. "Now, by God's feet," cried John, "I am for the first time king and lord of England," and he intrusted the vacant justiciarship to a Poitevin, Peter des Roches, the Bishop of Winchester, whose temper was in harmony with his own. But the death of Geoffry only called the archbishop to the front, and Langton at once demanded the king's assent to the charter of Henry the First. In seizing on this charter as a basis for national action Langton showed a political ability of the highest order. The enthusiasm with which its recital was welcomed showed the sagacity with which the archbishop had chosen his ground. From that moment the baronage was no longer drawn together in secret conspiracies by a sense of common wrong or a vague longing for common deliverance: they were openly united in a definite claim of national freedom and national law.

John could as yet only meet the claim by delay. His policy had still to wait for its fruits at Rome, his diplomacy to reap its harvest in Flanders, ere he could deal with England. From the hour of his submission to the papacy his one thought had been that of vengeance on the barons, who, as he held, had betrayed him; but vengeance was impossible till he should return a conqueror from the fields of France. It was a sense of this danger which nerved the baronage to their obstinate refusal to follow him oversea: but furious as he was at their resistance, the archbishop's interposition condemned John still to wait for the hour of his revenge. In the spring of 1214 he crossed with what forces he could gather to Poitou, rallied its nobles round him, passed the Loire in triumph, and won back again Angers, the home of his race. At the same time Otto and the Count of Flanders, their German and Flemish knighthood strengthened by reenforcements from Boulogne as well as by a body of English troops under the Earl of Salisbury, threatened France from the north. For the moment Philip seemed lost: and yet on the fortunes of Philip hung the fortunes of English freedom. But in this crisis of her fate, France was true to herself and her king. From every borough of Northern France the townsmen marched to his rescue, and the village priests led their flocks to battle with the church banners flying at their head. The two armies met at the close of July near the bridge of Bouvines, between Lille and Tournay, and from the first the day went against the allies. The Flemish

knights were the first to fly; then the Germans in the center of the host were crushed by the overwhelming numbers of the French; last of all the English on the right of it were broken by a fierce onset of the Bishop of Beauvais, who charged, mace in hand, and struck the Earl of Salisbury to the ground. The news of this complete overthrow reached John in the midst of his triumphs in the south, and scattered his hopes to the winds. He was at once deserted by the Poitevin nobles; and a hasty retreat alone enabled him to return in October, baffled and humiliated, to his island kingdom.

His return forced on the crisis to which events had so long been drifting. The victory at Bouvines gave strength to his opponents. The open resistance of the northern barons nerved the rest of their order to action. The great houses, who had cast away their older feudal traditions for a more national policy, were drawn by the crisis into close union with the families which had sprung from the ministers and councilors of the two Henries. To the first group belonged such men as Saher de Quinci, the Earl of Winchester, Geoffrey of Mandeville, Earl of Essex, the Earl of Clare, Fulk, Fitz-Warin, William Mallet, the houses of Fitz-Alan and Gant. Among the second group were Henry Bohun and Roger Bigod, the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk, the younger William Marshal, and Robert de Vere. Robert Fitz-Walter, who took the command of their united force, represented both parties equally, for he was sprung from the Norman house of Brionne, while the justiciar of Henry the Second, Richard de Lucy, had been his grandfather. Secretly, and on the pretext of pilgrimage, these nobles met at St. Edmundsbury, resolute to bear no longer with John's delays. If he refused to restore their liberties they swore to make war on him till he confirmed them by charter under the king's seal, and they parted to raise forces with the purpose of presenting their demands at Christmas. John, knowing nothing of the coming storm, pursued his policy of winning over the church by granting it freedom of election, while he imbittered still more the strife with his nobles by demanding scutage from the northern nobles who had refused to follow him to Poitou. But the barons were now ready to act, and early in January in the memorable year 1215 they appeared in arms to lay, as they had planned, their demands before the king.

John was taken by surprise. He asked for a truce till

Easter tide, and spent the interval in fevered efforts to avoid the blow. Again he offered freedom to the church, and took vows as a Crusader, against whom war was a sacrilege, while he called for a general oath of allegiance and fealty from the whole body of his subjects. But month after month only showed the king the uselessness of further resistance. Though Pandulf was with him, his vassalage had as yet brought little fruit in the way of aid from Rome; the commissioners whom he sent to plead his cause at the shire courts brought back news that no man would help him against the charter that the barons claimed: and his efforts to detach the clergy from the league of his opponents utterly failed. The nation was against the king. He was far, indeed, from being utterly deserted. His ministers still clung to him, men such as Geoffrey de Lucy, Geoffrey de Furnival, Thomas Basset, and William Briwere, statesmen trained in the administrative school of his father and who, dissent as they might from John's mere oppression, still looked on the power of the crown as the one barrier against feudal anarchy: and beside them stood some of the great nobles of royal blood, his father's bastard Earl William of Salisbury, his cousin Earl William of Warenne, and Henry Earl of Cornwall, a grandson of Henry the First. With him too remained Ranulf, Earl of Chester, and the wisest and noblest of the barons, William Marshal the elder, Earl of Pembroke. William Marshal had shared in the rising of the younger Henry against Henry the Second, and stood by him as he died; he had shared in the overthrow of William Longchamp and in the outlawry of John. He was now an old man, firm, as we shall see in his after course, to recall the government to the path of freedom and law, but shrinking from a strife which might bring back the anarchy of Stephen's day, and looking for reforms rather in the bringing constitutional pressure to bear upon the king than in forcing them from him by arms.

But cling as such men might to John, they clung to him rather as mediators than adherents. Their sympathies went with the demands of the barons when the delay which had been granted was over, and the nobles again gathered in arms at Brackley, in Northamptonshire, to lay their claims before the king. Nothing marks more strongly the absolutely despotic idea of his sovereignty which John had formed than the passionate surprise which breaks out in his reply. "Why do they not ask for my kingdom?" he cried. "I will never grant such

liberties as will make me a slave!" The imperialist theories of the lawyers of his father's court had done their work. Held at bay by the practical sense of Henry, they had told on the more headstrong nature of his sons. Richard and John both held with Glanvill that the will of the prince was the law of the land; and to fetter that will by the customs and franchises which were embodied in the barons' claims seemed to John a monstrous usurpation of his rights. But no imperialist theories had touched the minds of his people. The country rose as one man at his refusal. At the close of May London threw open her gates to the forces of the barons, now arrayed under Robert Fitz-Walter as "Marshal of the Army of God and Holy Church." Exeter and Lincoln followed the example of the capital; promises of aid came from Scotland and Wales; the northern barons marched hastily under Eustace de Vesci to join their comrades in London. Even the nobles who had as yet clung to the king, but whose hopes of conciliation were blasted by his obstinacy, yielded at last to the summons of the "Army of God." Pandulf, indeed, and Archbishop Langton still remained with John, but they counseled, as Earl Ranulf and William Marshal counseled, his acceptance of the charter. None, in fact, counseled its rejection save his new justiciar, the Poitevin Peter des Roches, and other foreigners, who knew the barons purposed driving them from the land. But even the number of these was small; there was a moment when John found himself with but seven knights at his back and before him a nation in arms. Quick as he was, he had been taken utterly by surprise. It was in vain that, in the short respite he had gained from Christmas to Easter, he had summoned mercenaries to his aid and appealed to his new suzerain, the pope. Summons and appeal were alike too late. Nursing wrath in his heart, John bowed to necessity and called the barons to a conference on an island in the Thames, between Windsor and Staines, near a marshy meadow by the river side, the meadow of Runnymede. The king encamped on one bank of the river, the barons covered the flat of Runnymede on the other. Their delegates met on the 15th of July in the island between them, but the negotiations were a mere cloak to cover John's purpose of unconditional submission. The Great Charter was discussed and agreed to in a single day.

Copies of it were made and sent for preservation to the cathedrals and churches, and one copy may still be seen in the

British Museum, injured by age and fire, but with the royal seal still hanging from the brown, shriveled parchment. It is impossible to gaze without reverence on the earliest monument of English freedom which we can see with our own eyes and touch with our own hands, the great charter to which, from age to age, men have looked back as the groundwork of English liberty. But in itself the charter was no novelty, nor did it claim to establish any new constitutional principles. The charter of Henry the First formed the basis of the whole, and the additions to it are, for the most part, formal recognitions of the judicial and administrative changes introduced by Henry the Second. What was new in it was its origin. In form, like the charter on which it was based, it was nothing but a royal grant. In actual fact it was a treaty between the whole English people and its king. In it England found itself for the first time since the conquest a nation bound together by common national interests, by a common national sympathy. In words which almost close the charter, the "community of the whole land" is recognized as the great body from which the restraining power of the baronage takes its validity. There is no distinction of blood or class, of Norman or not Norman, of noble or not noble. All are recognized as Englishmen; the rights of all are owned as English rights. Bishops and nobles claimed and secured at Runnymede the rights, not of baron and churchman only, but those of freeholder and merchant, of townsmen and villein. The provisions against wrong and extortion which the barons drew up as against the king for themselves, they drew up as against themselves for their tenants Based, too, as it professed to be, on Henry's charter, it was far from being a mere copy of what had gone before. The vague expressions of the old charter were now exchanged for precise and elaborate provisions The bonds of unwritten custom which the older grant did little more than recognize had proved too weak to hold the Angevins; and the baronage set them aside for the restraints of written and defined law. It is in this way that the Great Charter marks the transition from the age of traditional rights, preserved in the nation's memory and officially declared by the primate, to the age of written legislation, of parliaments and statutes, which was to come.

Its opening, indeed, is in general terms. The church had shown its power of self-defense in the struggle over the interdict, and the clause which recognized its rights alone retained

the older and general form. But all vagueness ceases when the charter passes on to deal with the rights of Englishmen at large, their right to justice, to security of person and property, to good government. "No freeman," ran a memorable article that lies at the base of our whole judicial system, "shall be seized or imprisoned, or dispossessed, or outlawed, or in any way brought to ruin: we will not go against any man nor send against him, save by legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land." "To no man will we sell," runs another, "or deny, or delay, right or justice." The great reforms of the past reigns were now formally recognized; judges of assize were to hold their circuits four times in the year, and the King's Court was no longer to follow the king in his wanderings over the realm, but to sit in a fixed place. But the denial of justice under John was a small danger compared with the lawless exactions both of himself and his predecessor. Richard had increased the amount of the scutage which Henry the Second had introduced, and applied it to raise funds for his ransom. He had restored the Danegeld, or land tax, so often abolished, under the new name of "carucage"; had seized the wool of the Cistercians and the plate of the churches, and rated movables as well as land. John had again raised the rate of scutage, and imposed aids, fines, and ransoms at his pleasure without counsel of the baronage. The Great Charter met this abuse by a provision on which our constitutional system rests. "No scutage or aid [other than the three customary feudal aids] shall be imposed in our realm save by the common council of the realm;" and to this Great Council it was provided that prelates and the greater barons should be summoned by special writ, and all tenants in chief through the sheriffs and bailiffs at least forty days before. The provision defined what had probably been the common usage of the realm; but the definition turned it into a national right, a right so momentous that on it rests our whole parliamentary life. Even the baronage seem to have been startled when they realized the extent of their claim; and the provision was dropped from the later issue of the charter at the outset of the next reign. But the clause brought home to the nation at large their possession of a right which became dearer as years went by. More and more clearly the nation discovered that in these simple words lay the secret of political power. It was the right of self-taxation that England fought for under Earl Simon as she fought for it under Hamp-

den. It was the establishment of this right which established English freedom.

The rights which the barons claimed for themselves they claimed for the nation at large. The boon of free and unbought justice was a boon for all, but a special provision protected the poor. The forfeiture of the freeman on conviction of felony was never to include his tenement, or that of the merchant his wares, or that of the countryman, as Henry the Second had long since ordered, his wain. The means of actual livelihood were to be left even to the worst. The seizure of provisions, the exaction of forced labor, by royal officers was forbidden; and the abuses of the forest system were checked by a clause which disafforested all forests made in John's reign. The undertenants were protected against all lawless exactions of their lords in precisely the same terms as these were protected against the lawless exactions of the crown. The towns were secured in the enjoyment of their municipal privileges, their freedom from arbitrary taxation, their rights of justice, of common deliberation, of regulation of trade. "Let the city of London have all its old liberties and its free customs, as well by land as by water. Besides this, we will and grant that all other cities, and boroughs, and towns, and ports, have all their liberties and free customs." The influence of the trading class is seen in two other enactments, by which freedom of journeying and trade was secured to foreign merchants, and an uniformity of weights and measures was ordered to be enforced throughout the realm.

## The Theater and People in Shakespeare's Time.

It was not to the tentative efforts of scholars and nobles that the English stage was indebted for the amazing outburst of genius which dates from the year 1576, when "the Earl of Leicester's servants" erected the first public theater in Blackfriars. It was the people itself that created its stage. The theater, indeed, was commonly only the courtyard of an inn, or a mere booth, such as is still seen in a country fair. The bulk of the audience sat beneath the open sky in the "pit" or yard; a few covered seats in the galleries which ran round it formed the boxes of the wealthier spectators, while patrons and nobles found seats upon the actual boards. All the appliances were of the roughest sort; a few flowers served to indicate a garden, crowds and armies were represented by a dozen scene-

shifters with swords and bucklers, heroes rode in and out on hobbyhorses, and a scroll on a post told whether the scene was at Athens or London. There were no female actors, and the grossness which startles us in words which fell from women's lips took a different color when every woman's part was acted by a boy. But difficulties such as these were more than compensated by the popular character of the drama itself. Rude as the theater might be, all the world was there. The stage was crowded with nobles and courtiers. Apprentices and citizens thronged the benches in the yard below. The rough mob of the pit inspired, as it felt, the vigorous life, the rapid transitions, the passionate energy, the reality, the lifelike medley and confusion, the racy dialogue, the chat, the wit, the pathos, the sublimity, the rant and buffoonery, the coarse horrors and vulgar bloodshedding, the immense range over all classes of society, the intimacy with the foulest as well as the fairest developments of human temper, which characterized the English stage. The new drama represented "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." The people itself brought its nobleness and its vileness to the boards. No stage was ever so human, no poetic life so intense. Wild, reckless, defiant of all past tradition, of all conventional laws, the English dramatists owned no teacher, no source of poetic inspiration, but the people itself.

Few events in our literary history are so startling as this sudden rise of the Elizabethan drama. The first public theater was erected only in the middle of the queen's reign. Before the close of it eighteen theaters existed in London alone. Fifty dramatic poets, many of the first order, appeared in the fifty years which precede the closing of the theaters by the Puritans; and great as is the number of their works which have perished, we still possess a hundred dramas, all written within this period, and of which at least a half are excellent. A glance at their authors shows us that the intellectual quickening of the age had now reached the mass of the people. Almost all of the new playwrights were fairly educated, and many were university men. But instead of courtly singers of the Sidney and Spenser sort we see the advent of the "poor scholar." The earlier dramatists, such as Nash, Peele, Kyd, Greene, or Marlowe, were for the most part poor, and reckless in their poverty; wild livers, defiant of law or common fame, in revolt against the usages and religion of their day, "atheists" in general repute, "holding Moses for a juggler," haunting the brothel and the alehouse,

and dying starved or in tavern brawls. But with their appearance began the Elizabethan drama. The few plays which have reached us of an earlier date are either cold imitations of the classical and Italian comedy, or rude farces like "Ralph Roister Doister," or tragedies such as "Gorbuduc," where, poetic as occasional passages may be, there is little promise of dramatic development. But in the year which preceded the coming of the Armada, the whole aspect of the stage suddenly changes, and the new dramatists range themselves around two men of very different genius, Robert Greene and Christopher Marlowe.

Of Greene, as the creator of our lighter English prose, we have already spoken. But his work as a poet was of yet greater importance, for his perception of character and the relations of social life, the playfulness of his fancy, and the liveliness of his style, exerted an influence on his contemporaries which was equaled by that of none but Marlowe and Peele. In spite of the rudeness of his plots and the unequal character of his work, Greene must be regarded as the creator of our modern comedy. No figure better paints the group of young playwrights. He left Cambridge to travel through Italy and Spain, and to bring back the debauchery of the one and the skepticism of the other. In the words of remorse he wrote before his death, he paints himself as a drunkard and a roisterer, winning money only by ceaseless pamphlets and plays to waste it on wine and women, and drinking the cup of life to the dregs. Hell and the after world were the butts of his ceaseless mockery. If he had not feared the judges of the queen's courts more than he feared God, he said, in bitter jest, he should often have turned cutpurse. He married, and loved his wife, but she was soon deserted; and the wretched profligate found himself again plunged into excesses which he loathed, though he could not live without them. But wild as was the life of Greene, his pen was pure. He is steadily on virtue's side in the love pamphlets and novelettes he poured out in endless succession, and whose plots were dramatized by the school which gathered round him.

The life of Marlowe was as riotous, his skepticism even more daring, than the life and skepticism of Greene. His early death alone saved him, in all probability, from a prosecution for atheism. He was charged with calling Moses a juggler, and with boasting that, if he undertook to write a new religion, it should be a better religion than the Christianity he saw around him. But he stood far ahead of his fellows as a creator

of English tragedy. Born in 1564, at the opening of Elizabeth's reign, the son of a Canterbury shoemaker, but educated at Cambridge, Marlowe burst on the world in the year which preceded the triumph over the Armada with a play which at once wrought a revolution in the English stage. Bombastic and extravagant as it was — and extravagance reached its height in a scene where captive kings, the "pampered jades of Asia," drew their conqueror's car across the stage — "Tamburlaine" not only indicated the revolt of the new drama against the timid inanities of euphuism, but gave an earnest of that imaginative daring, the secret of which Marlowe was to bequeath to the playwrights who followed him. He perished at thirty in a shameful brawl, but in his brief career he had struck the grander notes of the coming drama. His Jew of Malta was the herald of Shylock. He opened in "Edward the Second" the series of historical plays which gave us "Cæsar" and "Richard the Third." His "Faustus" is riotous, grotesque, and full of a mad thirst for pleasure, but it was the first dramatic attempt to touch the problem of the relations of man to the unseen world. Extravagant, unequal, stooping even to the ridiculous in his cumbrous and vulgar buffoonery, there is a force in Marlowe, a conscious grandeur of tone, a range of passion, which sets him above all his contemporaries save one. In the higher qualities of imagination, as in the majesty and sweetness of his "mighty line," he is inferior to Shakespeare alone.

A few daring jests, a brawl, and a fatal stab make up the life of Marlowe; but even details such as these are wanting to the life of William Shakespeare. Of hardly any great poet, indeed, do we know so little. For the story of his youth we have only one or two trifling legends, and these almost certainly false. Not a single letter or characteristic saying, not one of the jests "spoken at the Mermaid," hardly a single anecdote. remain to illustrate his busy life in London. His look and figure in later age have been preserved by the bust over his tomb at Stratford, and a hundred years after his death he was still remembered in his native town; but the minute diligence of the inquirers of the Georgian time was able to glean hardly a single detail, even of the most trivial order, which could throw light upon the years of retirement before his death. It is owing, perhaps, to the harmony and unity of his temper that no salient peculiarity seems to have left its

trace on the memory of his contemporaries; it is the very grandeur of his genius which precludes us from discovering any personal trait in his works. His supposed self-revelation in the sonnets is so obscure that only a few outlines can be traced even by the boldest conjecture. In his dramas he is all his characters, and his characters range over all mankind. There is not one, or the act or word of one, that we can identify personally with the poet himself.



## THE DEATH OF KING LEAR.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[Crazed by many miseries, Lear dies over the body of his daughter Cordelia, who has been strangled in prison.]

*Enter* LEAR *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms;* EDGAR, Captain, *and others following*

*Lear* —
Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'ld use them so
That heaven's vault should crack She's gone forever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
*Kent* — Is this the promised end?
*Edgar* —
Or image of that horror?
*Albany* — Fall, and cease!
*Lear* —
This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
*Kent* — O my good master!
*Lear* —
Prithee, away.
*Edgar* — 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
*Lear* —
A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her! now she's gone forever!
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.—
I killed the slave that was a hanging thee.

*Captain*—
'Tis true, my lords, he did.

*Lear*— Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me —Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you straight

*Kent*—
If fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.

*Lear*—
This's a dull sight.—Are you not Kent?

*Kent*— The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

*Lear*—
He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

*Kent*—
No, my good lord; I am the very man,—

*Lear*—
I'll see that straight

*Kent*—
That from your first of difference and decay
Have followed your sad steps.—

*Lear*— You are welcome hither.

*Kent*—
Nor no man else All's cheerless, dark, and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

*Lear*— Ay, so I think.

*Albany*—
He knows not what he says: and vain it is
That we present us to him.

*Edgar*— Very bootless.

*Enter a* Captain.

*Captain*—
Edmund is dead, my lord.

*Albany*— That's but a trifle here.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied. For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power — [*To* EDGAR *and* KENT]
You, to your rights;
With boot, and such addition as your honors
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. — O, see, see!

*Lear* —
And my poor Fool is hanged! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, — look, — her lips, —
Look there, — look there! [*Dies*

*Edgar* — He faints — My lord, my lord!

*Kent* —
Break, heart; I prithee, break!

*Edgar* — Look up, my lord.

*Kent* —
Vex not his ghost O, let him pass! he hates him much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

*Edgar* — He is gone, indeed.

*Kent* —
The wonder is that he hath endured so long:
He but usurped his life

*Albany* —
Bear them from hence Our present business
Is general woe. — [*To* KENT *and* EDGAR] Friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

*Kent* —
I have a journey, sir, shortly to go,
My master calls me, I must not say no.

*Albany* —
The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long
[*Exeunt, with a dead march*

# HAMLET IN THE CHURCHYARD.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[Hamlet, for whose love Ophelia has gone mad and drowned herself, meets her brother Laertes at her burial.]

*Enter* Two Clowns, *with spades, etc*

1 *Clown*—Is she to be buried in Christian burial that willfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown*—I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight. the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial

1 *Clown*—How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defense?

2 *Clown*—Why, 'tis found so

1 *Clown*—It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else For here lies the point if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clown*—Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clown*—Give me leave. Here lies the water; good. here stands the man, good. if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life

2 *Clown*—But is this law?

1 *Clown*—Ay, marry, is't, Crowner's Quest law.

2 *Clown*—Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial

1 *Clown*—Why, there thou say'st· and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian —Come, my spade There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave makers they hold up Adam's profession

2 *Clown*—Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown*—A' was the first that ever bore arms

2 *Clown*—Why, he had none

1 *Clown*—What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says *Adam digged* could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

2 *Clown*—Go to

1 *Clown*—What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown*—The gallows maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants

1 *Clown*—I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well, but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill. now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee To't again, come.

2 *Clown*—*Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?*

1 *Clown*—Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown*—Marry, now I can tell

1 *Clown*—To't

2 *Clown*—Mass, I cannot tell

*Enter* HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *afar off*

1 *Clown*—Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say *a grave maker* the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan. fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit* Second Clown.

[*He digs and sings*]

*In youth, when I did love, did love,*
*Methought it was very sweet,*
*To contract, oh! the time, for, ah! my behoove,*
*Oh, methought, there was nothing meet*

*Hamlet*—Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave making?

*Horatio*—Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness

*Hamlet*—'Tis e'en so. the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense

1 *Clown* [*sings*]—

*But age, with his stealing steps,*
*Hath clawed me in his clutch,*
*And hath shipped me until the land,*
*As if I had never been such.*

[*Throws up a skull*

*Hamlet*—That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once· how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

*Horatio*—It might, my lord.

*Hamlet*—Or of a courtier, which could say, *Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?* This might be my lord Such-a-

one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, — might it not?

*Horatio*.—Ay, my lord

*Hamlet*—Why, e'en so and now my Lady Worm's, chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade· here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

1 *Clown* [*sings*]—

*A pickax, and a spade, a spade,*
*For and a shrouding sheet*
*O, a pit of clay for to be made*
*For such a guest is meet*

[*Throws up another skull.*

*Hamlet*—There's another. why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries· is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

*Horatio*—Not a jot more, my lord

*Hamlet*—Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

*Horatio*—Ay, my lord, and of calfskins too

*Hamlet*—They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 *Clown*—Mine, sir. [*Sings.*]

*O, a pit of clay for to be made*
*For such a guest is meet.*

*Hamlet*—I think it be thine, indeed: for thou liest in't

1 *Clown*—You lie out on't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine

*Hamlet*—Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest

1 *Clown*—'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

*Hamlet*—What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clown*—For no man, sir.

*Hamlet*—What woman, then?

1 *Clown*—For none, neither

*Hamlet*—Who is to be buried in't?

1 *Clown*—One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Hamlet*—How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe —How long hast thou been a grave maker?

1 *Clown*—Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras

*Hamlet*—How long is that since?

1 *Clown*—Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that· it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England

*Hamlet*—Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 *Clown*—Why, because a' was mad a' shall recover his wits there, or, if a' do not, it's no great matter there.

*Hamlet*—Why?

1 *Clown*—'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he

*Hamlet*—How came he mad?

1 *Clown*—Very strangely, they say

*Hamlet*—How *strangely*?

1 *Clown*—Faith, e'en with losing his wits

*Hamlet*—Upon what ground?

1 *Clown*—Why, here in Denmark· I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years

*Hamlet*—How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clown*—I' faith, if a' be not rotten before a' die, a' will last you some eight year or nine year a tanner will last you nine year.

*Hamlet*—Why he more than another?

1 *Clown*—Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that a' will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your dead body Here's a skull now, this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years

*Hamlet*—Whose was it?

1 *Clown*—A mad fellow's it was· whose do you think it was?

*Hamlet*—Nay, I know not

1 *Clown*—A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester

*Hamlet*—This?

1 *Clown*—E'en that

*Hamlet*—Let me see [*Takes the skull*] Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio· a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now

how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chopfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Horatio*—What's that, my lord?

*Hamlet*—Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Horatio*—E'en so.

*Hamlet*—And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull*

*Horatio*—E'en so, my lord.

*Hamlet*—To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bunghole?

*Horatio*—'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Hamlet*—No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside! Here comes the king.

*Enter* Priests, *etc., in procession; the Corpse of* OPHELIA, LAERTES, *and* Mourners *following;* KING, QUEEN, *their trains, etc.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?
And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with* HORATIO.

*Laertes*—

What ceremony else?

*Hamlet*—

That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark.

*Laertes*—

What ceremony else?

1 *Priest*—
Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warrantise her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet, for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home
Of bell and burial

*Laertes*—
Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest*— No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace parted souls

*Laertes*— Lay her i' the earth·
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling

*Hamlet*— What, the fair Ophelia!

*Queen*—
Sweets to the sweet farewell!
[*Scattering flowers*
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave

*Laertes*— O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursèd head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.
[*Leaps into the grave*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

*Hamlet* [*advancing*]—What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane [*Leaps into the grave*

*Laertes*— The devil take thy soul!
[*Grappling with him*

*Hamlet* —
Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat,
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear hold off thy hand.
*King* —
Pluck them asunder
*Queen* — Hamlet, Hamlet!
*All* —
Gentlemen, —
*Horatio* — Good my lord, be quiet
[*The* Attendants *part them, and they come out of the grave.*]
*Hamlet* —
Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
*Queen* —
O my son, what theme?
*Hamlet* —
I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum — What wilt thou do for her?
*King* —
O, he is mad, Laertes
*Queen* —
For love of God, forbear him.
*Hamlet* —
'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing its pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
*Queen* — This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.
*Hamlet* — Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?

I loved you ever — But it is no matter,
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day [*Exit.*

*King* —
I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him
[*Exit* HORATIO

[*To* LAERTES] —
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son —
This grave shall have a living monument
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see,
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*



# POETRY AS A MISTRESS.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY

[ABRAHAM COWLEY, one of the most admired poets of his time, was born in London, in 1618 He was expelled from Cambridge University during the Civil War on account of his royalist sympathies, and then studied for a time at St John's, Oxford When Queen Henrietta Maria left the country he followed her to France, and managed her correspondence in cipher with the king After the Restoration he was neglected for many years by Charles II, but at length obtained the lease of the queen's lands at Chertsey, in Surrey He died in 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey beside the remains of Chaucer and Spenser The epic "Davideis," "Pindaric Odes," and "The Mistress" are his chief poetical works Cowley enjoyed extraordinary favor in his day, being considered by some equal to Shakespeare or Spenser, but is now almost forgotten ]

I WAS even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace); and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, the characters in me; they were like letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance which filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlor (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of

devotion); but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this), and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that public violent storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world. Now though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily fight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and the French courts), yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when for aught I knew it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad, or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rode safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach if it did with my courage; though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect:—

Well then, I now do plainly see,
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, etc.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his Majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who with no greater probabilities or pretenses have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. . . . But God laughs at a man who says to his soul, *Take thy ease:* I met presently not only with many little encumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an Emperor as well as mine: yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum:* nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married: though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.



## ANGELO AND DOROTHEA.

By THOMAS DEKKER.

(From "The Virgin Martyr.")

[Thomas Dekker An English dramatist and pamphleteer, who lived during the latter part of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century. There is very little information regarding his personal history, but he seems to have been several times imprisoned for debt. He wrote alone the comedies "Old Fortunatus", "Satiromastix," a satirical attack on Ben Jonson, "The Shoemaker's Holiday", and in collaboration with Massinger, Middleton, Ford, Rowley, etc, produced among other plays "Westward Ho!" "The Virgin Martyr," "Witch of Edmonton," "The Roaring Girl" His best-known pamphlets are: "The Bachelor's Banquet," "Lanthorne and Candlelight," and "Gull's Hornbook"]

*Dorothea* —
My book and taper.
*Angelo* —
Here, most holy mistress
*Dorothea* —
Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is *Angelo*,

And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.

*Angelo*—

No, my dear lady I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some choir in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence.
For then you break his heart

*Dorothea*—

Be nigh me still, then
In golden letters down I'll set that day
Which gave thee to me Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body, when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand,
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom
Methought was filled with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.

*Angelo*—

Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

*Dorothea*—

I have offered
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more
I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents;
Be not ashamed

*Angelo*—

I am not· I did never
Know who my mother was, but, by yon palace
Filled with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven, and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hourglass spend his sand
No worse than yet it doth, upon my life,

You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

*Dorothea*—
A blessed day!



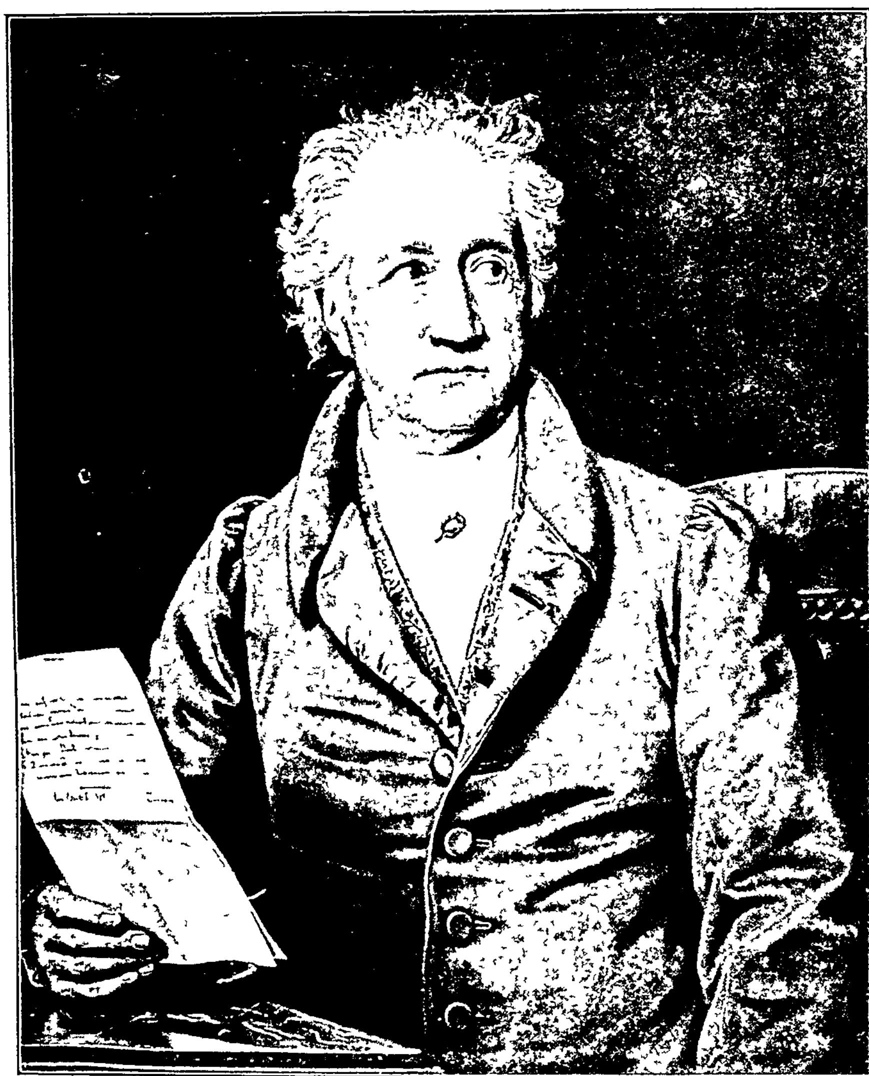
# GOETHE ON SHAKESPEARE.

(From the "Autobiography.")

[JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE was born August 28, 1749, went to Leipsic University in 1759; shortly after began to write dramas and songs; in 1771 took a doctor's degree at Strasburg and became an advocate at Frankfort; wrote "Götz von Berlichingen" in 1771, as also "The Wanderer" and "The Wanderer's Storm Song", settled in Wetzlar for law practice in 1772, but had to fly on account of a love intrigue, in 1773 wrote "Prometheus," some farce satires, the comedy "Erwin and Elmira," and began "Faust", "The Sorrows of Young Werther" and "Clavigo" in 1774, in 1775 settled in Weimar, became a privy councilor to the duke, and a most useful public official, studied and made valuable discoveries in natural science, began "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1777, wrote "Iphigenia" in prose 1779, in verse 1786, completed "Egmont" in 1787, and "Tasso" in 1789, was director of the court theater at Weimar, 1791, 1794-1805 was associated with Schiller, and they conducted the literary review *Horen* together, he finished "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1796, "Hermann and Dorothea," 1797, "Elective Affinities," 1809, "Doctrine of Color," 1810, and his autobiography "Fancy and Truth," 1811 In 1815 he issued the "Divan of East and West," a volume of poems, in 1821 "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre," a *mélange* of various pieces put together by his secretary In 1831 he finished the second part of "Faust" He died March 22, 1832 ]

THUS, on the very borders of France, we had at once got rid and clear of everything French about us. The French way of life we found too defined and genteel, their poetry cold, their criticism annihilating, their philosophy abstruse, and yet insufficient, so that we were on the point of resigning ourselves to rude nature, at least by way of experiment, if another influence had not for a long time prepared us for higher and freer views of the world, and intellectual enjoyments, as true as they were poetical, and swayed us, first moderately and secretly, but afterwards with more and more openness and force

I need scarcely say that Shakespeare is intended; and having once said this, no more need be added. Shakespeare has been acknowledged by the Germans, more by them than by other nations, perhaps even more than by his own. We have richly bestowed on him all that justice, fairness, and forbear-



JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

*From a painting by Stieler*

ance which we refuse to ourselves. Eminent men have occupied themselves in showing his talents in the most favorable light; and I have always readily subscribed to what has been said to his honor, in his favor, or even by way of excuse for him. The influence of this extraordinary mind upon me has been already shown; an attempt has been made with respect to his works, which has received approbation; and therefore this general statement may suffice for the present, until I am in a position to communicate to such friends as like to hear me, a gleaning of reflections on his great deserts, such as I was tempted to insert in this very place.

At present I will only show more clearly the manner in which I became acquainted with him. It happened pretty soon at Leipzig, through Dodd's "Beauties of Shakespeare." Whatever may be said against such collections, which give authors in a fragmentary form, they nevertheless produce many good effects. We are not always so collected and so ready that we can take in a whole work according to its merits. Do we not, in a book, mark passages which have an immediate reference to ourselves? Young people especially, who are wanting in a thorough cultivation, are laudably excited by brilliant passages; and thus I myself remember, as one of the most beautiful epochs of my life, that which is characterized by the above-mentioned work. Those noble peculiarities, those great sayings, those happy descriptions, those humorous traits — all struck me singly and powerfully.

Wieland's translation now made its appearance It was devoured, communicated, and recommended to friends and acquaintances. We Germans had the advantage that many important works of foreign nations were first brought over to us in an easy and cheerful fashion. Shakespeare, translated in prose, first by Wieland, afterwards by Eschenburg, was able, as a kind of reading universally intelligible, and suitable to any reader, to diffuse itself speedily, and to produce a great effect. I revere the rhythm as well as the rhyme, by which poetry first becomes poetry; but that which is really, deeply, and fundamentally effective — that which is really permanent and furthering, is that which remains of the poet when he is translated into prose. Then remains the pure, perfect substance, of which, when absent, a dazzling exterior often contrives to make a false show, and which, when present, such an exterior contrives to conceal. I therefore consider prose translations

more advantageous than poetical, for the beginning of youthful culture; for it may be remarked that boys, to whom everything must serve as a jest, delight themselves with the sound of words and the fall of syllables, and by a sort of parodistical wantonness, destroy the deep contents of the noblest work. Hence I would have it considered whether a prose translation of Homer should not be next undertaken, though this, indeed, must be worthy of the degree at which German literature stands at present. I leave this, and what has been already said, to the consideration of our worthy pedagogues, to whom an extensive experience on this matter is most at command. I will only, in favor of my proposition, mention Luther's translation of the Bible; for the circumstance that this excellent man handed down a work, composed in the most different styles, and gave us its poetical, historical, commanding didactic tone in our mother tongue, as if all were cast in one mold, has done more to advance religion than if he had attempted to imitate, in detail, the peculiarities of the original. In vain has been the subsequent endeavor to make Job, the Psalms, and the other lyrical books, capable of affording enjoyment in their poetical form. For the multitude, upon whom the effect is to be produced, a plain translation always remains the best. Those critical translations which vie with the original, really only seem to amuse the learned among themselves.

And thus in our Strasburg society did Shakespeare, translated and in the original, by fragments and as a whole, by passages and by extracts, influence us in such a manner, that as there are Bible-firm (*Bibelfest*) men, so did we gradually make ourselves firm in Shakespeare, imitated in our conversations those virtues and defects of his time with which he had made us so well acquainted, took the greatest delight in his "quibbles," and by translating them, nay, with original recklessness, sought to emulate him. To this, the fact that I had seized upon him above all, with great enthusiasm, did not a little contribute. A happy confession that something higher waved over me was infectious for my friends, who all resigned themselves to this mode of thought. We did not deny the possibility of knowing such merits more closely, of comprehending them, of judging them with penetration, but this we reserved for later epochs. At present we only wished to sympathize gladly, and to imitate with spirit, and while we had so much enjoyment, we did not wish to inquire and haggle

about the man who afforded it, but unconditionally to revere him.

If any one would learn immediately what was thought, talked about, and discussed in this lively society, let him read Herder's essay on Shakespeare, in the part of his works upon the German manner and art ("Ueber Deutsche Art und Kunst"), and also Lenz's remarks on the theater ("Anmerkungen ubers Theater"), to which a translation of "Love's Labor's Lost" was added. Herder penetrates into the deepest interior of Shakespeare's nature, and exhibits it nobly; Lenz conducts himself more like an Iconoclast against the traditions of the theater, and will have everything everywhere treated in Shakespeare's manner. Since I have had occasion to mention this clever and eccentric man here, it is the place to say something about him by way of experiment. I did not become acquainted with him till towards the end of my residence at Strasburg. We saw each other seldom, his company was not mine, but we sought an opportunity of meeting, and willingly communicated with each other, because, as contemporary youths, we harbored similar views. He had a small but neat figure, a charming little head, to the elegant form of which his delicate but somewhat flat features perfectly corresponded; blue eyes, blond hair, in short, a person such as I have from time to time met among northern youths; a soft and as it were cautious step, a pleasant but not quite flowing speech, and a conduct which, fluctuating between reserve and shyness, well became a young man Small poems, especially his own, he read very well aloud. For his turn of mind I only knew the English word "whimsical," which, as the dictionary shows, comprises very many singularities under one notion. No one, perhaps, was more capable than he to feel and imitate the extravagances and excrescences of Shakespeare's genius. To this the translation above mentioned bears witness. He treated his author with great freedom, was not in the least close and faithful, but he knew how to put on the armor, or rather the motley jacket, of his predecessor so very well, to adapt himself with such humor to his gestures, that he was certain to obtain applause from those who were interested in such matters.

The absurdities of the clowns especially constituted our whole happiness, and we praised Lenz as a favored man, when he succeeded in rendering as follows the epitaph on the deer shot by the princess: —

Die schone Princessin schoss und traf
Eines jungen Hirschleins Leben,
Es fiel dahin in schweren Schlaf
Und wird ein Brätlein geben
Der Jagdhund boll! Ein L zu Hirsch
So wird es denn ein Hirschel,
Doch setzt ein romisch L zu Hirsch
So macht es funfzig Hirschel
Ich mache hundert Hirsche draus
Schrieb Hirschell mit zwei LLen [1]

The tendency towards the absurd, which displays itself free and unfettered in youth, but afterwards recedes more into the background, without being on this account utterly lost, was in full bloom among us, and we sought even by original jests to celebrate our great master. We were very proud when we could lay before the company something of the kind, which was in any degree approved, as, for instance, the following on a riding master, who had been hurt on a wild horse: —

A rider in this house you'll find,
A master too is he,
The two into a nosegay bind,
'Twill riding master be.
If master of the ride, I wis,
Full well he bears the name,
But if the ride the master is,
On him and his be shame

About such things serious discussions were held as to whether they were worthy of the clown or not, whether they flowed from the genuine pure fool's spring, and whether sense and understanding had at all mingled in an unfitting and mad-

[1] The lines in Shakespeare, which the above are intended to imitate, are the following: —

The praiseful princess pierced and pricked a pretty pleasing pricket,
Some say a sore, but not a sore till now made sore with shooting
The dogs did yell, put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel, the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores, O sore L!
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L

Lenz's words, which cannot be rendered intelligibly into English, furnish an instance of Goethe's meaning, when he commends Lenz as happily catching the spirit of the original, without the slightest pretense to accuracy. — *Trans*



ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

missible manner. Altogether our singular views were diffused with the greater ardor, and more persons were in a position to sympathize with them, as Lessing, in whom great confidence was placed, had, properly speaking, given the first signal in his "Dramaturgie."



## CALIBAN AND THE SAILORS.

BY SHAKESPEARE

[From "The Tempest." The meeting of Caliban, the savage denizen of Prospero's magic isle, with the shipwrecked sailors.]

*Enter* CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood. Noise of thunder heard.*

*Caliban*—

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inchmeal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me
Sometime like apes that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall, sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

*Enter* TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly; I'll fall flat,
Perchance, he will not mind me

*Trinculo*—Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish. he smells like a fish; a very ancient

and fishlike smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver, there would this monster make a man any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer, this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder*] Alas! the storm is coming again my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter* STEPHANO, *singing, a bottle in his hand.*

*Stephano*—*I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
*Here shall I die ashore,*—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort [*Drinks.*

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,*
*The gunner, and his mate,*
*Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,*
*But none of us cared for Kate:*
*For she had a tongue with a tang,*
*Would cry to a sailor,* Go hang:
*She loved not the savor of tar or of pitch,*
*Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch*
*Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.
[*Drinks*

*Caliban*—Do not torment me O!

*Stephano*—What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs, for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground. and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

*Caliban*—The spirit torments me: O!

*Stephano*—This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague· Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that· If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

*Caliban*— Do not torment me, prithee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Stephano*—He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Caliban*—

Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee

*Stephano*—Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

*Trinculo*—I should know that voice: It should be—But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

*Stephano*—Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague Come, Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth

*Trinculo*—Stephano!—

*Stephano*—Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster! I will leave him; I have no long spoon

*Trinculo*—Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Stephano*—If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

*Trinculo*—I took him to be killed with a thunder stroke —But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

*Stephano*—Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant

*Caliban*—

These be fine things, an if they be not sprites
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him

*Stephano*—How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither?

swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore

*Caliban*—

I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy
True subject, for the liquor is not earthly

*Stephano*—Here, swear then how thou escap'dst

*Trinculo*—Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn

*Stephano*—Here, kiss the book Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose

*Trinculo*—O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Stephano*—The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon calf? how does thine ague?

*Caliban*—

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

*Stephano*—Out o' the moon, I do assure thee; I was the man in the moon, when time was

*Caliban*—

I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;
My mistress showed me thee, thy dog and bush

*Stephano*—Come, swear to that; kiss the book I will furnish it anon with new contents swear.

*Trinculo*—By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster —Well drawn, monster in good sooth.

*Caliban*—

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island:
And kiss thy foot I prithee, be my god

*Trinculo*—By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle

*Caliban*—

I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject

*Stephano*—Come on, then, down and swear.

*Trinculo*—I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

*Stephano*—Come, kiss

*Trinculo*——but that the poor monster's in drink An abominable monster!

*Caliban*—

I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

*Trinculo* — A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard

*Caliban* —

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock Wilt thou go with me?

*Stephano* — I prithee now lead the way, without any more talking — Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here — Here; bear my bottle Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again

*Caliban* — *Farewell, master, farewell, farewell* [*Sings drunkenly.*

*Trinculo* — A howling monster, a drunken monster.

*Caliban* —

*No more dams I'll make for fish;*
*Nor fetch in firing*
*At requiring,*
*Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;*
*'Ban, 'Ban, Ca — Caliban*
*Has a new master — Get a new man.*

Freedom, heyday! heyday, freedom! freedom, heyday, freedom!

*Stephano* — O brave monster! lead the way [*Exeunt*



## THE TRIAL.

By SHAKESPEARE

[From "The Merchant of Venice" Shylock the Jew, claiming in payment a pound of Antonio's flesh, is defeated by Portia, disguised as an advocate ]

*Scene Venice. — A Court of Justice.*

*Present* · DUKE, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, *and others.*

*Duke* —

What, is Antonio here?

*Antonio* —

Ready, so please your grace

*Duke* —

I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch

Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

*Antonio* — I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke* —
Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Salanio* —
He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

*Enter* SHYLOCK.

*Duke* —
Make room, and let him stand before our face. —
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty
And where thou now exact'st the penalty
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint.
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew

*Shylock* —
I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats I'll not answer that

But, say, it is my humor. Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;—
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose
Cannot contain their urine For affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat,
Why he, a swollen bagpipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

*Bassanio*—
This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shylock*—
I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bassanio*—
Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shylock*—
Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bassanio*—
Every offense is not a hate at first.

*Shylock*—
What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

*Antonio*—
I pray you, think you question with the Jew;
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use questions with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart —Therefore, I do beseech you,

Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bassanio* —

For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

*Shylock* —

If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond

*Duke* —

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

*Shylock* —

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. — Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands You will answer
The slaves are ours: — So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice·
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

*Duke* —

Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

*Salarino* — My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

*Duke* —

Bring us the letters, Call the messenger

*Bassanio* —

Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood

*Antonio* —

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death, the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:

You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph

*Enter* NERISSA, *dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

*Duke* —
Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

*Nerissa* —
From both, my lord · Bellario greets your grace
[*Presents a letter.*

*Bassanio* —
Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

*Shylock* —
To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there

*Gratiano* —
Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

*Shylock* —
No, none that thou hast wit enough to make

*Gratiano* —
O, be thou damned, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous

*Shylock* —
Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin — I stand here for law.

*Duke* —
This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court —
Where is he?

*Nerissa* — He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke* —
With all my heart. — Some three or four of you,

Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk *reads*] *Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant. we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation*

*Duke*—
You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:
And here I take it, is the doctor come.—

*Enter* PORTIA, *dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

*Portia*—
I did, my lord.

*Duke*— You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

*Portia*—
I am informed thoroughly of the cause
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke*—
Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth

*Portia*—
Is your name Shylock?

*Shylock*— Shylock is my name.

*Portia*—
Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed
You stand within his danger, do you not?
[*To* ANTONIO.

*Antonio*—
Ay, so he says.

*Portia*— Do you confess the bond?

*Antonio*—
I do

*Portia*— Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shylock*—
On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Portia*—
The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above his sceptered sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke this much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shylock*—
My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Portia*—
Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bassanio*—
Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong:
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Portia*—
It must not be: there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;

And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. it cannot be.

*Shylock* —
A Daniel come to judgment! yea a Daniel! —
O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!

*Portia* —
I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shylock* —
Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is

*Portia* —
Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

*Shylock* —
An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice

*Portia* — Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. — Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.

*Shylock* —
When it is paid according to the tenor —
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge,
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

*Antonio* —
Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

*Portia* — Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

*Shylock* —
O noble judge! O excellent young man!

*Portia* —
For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shylock* —
'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*Portia* —
Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*Shylock* — Ay, his breast:
So says the bond, — Doth it not, noble judge? —
Nearest his heart: those are the very words
*Portia* —
It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh.
*Shylock* — I have them ready.
*Portia* —
Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
*Shylock* —
Is it so nominated in the bond?
*Portia* —
It is not so expressed: But what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
*Shylock* —
I cannot find it, 'tis not in the bond.
*Portia* —
Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
*Antonio* —
But little, I am armed, and well prepared —
Give me your hand, Bassanio, fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off
Commend me to your honorable wife.
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart
*Bassanio* —
Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Portia* —
Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer
*Gratiano* —
I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love,
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
*Nerissa* —
'Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wish would make else an unquiet house
*Shylock* —
These be the Christian husbands I have a daughter;
'Would, any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside*
We trifle time, I pray thee, pursue sentence.
*Portia* —
A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it
*Shylock* —
Most rightful judge!
*Portia* —
And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The law allows it, and the court awards it
*Shylock* —
Most learned judge! — A sentence, come, prepare.
*Portia* —
Tarry a little, — there is something else
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice
*Gratiano* —
O upright judge! — Mark, Jew, — O learned judge!
*Shylock* —
Is that the law?
*Portia* — Thyself shall see the act·
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice more than thou desir'st
*Gratiano* —
O learned judge! — Mark, Jew, — a learned judge!
*Shylock* —
I take this offer then, — pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go

*Bassanio* — Here is the money.

*Portia* —
Soft;
The Jew shall have all justice; — soft! — no haste; —
He shall have nothing but the penalty

*Gratiano* —
O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

*Portia* —
Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound, — be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair, —
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gratiano* —
A second Daniel! a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip

*Portia* —
Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

*Shylock* —
Give me my principal, and let me go

*Bassanio* —
I have it ready for thee; here it is

*Portia* —
He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice and his bond

*Gratiano* —
A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel —
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shylock* —
Shall I not have barely my principal?

*Portia* —
Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew

*Shylock* —
Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question

*Portia* — Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you
It is enacted in the laws of Venice, —
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state,
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant. and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.



## INTO THE BREACH.

### Speech of Henry V. to his Army.

By SHAKESPEARE

*Scene: France.—Before Harfleur.*

*Alarum* *Enter* King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester *and* Soldiers, *with scaling ladders*

*King*—

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger,
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspèct;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon, let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocèan
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,

Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble luster in your eyes
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start The game's afoot
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry *God for Harry, England, and Saint George!*
[*Exeunt Alarum, and chambers go off.*

## FALSTAFF AND THE PRINCE.

By SHAKESPEARE

*Scene : London.—An apartment of the Prince's.*

*Enter the* PRINCE OF WALES *and* FALSTAFF.

*Falstaff*—Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

*Prince*—Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons, . . . I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

*Falstaff*—Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he "that wandering knight so fair." And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none——

*Prince* — What, none?

*Falstaff* — No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

*Prince* — Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

*Falstaff* — Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we — steal.

*Prince* — Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing, "Lay by," and spent with crying, "Bring in"; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows

*Falstaff* — By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*Prince* — As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

*Falstaff* — How now, how now, mad wag? What, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

*Prince* — Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

*Falstaff* — Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

*Prince* — Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*Falstaff* — No. I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

*Prince* — Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

*Falstaff* — Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent, — but, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king! and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

*Prince* — No, thou shalt.

*Falstaff* — Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge!

*Prince*—Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

*Falstaff*—Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

*Prince*—For obtaining of suits?

*Falstaff*—Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugged bear.

*Prince*—Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

*Falstaff*—Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

*Prince*— What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

*Falstaff*—Thou hast the most unsavory similes, and art indeed the most comparative rascalliest,—sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street, too.

*Prince*—Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Falstaff*— Oh, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain! I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

*Prince*—Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*Falstaff*— Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

*Prince*—I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse taking.

*Falstaff*— Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

*Enter* FALSTAFF. GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO: FRANCIS *following with wine.*

*Poins*—Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

*Falstaff* — A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

*Prince* — Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter, — pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Falstaff* — You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward! — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old; God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prince* — How now, woolsack? what mutter you?

*Falstaff* — A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

*Prince* — Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

*Falstaff* — Are you not a coward? answer me to that, — and Poins, there?

*Poins* — Zounds, ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, I'll stab thee!

*Falstaff* — I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back; call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

*Prince* — O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

*Falstaff* — All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

*Prince* — What's the matter?

*Falstaff* — What's the matter? There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

*Prince*— Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Falstaff*— Where is it! Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

*Prince*—What, a hundred, man?

*Falstaff*—I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand saw,—*ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

*Prince*—Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gadshill*—We four set upon some dozen——

*Falstaff*—Sixteen at least, my lord.

*Gadshill*—And bound them.

*Peto*—No, no, they were not bound.

*Falstaff*—You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Gadshill*—As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us——

*Falstaff*—And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prince*—What, fought you with them all?

*Falstaff*—All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

*Poins*—Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

*Falstaff*—Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me——

*Prince*—What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

*Falstaff*—Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins*—Ay, ay, he said four.

*Falstaff*—These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*Prince*—Seven? why, there were b[illegible] four even now.

*Falstaff*—In buckram?

*Poins*—Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Falstaff*—Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*Prince*—Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Falstaff*—Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*Prince*—Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Falstaff*—Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of——

*Prince*—So, two more already.

*Falstaff*—Their points being broken——

*Poins*—Down fell their hose.

*Falstaff*—Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

*Prince*—O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

*Falstaff*—But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prince*—These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow catch——

*Falstaff*—What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prince*—Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

*Poins*—Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Falstaff*—What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*Prince*—I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed presser, this horseback breaker, this huge hill of flesh——

*Falstaff*—Away, you starveling, you elf skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stockfish.—Oh for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow case, you vile standing tuck——

*Prince*—Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poins*—Mark, Jack.

*Prince*—We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poins*—Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

*Falstaff*—By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life,—I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good-fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*Prince*—Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

*Falstaff*—Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

FALSTAFF, *assuming the part of Henry IV., rebukes the* PRINCE OF WALES.

*Prince*—Here comes lean Jack, here comes barebone.—How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

*Falstaff*—My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb ring; a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from [illegible]ther; you must to the

court in the morning. . . . Thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practice an answer.

*Prince* — Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

*Falstaff* — Shall I? content; this chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

*Prince* — Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

*Falstaff* — Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. — Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

*Prince* — Well, here is my leg.

*Falstaff* — And here is my speech. — Stand aside, nobility.

*Hostess* — This is excellent sport, i' faith!

*Falstaff* — Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

*Hostess* — O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

*Falstaff* — For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen; for tears do stop the flood gates of her eyes.

*Hostess* — O rare, he does it as like one of these harlotry players as I ever see!

*Falstaff* — Peace, good pint pot; peace, good tickle brain.— Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point: why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed son of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? — a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? — a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*Prince* — What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*Falstaff* — A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r Lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*Prince* — Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Falstaff* — Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

*Prince* — Well, here I am set.

*Falstaff* — And here I stand. — Judge, my masters.

*Prince* — Now, Harry, whence come you?

*Falstaff* — My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*Prince* — The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Falstaff* — 'Sblood, my lord, they are false; — nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

*Prince* — Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Falstaff* — I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

*Prince* — That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Falstaff* — My lord, the man I know.

*Prince* — I know thou dost.

*Falstaff* — But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned! If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

*Prince* — I do, I will.



## TO THE MEMORY OF SHAKESPEARE.

By BEN JONSON.

[BENJAMIN JONSON, usually known as Ben Jonson, was born at Westminster about 1573, and received his early education at the Westminster School, then under the charge of William Camden Becoming disgusted with the trade of bricklayer, to which his stepfather had trained him, he left home and served as a soldier in Flanders After a somewhat obscure period he began to work for the stage, and in 1597 is mentioned in Henslowe's "Diary" as a player and playwright to "The Admiral's Men" "Every Man in his Humor" was successfully produced at the Globe in 1598, Shakespeare himself being in the cast, and Jonson ranked from this time with the foremost dramatists of the period His first success was followed by "Cynthia's Revels," "The Poetaster," "Sejanus," "Volpone, or the Fox," "Epicœne, or the Silent Woman," "The Alchemist," "Catiline," "Bartholomew Fair," and "The Devil is an Ass" In addition to regular dramas Jonson wrote masques and entertainments for the courts of James I and Charles I, and received liberal pensions from both monarchs During his last years he was afflicted with palsy, followed by dropsy, and died in reduced circumstances, August 6, 1637 He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner, where a tablet bears the inscription,

"O rare Ben Jonson"]

### *To the Memory of my Beloved Master, William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us*

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;



BEN JONSON

While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these would light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great but disproportioned Muses:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee I will not seek
For names, but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage. or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.

The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all, thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil, tune the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made as well as born,
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filed lines
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That did so take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like
  night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!



## ESSAYS OF LORD BACON.

[Francis Bacon An English philosophical writer and essayist, and man of affairs, born in London, January 22, 1561, died in 1626. He was educated at Cambridge, spent several years in Paris, was admitted to the bar in 1582, and entered Parliament in 1584 He became a knight under James I., solicitor general, attorney general, keeper of the great seal, and finally lord high chancellor of England In addition he was created Baron Verulam and Viscount St Albans. In 1621 he was ruined as to material affairs by a conviction of bribery, the fairest discussion of which is in Spedding's "Evenings with a Reviewer." Bacon's chief writings are. "The Advancement of Learning"

(1605); "Novum Organum," intended to form the second part of a never completed work, "Instauratio Magna," or the Great Restoration, the famous "Essays" (1597, 1612, 1625), "On the Wisdom of the Ancients" (in Latin).]

## Envy.

There be none of the affections which have been noted to fascinate or bewitch, but love and envy: they both have vehement wishes; they frame themselves readily into imaginations and suggestions, and they come easily into the eye, especially upon the presence of the objects which are the points that conduce to fascination, if any such thing there be. We see, likewise, the Scripture calleth envy an evil eye; and the astrologers call the evil influences of the stars evil aspects; so that still there seemeth to be acknowledged, in the act of envy, an ejaculation, or irradiation of the eye; nay, some have been so curious as to note that the times when the stroke or percussion of an envious eye doth most hurt are when the party envied is beheld in glory or triumph; for that sets an edge upon envy: and besides, at such times, the spirits of the person envied do come forth most into the outward parts, and so meet the blow.

But leaving these curiosities (though not unworthy to be thought on in fit place), we will handle what persons are apt to envy others, what persons are most subject to be envied themselves, and what is the difference between public and private envy.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil, and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to attain to another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand, by depressing another's fortune.

A man that is busy and inquisitive is commonly envious; for to know much of other men's matters cannot be, because all that ado may concern his own estate; therefore it must needs be that he taketh a kind of play pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others: neither can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy; for envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the street, and does not keep home: "There is no person a busybody but what he is ill-natured too."

Men of noble birth are noted to be envious towards new men when they rise; for the distance is altered: and it is like a deceit of the eye, that when others come on they think themselves go back.

Deformed persons and eunuchs, and the old men and bastards, are envious, for he that cannot possibly mend his own case, will do what he can to impair another's; except these defects light upon a very brave and heroic nature, which thinketh to make his natural wants part of his honor; in that it should be said, "That a eunuch, or a lame man, did such great matters," affecting the honor of a miracle: As it was in Narses the eunuch, and Agesilaus and Tamerlane, that were lame men.

The same is the case of men that rise after calamities and misfortunes; for they are as men fallen out with the times, and think other men's harms a redemption of their own sufferings.

They that desire to excel in too many matters, out of levity and vainglory, are ever envious, for they cannot want work: it being impossible, but many, in some of those things, should surpass them, which was the character of Adrian the emperor, that mortally envied poets and painters, and artificers in works, wherein he had a vein to excel.

Lastly, near kinsfolk and fellows in office, and those that have been bred together, are more apt to envy their equals when they are raised; for it doth upbraid unto them their own fortunes, and pointeth at them, and cometh often into their remembrance, and incurreth likewise more into the note of others; and envy ever redoubleth from speech and fame. Cain's envy was the more vile and malignant towards his brother Abel, because when his sacrifice was better accepted, there was nobody to look on. Thus much for those that are apt to envy.

Concerning those that are more or less subject to envy: First, persons of eminent virtue, when they are advanced, are less envied, for their fortune seemeth but due unto them; and no man envieth the payment of a debt, but rewards and liberality rather. Again, envy is ever joined with the comparing of a man's self; and where there is no comparison, no envy; and therefore kings are not envied but by kings. Nevertheless, it is to be noted that unworthy persons are most envied at their first coming in, and afterwards overcome it better; whereas, contrariwise, persons of worth and merit are most envied when their fortune continueth long; for by that time, though their virtue be the same, yet it hath not the same luster; for fresh men grow up that darken it

Persons of noble blood are less envied in their rising; for

it seemeth but right done to their birth; besides, there seemeth not so much added to their fortune; and envy is as the sunbeams, that beat hotter upon a bank or steep rising ground, than upon a flat; and, for the same reason, those that are advanced by degrees are less envied than those that are advanced suddenly, and "per saltum."

Those that have joined with their honor great travels, cares, or perils, are less subject to envy; for men think that they earn their honors hardly, and pity them sometimes; and pity ever healeth envy: wherefore you shall observe, that the more deep and sober sort of politic persons, in their greatness, are ever bemoaning themselves what a life they lead, chanting a "quanta patimur" [how much we suffer]; not that they feel it so, but only to abate the edge of envy: but this is to be understood of business that is laid upon men, and not such as they call unto themselves; for nothing increaseth envy more than an unnecessary and ambitious engrossing of business; and nothing doth extinguish envy more than for a great person to preserve all other inferior officers in their full rights and preeminences of their places; for, by that means, there be so many screens between him and envy.

Above all, those are most subject to envy which carry the greatness of their fortunes in an insolent and proud manner: being never well but while they are showing how great they are, either by outward pomp, or by triumphing over all opposition or competition: whereas wise men will rather do sacrifice to envy, in suffering themselves, sometimes of purpose, to be crossed and overborne in things that do not much concern them. Notwithstanding so much is true that the carriage of greatness in a plain and open manner (so it be without arrogancy and vainglory) doth draw less envy than if it be in a more crafty and cunning fashion; for in that course a man doth but disavow fortune, and seemeth to be conscious of his own want in worth, and doth but teach others to envy him.

Lastly, to conclude this part, as we said in the beginning that the act of envy had somewhat in it of witchcraft, so there is no other cure of envy but the cure of witchcraft; and that is, to remove the lot (as they call it), and to lay it upon another; for which purpose the wiser sort of great persons bring in ever upon the stage somebody upon whom to derive the envy that would come upon themselves; sometimes upon ministers and servants, sometimes upon colleagues and asso-

ciates, and the like; and, for that turn, there are never wanting some persons of violent and undertaking natures, who, so they may have power and business, will take it at any cost.

Now, to speak of public envy: there is yet some good in public envy, whereas in private there is none; for public envy is as an ostracism, that eclipseth men when they get too great; and therefore it is a bridle also to great ones, to keep them within bounds.

This envy, being in the Latin word "invidia," goeth in the modern languages by the name of discontentment; of which we shall speak in handling sedition. It is a disease in a state like to infection, for as infection spreadeth upon that which is sound, and tainteth it, so, when envy is gotten once into a state, it traduceth even the best actions thereof, and turneth them into an ill odor; and therefore there is little won by intermingling of plausible actions; for that doth argue but a weakness and a fear of envy, which hurteth so much the more, as it is likewise usual in infections, which, if you fear them, you call them upon you.

This public envy seemeth to beat chiefly upon principal officers or ministers, rather than upon kings and estates themselves. But this is a sure rule, that if the envy upon the minister be great, when the cause of it in him is small; or if the envy be general in a manner upon all the ministers of an estate, then the envy (though hidden) is truly upon the state itself. And so much of public envy or discontentment, and the difference thereof from private envy, which was handled in the first place.

We will add this in general, touching the affection of envy, that of all other affections it is the most importune and continual; for of other affections there is occasion given but now and then; and therefore it was well said, "Envy keeps no holidays:" for it is ever working upon some or other. And it is also noted that love and envy do make a man pine, which other affections do not, because they are not so continual. It is also the vilest affection, and the most depraved; for which cause it is the proper attribute of the devil, who is called "The envious man, that soweth tares amongst the wheat by night;" as it always cometh to pass that envy worketh subtilely, and in the dark, and to the prejudice of good things, such as is the wheat.

## ATHEISM.

I had rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and, therefore, God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity: nay, even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion: that is, the school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus, for it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements, and one immutable fifth essence, duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds unplaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal. The Scripture saith, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;" it is not said, "The fool hath thought in his heart;" so as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded of it; for none deny there is a God, but those for whom it maketh that there were no God. It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man, than by this, that atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others; nay more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it fareth with other sects; and, which is most of all, you shall have of them that will suffer for atheism, and not recant; whereas, if they did truly think that there were no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves? Epicurus is charged that he did but dissemble for his credit's sake, when he affirmed there were blessed natures, but such as enjoyed themselves without having respect to the government of the world; wherein they say he did temporize, though in secret he thought there was no God: but certainly he is traduced, for his words are noble and divine: "It is not profane to deny *the existence* of the Deities of the vulgar: but to apply to the Divinities the received notions of the vulgar is

profane." Plato could have said no more; and although he had the confidence to deny the administration, he had not the power to deny the nature. The Indians of the west have names for their particular gods, though they have no name for God: as if the heathens should have had the names Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, etc., but not the word Deus, which shows that even those barbarous people have the notion, though they have not the latitude and extent of it; so that against atheists the very savages take part with the very subtlest philosophers. The contemplative atheist is rare; a Diagoras, a Bion, a Lucian perhaps, and some others; and yet they seem to be more than they are, for that all that impugn a received religion, or superstition, are, by the adverse part, branded with the name of atheists; but the great atheists indeed are hypocrites, which are ever handling holy things but without feeling; so as they must needs be cauterized in the end. The causes of atheism are, divisions in religion, if they be many; for any one main division addeth zeal to both sides, but many divisions introduce atheism: another is, scandal of priests, when it is come to that which St. Bernard saith: "It is not for us now to say, 'Like priest like people,' for the people are not even so bad as the priest:" a third is, custom of profane scoffing in holy matters, which doth by little and little deface the reverence of religion; and lastly, learned times, specially with peace and prosperity; for troubles and adversities do more bow men's minds to religion. They that deny a God destroy a man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, "a superior nature"; which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain; therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. As it is in particular persons, so it is in nations; never was there such a state for magnanimity as Rome. Of this state hear what Cicero saith: "We may admire ourselves, conscript fathers, as much as we please: still,

neither by numbers *did we vanquish* the Spaniards, nor by bodily strength the Gauls, nor by cunning the Carthaginians, nor through the arts the Greeks, nor, in fine, by the inborn and native good sense of this *our* nation, and this *our* race and soil, the Italians and Latins themselves; but through our devotion and our religious feeling, and this, the sole *true* wisdom, the having perceived that all things are regulated and governed by the providence of the immortal Gods, have we subdued all races and nations."

## RICHES.

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, "impedimenta"; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march, yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory: of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit; so saith Solomon, "Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?" The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them, or a power of dole and donative of them; or a fame of them: but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones and rarities? and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then you will say, they may be of use to buy men out of dangers or troubles; as Solomon saith, "Riches are as a stronghold in the imagination of the rich man;" but this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact: for, certainly, great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly; yet have no abstract or friarly contempt of them; but distinguished, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Posthumus, "In his anxiety to increase his fortune, it was evident that not the gratification of avarice was sought, but the means of doing good." Hearken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches: "He who hastens to riches will not be without guilt." The poets feign that when Plutus (which is riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps, and goes slowly; but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs, and is swift of foot; meaning that riches gotten by good means and just

labor pace slowly; but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man: but it might be applied likewise to Pluto, taking him for the devil: for when riches come from the devil (as by fraud and oppression, and unjust means), they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul: parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent; for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches; for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's; but it is slow; and yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England that had the greatest audits of any man in my time, a great grazer, a great sheep master, a great timberman, a great collier, a great corn master, a great lead man, and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry; so as the earth seemed a sea to him in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, "That himself came very hardly to a little riches, and very easily to great riches;" for when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome those bargains which for their greatness are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things, chiefly: by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing; but the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon others' necessity: broke by servants and instruments to draw them on, put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen, and the like practices, which are crafty and naught; as for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst; as that whereby a man doth eat his bread, "in the sweat of another's brow"; and besides, doth plow upon Sundays: but yet certain though it be, it hath flaws; for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men to serve their own turn. The fortune, in being the first in an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches, as it was with the first sugar man in the Canaries: therefore if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judg-

ment as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit: he that resteth upon gains certain, shall hardly grow to great riches; and he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break and come to poverty: it is good, therefore, to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and coemption of wares for resale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich; especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and so, store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service though it be of the best rise, yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humors, and other servile conditions, they may be placed amongst the worst. As for fishing for testaments and executorships (as Tacitus saith of Seneca, "Wills and childless persons were caught by him as though with a hunting net"), it is yet worse, by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service. Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them; and none worse when they come to them. Be not pennywise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred or to the public; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great state left to an heir is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better established in years and judgment: likewise, glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt; and but the painted sepulchers of alms, which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly: therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure: and defer not charities till death; for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

## STUDIES.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring: for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one: but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in stories, is sloth: to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to

make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar: they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom; without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: "Studies become habits;" nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises; bowling is good, for the stone and reins. shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like; so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen; for they are "Splitters of cumin seeds." If he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

# LORD BACON.

By JAMES SPEDDING

(From "Evenings with a Reviewer.")

[JAMES SPEDDING, English biographer and historical student, was born in Cumberland, June, 1808, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge He was for a while in the Colonial Office, and in 1842 accompanied Lord Ashburton to America as secretary, but left public life and devoted his existence to vindicating Lord Bacon's memory His best work is "Evenings with a Reviewer" (published posthumously, 1881), a thorough examination of the points raised by Macaulay's essay on Bacon, he published also the great "Works, Life, and Letters of Bacon" (1857–1874), "Publishers and Authors" (1867), "Life and Times of Bacon" (1878), "Reviews and Discussions not relating to Bacon" (1879), "Studies in English History" (with James Gairdner, 1881). He died March 9, 1881 ]

It is in respect to that other part of his name and memory which he bequeathed to "Men's Charitable Speeches and Foreign Nations, and the Next Ages," that he would have been most painfully disappointed if to his other misfortunes had been added the misfortune of seeing far into the future. Up to the day when the charge of corruption was brought against him, I fancy that he had thought himself, in his dealings with other men, not only unimpeachable, but exemplary: a faithful and diligent servant; a considerate and indulgent master; a serviceable friend; a sound patriot, always meditating projects for the improvement and advancement of his country; an enthusiast of humanity, passionately ambitious to enlarge the powers, heal the diseases, and purify the conditions of the human race; in debate fair and courteous; in council free, careful, candid; anxious that all things should be carried with due consideration for the just interests of all parties and without just offense to any; seeking for himself scarcely anything except work and the wages of work which he was able to do and which he did well; receiving for himself nothing but what was freely offered, and giving more freely than he received; an honorable opponent, an indulgent censor, a faithful reporter, a laborious worker, an honest and unselfish adviser, an impartial and scrupulous judge, and filled (as himself could best witness) with tender consideration for all sentient creatures; — such being the ideal to which he had aspired, and, as he imagined, not wholly without success, meanness (in its modern

sense) was probably the very last word with which he expected his name to be associated. And to have foreseen that the next ages, while they regarded him as the meanest, would nevertheless honor him as the wisest and brightest of mankind, would have been to him the very reverse of consolation. To have been forgotten altogether would have been nothing; to be honored in that way was perpetually infamous; and (what was still worse) it could not but degrade the character of the very virtues for which the honor was to be awarded The wisdom and brightness which could live for half a century in friendly relations with meanness in the superlative degree, must have been themselves mean. And though the currency of a quotable line by a popular poet cannot be taken as evidence of the serious judgment of posterity, the case is changed when it comes to be adopted, expounded, amplified, and justified by popular historians and biographers. Pope was merely preaching morality in sparkling couplets; he wanted a name to point his moral with; and if he could have thought of another that would have helped him to a better rhyme, he would no doubt have preferred it. But when Lord Macaulay, as the result of an elaborate historical and biographical inquiry, described Bacon as a man who, being intrusted with the highest gifts of Heaven, habitually abused them for the poorest purposes of earth — hired them out for guineas, places and titles in the service of injustice, coveteousness, and oppression, — adding that he (Lord Macaulay) had nevertheless no doubt that his name would be named with reverence to the latest ages and to the remotest ends of the civilized world, we must accept the responsibility of the opinion if we allow it to pass without a protest. If the later ages believe his description of the man to be correct, I hope for my own part that they will not name the name of that man with reverence; it would be a gross abuse either of the word or of the thing. But it is still possible that they will adopt a different interpretation of the character.

The other actions on which Lord Macaulay's interpretation is founded have been fully and I believe correctly related; and (the evidence being now within anybody's reach) they must be left to produce their impression.

To me, so far from seeming to justify his theory of the character, they do not seem to be reconcilable with it; if Bacon had been such a man as he takes him for, he would have acted differently at almost every crisis which offered him a choice. Nor

do I believe that they would have suggested such a theory to anybody, were it not for the discredit which the transactions revealed by his impeachment threw back upon all passages of his life. It must nevertheless be admitted that those transactions alone,—if Lord Macaulay's interpretation of them be accepted in its full extent,—would deprive his name of all title to anything that could be called "reverence,"—his services in the field of philosophy and literature notwithstanding. And as all turns upon the question whether his offense implied the perversion of justice for the sake of reward, it is necessary to discuss the grounds of that interpretation more particularly.

Bacon admitted that he had more than once received a present from a suitor whose cause was not concluded: that the act could not be defended; that it amounted to corruption; and deserved punishment. But he denied that he had ever received such present upon any bargain or contract, or had ever had any "bribe or reward in his eye or thought when he pronounced any sentence or order" The Parliamentary sentence he allowed to be both just and fit; but he affirmed at the same time that he had been the justest judge that had sat in Chancery for half a century.

Lord Macaulay, on the contrary, represents him as practicing corruption on a large scale; as "having agents looking out in different quarters for prey"; as employing in his service "jackals" and "decoys"; as making "private bargains" with suitors as to the amounts of their presents: and in fact as selling judgments by the hundred.

The difference is not only large but vital, the question is, which are we to believe?

On the principle of giving the accused party the benefit of the doubt, it would be enough perhaps to say that before we believe such a charge we ought to be able to show some ground for it. Bacon, as we have seen, privately denied it: and if he did not deny it publicly, that may be sufficiently accounted for by the fact it was never publicly made. No accusation to that effect is implied in any of the articles which he was required to answer. They state merely that the presents had been taken, but say nothing of any contract, condition, or unjust judgment. That no evidence can be produced from which we should be obliged to conclude that some of these presents must have been given and received with the understanding that

the cause should go in favor of the giver, it is indeed impossible to say But until it is produced, I do not see why we should believe it.

But I am myself prepared to go a little further. I think I see reasons why we should not believe it. The absence of all evidence that Bacon's decrees were unjust, coupled with the consideration that evidence could hardly have been wanting if they were, makes it in my opinion extremely improbable that they were bought. It would be absurd to suppose that the only suitors who attempted to gain their causes by bribery were those whose causes were good. If many decrees were bought, some must have been unjust. Now by every unjust decree, if one man "got what he had paid for," another lost what he was entitled to. Every man so aggrieved had some means of redress, and after Bacon's conviction he must have had every encouragement and advantage in pursuing it; for the practice of corruption being admitted, the presumption would be against the judgment. How many, then, of Bacon's decrees were appealed against? and of these how many were reversed? If none or few, how can we believe that he had sold them by hundreds? If many, where are they? Reversals of decrees in chancery must be recorded somewhere; and yet (except a somewhat loose assertion in a manuscript of Lord Chief Justice Hale's published by Hargrave) I find no mention of any such reversals anywhere. Lord Hale, it is true, in tracing the origin of the jurisdiction of the Lords in reversing equity decrees, mentions the censure of Bacon "for many decrees made upon most gross bribery and corruption," — words sufficiently justified by the terms of the sentence and submission, and grounded probably upon nothing more, — "and this," he adds, "gave such a discredit and brand to the decrees thus obtained, that they were easily set aside, and made way in the Parliament of 3 Car. for the like attempts against decrees made by other Chancellors" Now that the decrees made by Bacon upon the cases in which presents were admitted to have been received, were thereby discredited, we may safely conclude: the presumption, as I said, would of course be against them; and if by "easily set aside" be meant only that, their authority being lost, the right of appeal against them was easily admitted (and such may very well be the meaning, for this was the point Hale was considering), — I can easily believe that also. But if he means they were easily reversed on appeal, — that is, that

many of them were reversed — I still ask where the evidence is. Hale is so great an authority that — though manuscripts not published or left for publication by the writer are to be received with caution, as probably containing some loose suggestions which he intended to verify at more leisure — any assertion of his is well worth inquiry. But he was a boy when these things happened. He was writing, it would seem, after the Restoration. His information, so far as it rests upon his personal knowledge and judgment, must have been derived from documents which were then, and should be still, accessible. Where are we to look for these documents? From the passage I have quoted, I should have been led to look in the records of the proceedings of the House of Lords; for he is obviously speaking of reversals of decrees of chancery "by an inherent original jurisdiction" in that house; which jurisdiction, he tells us, had its rise upon three occasions: the first being this case of Bacon; whose decrees being made upon bribery and corruption were "easily set aside," and made way for the "like attempts" seven or eight years after; and this would certainly lead one to suppose that Bacon's decrees were set aside by the House of Lords in virtue of this supposed original jurisdiction, and to look in the Lords' Journal for traces of them.

But the next page seems to make this inquiry superfluous; for there he tells us that he "could never yet see any precedent" — he does not say *any other*, but *any* precedent — "of such proceeding in the Lords' house of greater antiquity than 3 Car. I." And how could that be if it was by *them* that "many of Bacon's decrees had been easily set aside?"

Moreover, that Hale had no records of such proceedings upon Bacon's decrees is made still clearer by the passage which immediately follows.

"I shall now," he proceeds, "show what was the first attempt of setting up this jurisdiction in the Lords' house, and what success it had.

"Before the parliament of 18 Jac., when the Lord Chancellor Bacon was censured for corruption, the course for reversal of decrees was, either by petition to the King, and thereupon a commission issued to examine the decree and proceedings, whereof there are some precedents; or else to set it aside by act of parliament; and such was the proceeding of 26 Maii 21 Jac. for reversing a decree for the felt makers and some others about that time."

This proceeding (I should observe) appears in the Commons' Journal; but I cannot gather from the notes by whom the decree in question was made. However, it was not one of those upon which Bacon was charged with corruption.

"But even in these later Parliaments in King James' time, the reversal of decrees by the inherent power of the House of Lords was *either not known*, or so new that it was scarce adventured upon by the Lords."

And he then goes on to relate the proceedings upon an appeal against a decree made not by Bacon, but by Bishop Williams, who succeeded him.

If, therefore, any of Bacon's decrees were reversed, it was not (so far as Hale could discover) by the House of Lords; but must have been either by act of parliament, or by the King's commission. Yet in the table of contents to the Statutes at Large a list is given of the titles of private acts; and I have searched in vain there for traces of any such reversals. From the Commons' Journal I find indeed that about the time of his fall several bills for the reversals of decrees of Chancery were brought in; but I cannot find that any of them reached a third reading. I find also that about three years later another bill of the same kind — and one which very nearly touches the point in question — was brought in; namely, "an act to avoid a decree procured indirectly and by corruption between the Lord and Lady Wharton, etc., and Edward Willoughby, Esquire" It was read a first time on the thirteenth of March, 1623-4; and this was one of the cases in which a present had been received by Bacon *pendente lite*. If this bill had passed, therefore, it would have been one case in point. But I cannot trace it beyond the second reading, and no such title is to be found among the private acts. I conclude, therefore, that it did not pass; and if so, the fact tells the other way.

Another fact which I cannot well reconcile with the supposition that many of Bacon's decrees were reversed in this way is supplied by a note of his own, set down about the end of the year 1622. It occurs in that sheet of memoranda for a conversation with Buckingham's mother, which will be found elsewhere in this volume, and runs thus: "You may observe that last Parliament," meaning the session which commenced on the fourteenth of November and ended on the eighteenth of December, 1621 — "though an high-coming Parliament, yet not a petition, not a clamor, not a motion, not a mention of me."

Upon this point, therefore, the records of Parliament tell distinctly and almost decisively in Bacon's favor. They show that the circumstances of his conviction did encourage suitors to attempt to get his decrees set aside; that several such attempts were made, but that they all failed; — thereby strongly confirming the popular tradition reported by Aubrey, — "His favorites took bribes; but his Lordship always gave judgment *secundum æquum et bonum*. His decrees in Chancery stand firm. There are fewer of his decrees reversed than any other chancellor."

If on the other hand they were reversed by a commission appointed for the purpose, we must surely have had some news of it. Yet I cannot suppose that either Hale himself or his editor, who prefaces the tract with an elaborate investigation of the whole subject, had heard of any such proceeding. They could not but have mentioned it if they had.

Upon the whole, therefore, I think I may conclude either that the decrees mentioned by Lord Hale were considered as *ipso facto* set aside by the admission of corruption (which could hardly be, and even if it were, could not be taken to prove more than is admitted in the confession), or that he used the words loosely, meaning only that they were easily allowed to be called in question (which might be true, and yet upon question they might all be found just), or, lastly, that he was speaking without book. And either way I may still ask, where is the evidence of justice perverted? Till some evidence is produced to that effect, I may still believe Bacon's own judgment upon his own case to be true. He expressed it on two occasions; privately indeed, but clearly and unequivocally. The first was in his letter to Buckingham, written from the Tower on the thirty-first of May, 1621; in which, after entreating him to procure his discharge and not let him die in that disgraceful place, he proceeds: —

"And when I am dead, he is gone that was always in one tenor, a true and perfect servant to his master, and one that was never author of any immoderate, no, nor unsafe, no (I will say it), nor unfortunate counsel; and one that no temptation could ever make other than a trust and honest and thrice-loving friend to your Lordship; and howsoever I acknowledge the sentence just, and for reformation's sake fit, the justest Chancellor that hath been in the five changes since Sir Nicholas Bacon's time."

This was written in the season of his deepest distress. The other occasion I cannot date. But I take the words to express his deliberate judgment imparted to the confidential friend of his latter days;—imparted privately, and (it would almost seem) under some injunction to keep it private; for Dr. Rawley, whose affectionate reverence preserved the record, took the precaution to write it in a cipher, and never published or alluded to it in print. It is found in a commonplace book, begun apparently soon after Bacon's death, and containing memoranda of various kinds, most of them, especially in the earlier part, relating to him and his works. The first few pages are filled almost entirely with apothegms; two or three of which were written in a simple cipher, the Greek character being used for the consonants, and the first five numerals for the vowels; the rest in Rawley's usual hand. Opposite to many of them is written "stet," with a number affixed; which means no doubt that they were to be included in the collection of Bacon's apothegms which were afterwards printed in the second edition of the "Resuscitatio." At the top of the first page stands this sentence, written in the cipher and not marked or numbered, a sentence which I suppose Rawley had been forbidden to publish, but could not allow to perish:—

"I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years. But it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred years."

Now if instead of Lord Macaulay's view of the case the later ages should accept Bacon's own (and although he was a party so deeply interested, I really believe it to be much the more impartial of the two,—self-love in a mind which finds its highest pleasure in knowing and believing the truth being far less fatal to fairness of judgment than the love of rhetorical effect in a mind rhetorically disposed)—they will escape the other difficulties, and without refusing to believe anything to his disadvantage of which there is any pretense of proof, they may nevertheless "name his name with reverence," as that of a man to be respected for his moral, as well as respected for his intellectual qualities. For if his acts of corruption did not involve injustice or oppression to either party, whether in the form of extortion or deception or false judgment, they were acts compatible—not indeed with the highest moral condition, for a more sensitive morality joined with so clear a judgment would have started at and shrunk from them,—but certainly

with a high condition of all the other moral virtues. A man may be guilty of them and yet be just and brave and temperate and truthful and patient and diligent and generous and liberal and unselfish; he might have "bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering"; he might be forbearing and forgiving, without "bitterness or wrath or anger or clamor or evil speaking or malice"; he might be a man who "fulfilled the law" by loving his neighbor as himself. I could feel respect for the moral condition of such a man though I thought in some things he had been negligent, thoughtless, or faulty, just as I can feel respect for the intellect of a man who is wise in most things though he may have made mistakes in some. And it is surely possible to conceive gifts both given and taken — even between suitor and judge while the cause is proceeding — without any thought of perverting justice either in the giver or the taker. In every suit both sides are entitled to favorable consideration — that is, to the attention of a mind open to see all that makes in their favor — and favorable consideration is all that the giver need be suspected of endeavoring to bespeak, or the receiver of engaging to bestow. The suitor almost always believes his cause to be just, though he is not always so sure, and in those days he had not always reason to be sure, that its merits would be duly considered if the favorable attention of the judge were not specially attracted toward them; and though the judge was rightly forbidden to lay himself under obligation to either party, it must be remembered that in all other offices of dignity and in all the gentlemanly professions, gifts of exactly the same kind — fees not fixed by law or defined as to amount by custom or recoverable as debts, but left to the discretion of the suitor, client, or patient — were in those days the ordinary remuneration for official or professional services of all kinds. It was not thought gentlemanly to bargain about terms or demand payment. The great man merely received freely what was assumed to be freely given. Lord Treasurer Burghley saw no impropriety in accepting a purse with a hundred guineas in it from a Bishop who felt thankful to him for furtherance in obtaining his bishopric. I do not suppose that his son Robert thought it wrong to receive "the £40 which Mr. Downing promised him for his friendship" in the Beccles cause; that is for moving his father "for his good and lawful favor in the Corporation's behalf," and so bringing the cause to a good end.

And when the Lord Treasurer Suffold was questioned in the Star Chamber for having (among other things) taken money for favor in transactions with the Treasury, the charge was not for taking the money simply, but for taking it in such a manner as to make the payment of the money a condition of dispatching the business. The law officers of the crown derived, I fancy, a considerable part of their income from New Year's gifts and other gratuities presented to them both by individuals and corporations whom their office gave them opportunity of obliging; nor would the acceptance of those gratuities have been imputed as a fault so long as they were not employed as inducements to some unlawful act — some neglect or violation of duty. The practice was a bad one, and in the "New Atlantis" it was forbidden. But it was the practice in England up to the time of James the First at least, and the traces of it are still legible in the present state of the law with regard to fees; for I believe it is still true that the law will not help either the barrister or the physician to recover an unpaid fee, — the professions being too liberal to make charges, send in bills, or give receipts or do anything but take the money. In Bacon's time therefore almost all the men who rose to be judges had probably been accustomed in the course of their professional career to this kind of regular tribute; and an attorney general transferred to the woolsack, seeing nothing unusual in it, might the more easily overlook the impropriety. Indeed, in any man of the time except Bacon himself, such oversight would hardly have surprised me: it was not much more than neglecting to disturb a convenient arrangement to which he had always been accustomed. But I should have expected Bacon to have considered it, and to have seen beforehand all the objections to the practice which he saw so clearly as soon as he was called upon to justify it.



## BACON'S APOTHEGMS.

Queen Elizabeth used to say of her instructions to great officers, that they were like to garments, strait at the first putting on, but did by and by wear easy enough.

A great officer at court, when my lord of Essex was first in trouble, and that he, and those that dealt for him, would talk

much of my lord's friends, and of his enemies, answered to one of them: "I will tell you, I know but one friend and one enemy my lord hath; and that one friend is the queen, and that one enemy is himself."

Queen Elizabeth was dilatory enough in suits, of her own nature; and the lord treasurer Burleigh being a wise man, and willing therein to feed her humor, would say to her, "Madam, you do well to let suitors stay; for I shall tell you, 'He gives twice who gives quickly:' if you grant them speedily, they will come again the sooner."

Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was keeper of the great seal of England, when Queen Elizabeth, in her progress, came to his house at Gorhambury, and said to him, "My lord, what a little house have you gotten!" answered her, "Madam, my house is well; but it is you that have made me too great for my house."

The lord keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon was asked his opinion by Queen Elizabeth, of one of these monopoly licenses. And he answered, "Madam, will you have me speak the truth? Licentia omnes deteriores sumus" — We are all the worse for licenses.

My lord of Essex, at the succor of Rouen, made twenty-four knights, which at that time was a great number. Divers of those gentlemen were of weak and small means; which, when Queen Elizabeth heard, she said, "My lord might have done well to have built his almshouse, before he made his knights."

There was a minister deprived for nonconformity, who said to some of his friends, that if they deprived him, it should cost a hundred men's lives. The party understood it, as if being a turbulent fellow, he would have moved sedition, and complained of him; whereupon being convented and opposed upon that speech, he said his meaning was that if he lost his benefice, he would practice physic, and then he thought he should kill a hundred men in time.

When Rabelais, the great jester of France, lay on his deathbed, and they gave him the extreme unction, a familiar friend of his came to him afterward and asked him how he did. Rabelais answered, "Even going my journey, they have greased my boots already."

Master Mason, of Trinity College, sent his pupil to another of the fellows, to borrow a book of him, who told him, "I am loath to lend my books out of my chamber; but if it pleases thy tutor to come and read it here, he shall as long as he will." It was winter, and some days after the same fellow sent to Mr. Mason to borrow his bellows; but Mr. Mason said, "I am loath to lend my bellows out of my chamber; but if thy tutor would come and use it here, he shall as long as he will."

In Flanders, by accident, a Flemish tiler fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, and killed him, though he escaped himself. The next of the blood prosecuted his death with great violence, and when he was offered pecuniary recompense, nothing would serve him but *lex talionis;* whereupon the judge said to him that if he did urge that sentence, it must be that he should go up to the top of the house, and then fall down upon the tiler.

There was a young man in Rome, that was very like Augustus Cæsar; Augustus took knowledge of him, and sent for the man, and asked him, "Was your mother never at Rome?" He answered, "No, sir. but my father was."

There was a captain sent to an exploit by his general with forces that were not likely to achieve the enterprise; the captain said to him, "Sir, appoint but half so many." "Why?" saith the general. The captain answered, "Because it is better that few die than more."

There was a harbinger who had lodged a gentleman in a very ill room, who expostulated with him somewhat rudely; but the harbinger carelessly said, "You will reap pleasure from it when you are out of it."

A company of scholars going together to catch conies, carried one scholar with them, which had not much more wit than he was born with; and to him they gave in charge, that if he saw any, he should be silent, for fear of scaring them. But he no sooner espied a company of rabbits before the rest, but he cried aloud, "Ecce multi cuniculi," which in English signifies, behold many conies; which he had no sooner said, but the conies ran to their burrows; and he being checked by them for it, answered, "Who the devil would have thought that the rabbits understood Latin?"

A tinker passing Cheapside with his usual tone, "Have you any work for a tinker?" an apprentice standing at a door opposite to a pillory there set up, called the tinker, with an intent to put a jest upon him, and told him that he should do very well if he would stop those two holes in the pillory; to which the tinker answered that if he would put his head and ears awhile in that pillory, he would bestow both brass and nails upon him to hold him in, and give him his labor into the bargain.

Whitehead, a grave divine, was much esteemed by Queen Elizabeth, but not preferred, because he was against the government of bishops: he was of a blunt stoical nature; he came one day to the queen, and the queen happened to say to him, "I like thee the better, Whitehead, because thou livest unmarried!" He answered, "In troth, madam, I like you the worse for the same cause."

Doctor Laud said that some hypocrites, and seeming mortified men, that held down their heads like bulrushes, were like the little images that they place in the very bowing of the vaults of churches, that look as if they held up the church, but are but puppets.

There was a lady of the west country, that gave great entertainment at her house to most of the gallant gentlemen thereabouts, and among others, Sir Walter Raleigh was one. This lady, though otherwise a stately dame, was a notable good housewife; and in the morning betimes, she called to one of her maids that looked to the swine, and asked, "Are the pigs served?" Sir Walter Raleigh's chamber was fast by the lady's, so as he heard her; a little before dinner, the lady came down in great state into the great chamber, which was full of gentlemen; and as soon as Sir Walter Raleigh set eye upon her, "Madam," said he, "are the pigs served?" The lady answered, "You know best whether you have had your breakfast."

There were fishermen drawing the river at Chelsea; Mr. Bacon came thither by chance in the afternoon, and offered to buy their draught; they were willing. He asked them what they would take? They asked thirty shillings. Mr. Bacon offered them ten. They refused it. "Why, then," saith Mr. Bacon, "I will be only a looker-on." They drew, and caught nothing. Saith Mr. Bacon, "Are not you mad fellows now,

that might have had an angel in your purse, to have made merry withal, and to have warmed you thoroughly, and now you must go home with nothing?" "Aye, but," said the fishermen, "we had hope then to make a better gain of it." Saith Mr. Bacon, "Well, my masters, then I'll tell you, hope is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper."

Zelim was the first of the Ottomans that did shave his beard, whereas his predecessors wore it long. One of his bashaws asked him why he altered the custom of his predecessors. He answered: "Because you bashaws may not lead me by the beard as you did them."

In chancery, at one time when the counsel of the parties set forth the boundaries of the land in question, by the plot; and the counsel of one part said, "We lie on this side, my lord;" and the counsel of the other part said, "And we lie on this side:" the lord chancellor Hatton stood up and said, "If you lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe?"

Sir Thomas More had only daughters, at the first, and his wife did ever pray for a boy. At last she had a boy, which, being come to man's estate, proved but simple. Sir Thomas said to his wife, "Thou prayedst so long for a boy that he will be a boy as long as he lives."

Sir Thomas More, on the day that he was beheaded, had a barber sent to him, because his hair was long; which was thought would make him more commiserated with the people. The barber came to him, and asked him whether he would be pleased to be trimmed? "In good faith, honest fellow," saith Sir Thomas, "the king and I have a suit for my head: and till the title be cleared, I will do no cost upon it."

There was a painter became a physician, whereupon one said to him: "You have done well; for before, the faults of your work were seen, but now they are unseen."

There was a gentleman that came to the tilt all in orange-tawny, and ran very ill. The next day he came again all in green, and ran worse. There was one of the lookers-on asked another, "What is the reason that this gentleman changeth his colors?" The other answered, "Sure, because it may be reported that the gentleman in the green ran worse than the gentleman in the orange-tawny."

Sir Thomas More had sent him by a suitor in chancery two silver flagons. When they were presented by the gentleman's servant, he said to one of his men, "Have him to the cellar, and let him have of my best wine:" and turning to the servant, said, "Tell thy master, if he like it, let him not spare it."

Sir Nicholas Bacon, when a certain nimble-witted counselor at the bar, who was forward to speak, did interrupt him often, said unto him, "There's a great difference betwixt you and me: a pain to me to speak, and a pain to you to hold your peace."

There was a king of Hungary took a bishop in battle, and kept him prisoner; whereupon the pope wrote a monitory to him, for that he had broken the privilege of holy church, and taken his son. The king sent an embassage to him, and sent withal the armor wherein the bishop was taken, and this only in writing, "Vide num hæc sit vestis filii tui"—Know now whether this be thy son's coat.

Sir Amyas Pawlet, when he saw too much haste made in any matter, was wont to say, "Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner."

A master of the request to Queen Elizabeth had divers times moved for an audience, and been put off. At last he came to the queen in a progress, and had on a new pair of boots. The queen, who loved not the smell of new leather, said to him, "Fie, sloven, thy new boots stink." "Madam," said he, "it is not my new boots that stink, but it is the stale bills that I have kept so long."

Queen Isabella of Spain used to say, whosoever hath a good presence and a good fashion, carries continual letters of recommendation

It was said of Augustus, and afterward the like was said of Septimius Severus, both which did infinite mischief in their beginnings, and infinite good toward their ends, that they should either have never been born or never died.

There was one that died greatly in debt: when it was reported in some company, where divers of his creditors casually were, that he was dead, one began to say, "Well, if he be gone, then he hath carried five hundred ducats of mine with him into the other world." and another said, "And two hun-

dred of mine;" and the third spake of great sums of his. Whereupon one that was among them said, "I perceive now that though a man cannot carry any of his own with him into the next world, yet he may carry away that which is another man's."

Bresquet, jester to Francis the First of France, did keep a calendar of fools, wherewith he did use to make the king sport; telling him ever the reason why he put any one into his calendar. When Charles the Fifth, emperor, upon confidence of the noble nature of Francis, passed through France, for the appeasing of the rebellion of Gaunt, Bresquet put him into his calendar. The king asked him the cause. He answered, "Because you have suffered at the hands of Charles the greatest bitterness that ever prince did from another, nevertheless he would trust his person into your hands." "Why, Bresquet," said the king, "what wilt thou say, if thou seest him pass back in as great safety as if he marched through the midst of Spain?" Saith Bresquet, "Why then I will put him out, and put in you."

When my lord president of the council came first to be lord treasurer, he complained to my lord chancellor of the troublesomeness of the place, for that the exchequer was so empty. The lord chancellor answered, "My lord, be of good cheer; for now you shall see the bottom of your business at the first."

Rabelais tells a tale of one that was very fortunate in compounding differences. His son undertook the said course, but could never compound any. Whereupon he came to his father and asked him, what art he had to reconcile differences? He answered, he had no other but this: to watch when the two parties were much wearied and their hearts were too great to seek reconcilement at one another's hand; then to be a means between them, and upon no other terms. After which the son went home, and prospered in the same undertakings.

Alonso Cartilio was informed by his steward of the greatness of his expense, being such as he could not hold out therewith. The bishop asked him, wherein it chiefly arose? His steward told him, in the multitude of his servants. The bishop bade him to make him a note of those that were necessary, and those that might be spared. Which he did. And the bishop, taking occasion to read it before most of his servants, said to his

steward, "Well, let these remain, because I have need of them; and these others also, because they have need of me."

Galba succeeded Nero, and his age being despised, there was much license and confusion in Rome during his empire; whereupon a senator said in full senate, it were better to live where nothing is lawful, than where all things are lawful.

Chilon said that kings' friends and favorites were like casting counters; that sometimes stood for one, sometimes for ten, sometimes for a hundred.

Clodius was acquitted by a corrupt jury, that had palpably taken shares of money before they gave their verdict; they prayed of the senate a guard, that they might do their consciences, for that Clodius was a very seditious young nobleman. Whereupon all the world gave him for condemned. But acquitted he was. Catulus, the next day seeing some of them that had acquitted him together, said to them: "What made you ask of us a guard? Were you afraid your money should have been taken from you?"

At the same judgment, Cicero gave in evidence upon oath: and when the jury, which consisted of fifty-seven, had passed against his evidence, one day in the senate Cicero and Clodius being in altercation, Clodius upbraided him, and said, "The jury gave you no credit." Cicero answered, "Five and twenty gave me credit; but there were two and thirty that gave you no credit, for they had their money beforehand."

Cato the elder was wont to say that the Romans were like sheep: a man could better drive a flock of them than one of them.

There was a soldier that vaunted before Julius Cæsar of the hurts he had received in his face. Julius Cæsar, knowing him to be but a coward, told him, "You were best take heed next time you run away, how you look back."

Vespasian asked of Apollonius what was the cause of Nero's ruin? Who answered, "Nero could tune the harp well, but in government he did always wind up the strings too high, or let them down too low."

There was a law made by the Romans against the bribery and extortion of the governors of provinces. Cicero saith, in a speech of his to the people, that he thought the provinces

would petition to the state of Rome to have that law repealed. "For," saith he, "before the governors did bribe and extort as much as was sufficient for themselves; but now they bribe and extort as much as may be enough, not only for themselves, but for the judges and jurors, and magistrates."

Pompey being commissioner for sending grain to Rome in time of dearth, when he came to the sea, found it very tempestuous and dangerous, insomuch as those about him advised him by no means to embark; but Pompey said, "It is of necessity that I go, not that I live."

Demades the orator, in his age, was talkative, and would eat hard. Antipater would say of him that he was like a sacrifice, that nothing was left of it but the tongue and the paunch.

Augustus Cæsar would say that he wondered that Alexander feared he should want work, having no more worlds to conquer, as if it were not as hard a matter to keep as to conquer.

Cato the elder, being aged, buried his wife, and married a young woman. His son came to him and said, "Sir, what have I offended, that you have brought a stepmother into your house?" The old man answered, "Nay, quite contrary, son; thou pleasest me so well, as I should be glad to have much more such."

Crassus the orator had a fish which the Romans call Muræna, that he made very tame and fond of him; the fish died, and Crassus wept for it One day, falling in contention with Domitius in the senate, Domitius said, "Foolish Crassus, you wept for your Muræna." Crassus replied, "That's more than you did for your two wives."

There was a philosopher that disputed with Adrian the emperor, and did it but weakly. One of his friends that stood by afterward said to him, "Methinks you were not like yourself last day, in argument with the emperor; I could have answered better myself." "Why," said the philosopher, "would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?"

There was one that found a great mass of money digged underground in his grandfather's house, and being somewhat doubtful of the case, signified it to the emperor, that he had found such treasure. The emperor made a rescript thus: "Use it." He wrote back again that the sum was greater than his state or condition could use. The emperor wrote a new rescript, thus: "Abuse it."

Plato reprehended severely a young man for entering into a dissolute house. The young man said to him, "Why do you reprehend so sharply for so small a matter?" Plato replied, "But custom is no small matter."

Pyrrhus, when his friends congratulated to him his victory over the Romans, under the conduct of Fabricius, but with great slaughter of his own side, said to them again, "Yes, but if we have such another victory, we are undone."

Plato was wont to say of his master Socrates that he was like the apothecaries' gallipots, that had on the outsides apes, owls, and satyrs, but within, precious drugs.

Alexander sent to Phocion a great present of money. Phocion said to the messenger, "Why doth the king send to me, and to none else?" The messenger answered, "Because he takes you to be the only good man in Athens." Phocion replied, "If he thinks so, pray let him suffer me to be so still."

Hanno the Carthaginian was sent commissioner by the state, after the second Carthaginian war, to supplicate for peace, and in the end obtained it; yet one of the sharper senators said, "You have often broken with us the peace whereunto you have sworn; I pray, by what god will you swear?" Hanno answered, "By the same gods that punished the former perjury so severely."

One of the seven was wont to say that laws were like cobwebs, where the small flies were caught, and the great break through.

There was a cowardly Spanish soldier, that in a defeat that the Moors gave, ran away with the foremost. Afterward, when the army generally fled, this soldier was missing. Whereupon it was said by some that he was slain. "No, sure," saith one, "he is alive; for the Moors eat no hare's flesh."

One was saying that his great-grandfather, and grandfather, and father died at sea Said another, that had heard him, "And I were as you, I would never come at sea." "Why?" saith he, "where did your great-grandfather, and grandfather, and father die?" He answered, "Where, but in their beds?" He answered, "And I were as you, I would never come in bed."

There was a dispute whether great heads or little heads had the better wit. And one said, "It must needs be the little;

for that it is a maxim, 'Every greater contains in itself the less.'"

Mr. Popham (afterward Lord Chief Justice Popham), when he was Speaker, and the House of Commons had sat long, and done in effect nothing, coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr. Speaker, what hath passed in the Commons House?" He answered, "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks."

Themistocles, in his lower fortune, was in love with a young gentleman who scorned him; but when he grew to his greatness, which was soon after, he sought him: Themistocles said, "We are both grown wise, but too late."

Solon, being asked whether he had given the Athenians the best laws, answered, "The best of those that they would have received."

Trajan would say of the vain jealousy of princes that seek to make away those that aspire to their succession, that there was never king that did put to death his successor.

Alexander used to say of his two friends, Craterus and Hephæstion, that Hephæstion loved Alexander, and Craterus loved the king.

One of the fathers saith that there is but this difference between the death of old men and young men: that old men go to death, and death comes to young men.

Jason the Thessalian was wont to say that some things must be done unjustly, that many things may be done justly.

Demetrius, king of Macedon, would at times retire himself from business, and give himself wholly to pleasures. On one of those his retirings, giving out that he was sick, his father, Antigonus, came on the sudden to visit him, and met a fair dainty youth coming out of his chamber. When Antigonus came in, Demetrius said, "Sir, the fever left me right now." Antigonus replied, "I think it was he that I met at the door."

When it was said to Anaxagoras, "The Athenians have condemned you to die," he replied, "And nature them."

Antigonus used often to go disguised, and to listen at the tents of his soldiers; and at a time heard some that spoke very

ill of him. Whereupon he opened the tent a little and said to them, "If you would speak ill of me, you should go a little farther off."

The ambassadors of Asia Minor came to Antonius, after he had imposed upon them a double tax, and said plainly to him, that if he would have two tributes in one year, he must give them two seedtimes and two harvests.

An orator of Athens said to Demosthenes, "The Athenians will kill you if they wax mad." Demosthenes replied, "And they will kill you if they be in good sense."

Epictetus used to say that one of the vulgar, in any ill that happens to him, blames others; a novice in philosophy blames himself; and a philosopher blames neither the one nor the other.

Cato the elder, what time many of the Romans had statues erected in their honor, was asked by one, in a kind of wonder, why he had none? He answered, he had much rather men should ask and wonder why he had no statue than why he had a statue.

A certain friend of Sir Thomas More, taking great pains about a book, which he intended to publish (being well conceited of his own wit, which no man else thought worthy of commendation), brought it to Sir Thomas More to peruse it, and pass his judgment upon it, which he did; and finding nothing therein worthy the press, he said to him, with a grave countenance, that if it were in verse, it would be more worthy. Upon which words, he went immediately and turned it into verse, and then brought it to Sir Thomas again; who, looking thereon, said soberly, "Yes, marry, now it is somewhat: for now it is rhyme; whereas before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

Phocion the Athenian (a man of great severity, and noways flexible to the will of the people), one day, when he spake to the people, in one part of his speech was applauded; whereupon he turned to one of his friends and asked, "What have I said amiss?"

Diogenes was one day in the market place, with a candle in his hand, and being asked what he sought, he said, he sought a man.

Queen Elizabeth was entertained by my Lord Burleigh at Theobalds; and at her going away, my lord obtained of the queen, to make seven knights. They were gentlemen of the country, of my lord's friends and neighbors. They were placed in a rank, as the queen should pass by the hall, and to win antiquity of knighthood, in order as my lord favored, though, indeed, the more principal gentlemen were placed lowest. The queen was told of it, and said nothing; but when she went along, she passed them all by, as far as the screen, as if she had forgot it; and when she came to the screen, she seemed to take herself with the manner, and said, "I had almost forgot what I promised." With that she turned back, and knighted the lowest first, and so upward. Whereupon Mr. Stanhope, of the privy chamber, a while after told her, "Your Majesty was too fine for my Lord Burleigh." She answered, "I have but fulfilled the Scripture: the first shall be the last, and the last first."

The Turks made an expedition into Persia; and because of the strait jaws of the mountains of Armenia, the bashaw consulted which way they should get in. One that heard the debate said, "Here's much ado how you shall get in; but I hear nobody take care how you should get out."

Pace the fool was not suffered to come at Queen Elizabeth, because of his bitter humor. Yet at one time, some persuaded the queen that he should come to her; undertaking for him, that he should keep within compass; so he was brought to her, and the queen said, "Come on, Pace, now we shall hear of our faults." Saith Pace, "I do not use to talk of that that all the town talks of."

After the defeat of Cyrus the younger, Falinus was sent by the king to the Grecians (who had for their part rather victory than otherwise), to command them to yield their arms; which, when it was denied, Falinus said to Clearchus, "Well, then, the king lets you know that if you remove from the place where you are now encamped, it is war; if you stay, it is truce. What shall I say you will do?" Clearchus answered, "It pleaseth us, as it pleaseth the king." "How is that?" saith Falinus. Saith Clearchus, "If we remove, war; if we stay, truce:" and so would not disclose his purpose.

Nero was wont to say of his master Seneca, that his style was like mortar without lime.

Sir Fulke Grevil had much and private access to Queen Elizabeth, which he used honorably, and did many men good: yet he would say merrily of himself that he was like Robin Goodfellow; for when the maids spilt the milk pans, or kept any racket, they would lay it upon Robin; so what tales the ladies about the queen told her, or other bad offices that they did, they would put it upon him.

Cato said the best way to keep good acts in memory was to refresh them with new.

Democritus said that truth did lie in the profound pits, and when it was got, it needed much refining.

Diogenes said of a young man that danced daintily, and was much commended, "'Tis better, the worse."

Queen Elizabeth, seeing Sir Edward —— in her garden, looked out at her window and asked him in Italian, "What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" Sir Edward (who had not had the effect of some of the queen's grants so soon as he had hoped and desired) paused a little, and then made answer, "Madame, he thinks of a woman's promise" The queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, "Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you. Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor."

When any great officer, ecclesiastical or civil, was to be made, the queen would inquire after the piety, integrity, and learning of the man. And when she was satisfied in these qualifications, she would consider of his personage. And upon such an occasion she pleased once to say to me, "Bacon, how can the magistrate maintain his authority when the man is despised?"

In eighty-eight, when the queen went from Temple Bar along Fleet Street, the lawyers were ranked on one side, and the companies of the city on the other; said Master Bacon to a lawyer that stood next to him, "Do but observe the courtiers; if they bow first to the citizens, they are in debt; if first to us, they are in law."

One was examined upon certain scandalous words spoken against the king. He confessed them and said, "It is true I spake them, and if the wine had not failed, I had said much more."

Charles the Bald allowed one whose name was Scottus to sit at the table with him for his pleasure. Scottus sat on the other side of the table. One time the king, being merry with him, said to him, "What is there between Scot and sot?" Scottus answered, "The table only."

There was a marriage made between a widow of great wealth and a gentleman of great house that had no estate or means. Jack Roberts said that marriage was like a black pudding: the one brought blood, and the other brought suet and oatmeal.

King James was wont to be very earnest with the country gentlemen to go from London to their country houses. And sometimes he would say thus to them: "Gentlemen, at London you are like ships at sea, which show like nothing; but in your country villages you are like ships in a river, which look like great things."

Count Gondomar sent a compliment to my Lord St. Alban, wishing him a good Easter. My lord thanked the messenger, and said he could not at present requite the count better than in returning him the like; that he wished his lordship a good Passover.

My Lord Chancellor Elsmere, when he had read a petition which he disliked, would say, "What, you would have my hand to this now?" And the party answering "Yes," he would say further, "Well, so you shall; nay, you shall have both my hands to it." And so would, with both his hands, tear it in pieces.

Sir Francis Bacon was wont to say of an angry man who suppressed his passion, that he thought worse than he spoke; and of an angry man that would chide, that he spoke worse than he thought.

When Mr. Attorney Coke, in the Exchequer, gave high words to Sir Francis Bacon, and stood much upon the higher place, Sir Francis said to him, "Mr. Attorney, the less you speak of your own greatness, the more I shall think of it; and the more, the less."

Sir Francis Bacon (who was always for moderate counsels), when one was speaking of such a reformation of the Church of England as would in effect make it no church, said thus to him: "Sir, the subject we talk of is the eye of England, and if there

be a speck or two in the eye, we endeavor to take them off; but he were a strange oculist who would pull out the eye."

The same Sir Francis Bacon was wont to say that those who left useful studies for useless scholastic speculations were like the Olympic gamesters, who abstained from necessary labors, that they might be fit for such as were not so.

The Lord St. Alban, who was not overhasty to raise theories, but proceeded slowly by experiments, was wont to say to some philosophers who would not go his pace, "Gentlemen, nature is a labyrinth, in which the very haste you move with will make you lose your way."

The same lord, when a gentleman seemed not much to approve of his liberality to his retinue, said to him: "Sir, I am all of a piece; if the head be lifted up, the inferior parts of the body must, too."

The Lord Bacon was wont to commend the advice of the plain old man at Buxton, that sold besoms: a proud, lazy young fellow came to him for a besom upon trust; to whom the old man said, "Friend, hast thou no money? Borrow of thy back, and borrow of thy belly, they'll ne'er ask thee again. I shall be dunning thee every day."

Jack Weeks said of a great man (just then dead), who pretended to some religion, but was none of the best livers, "Well, I hope he is in heaven. Every man thinks as he wishes; but if he be in heaven, 'twere pity it were known."



## A SUPPLICATION.

By ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Awake, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail,
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire.
Though so exalted she
And I so lowly be
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake:
And, though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try;
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My passion to remove,
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire,
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die.



## THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN.[1]

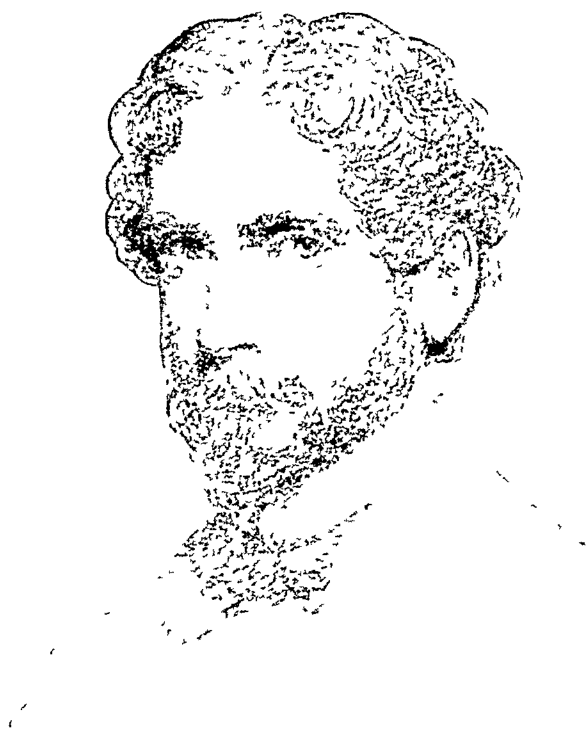
BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

(From the "Rise of the Dutch Republic")

[JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, American historian, was born in Dorchester, Mass, April 15, 1814, graduated at Harvard in 1831, and attended Gottingen and Berlin He was admitted to the bar in 1836, but practiced little, wrote the novels "Morton's Hope" (1839) and "Merry Mount" (1849), was secretary of legation at St Petersburg in 1840, 1851-1856 he spent in Europe gathering material for the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," which was translated into Dutch, German, and French, from 1858 to 1867 was in Europe again; in 1860 published vols 1 and 2 of the "History of the United Netherlands," 3 and 4 being issued in 1868, 1861-1867 was United States minister to Austria, resigning in the latter year, 1869-1870 was minister to England, published "John of Barneveld" in 1874 He died May 28, 1877]

THE preparations for the relief of Leyden, which, notwithstanding his exertions, had grown slack during his sickness,

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JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

were now vigorously resumed. On the 1st of September, Admiral Boisot arrived out of Zealand with a small number of vessels, and with eight hundred veteran sailors. A wild and ferocious crew were those eight hundred Zealanders. Scarred, hacked, and even maimed, in the unceasing conflicts in which their lives had passed; wearing crescents in their caps, with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than Popish"; renowned far and wide, as much for their ferocity as for their nautical skill; the appearance of these wildest of the "Sea Beggars" was both eccentric and terrific. They were known never to give nor to take quarter, for they went to *mortal* combat only, and had sworn to spare neither noble nor simple, neither king, kaiser, nor pope, should they fall into their power.

More than two hundred vessels had been now assembled carrying generally ten pieces of cannon, with from ten to eighteen oars, and manned with twenty-five hundred veterans, experienced both on land and water. The work was now undertaken in earnest. The distance from Leyden to the outer dike, over whose ruins the ocean had already been admitted, was nearly fifteen miles. This reclaimed territory, however, was not maintained against the sea by these external barriers alone. The flotilla made its way with ease to the Land-scheiding, a strong dike within five miles of Leyden, but here its progress was arrested. The approach to the city was surrounded by many strong ramparts, one within the other, by which it was defended against its ancient enemy, the ocean, precisely like the circumvallations by means of which it was now assailed by its more recent enemy, the Spaniard. To enable the fleet, however, to sail over the land, it was necessary to break through this twofold series of defenses. Between the Land-scheiding and Leyden were several dikes, which kept out the water; upon the level territory, thus encircled, were many villages, together with a chain of sixty-two forts, which completely occupied the land. All these villages and fortresses were held by the veteran troops of the King, the besieging force being about four times as strong as that which was coming to the rescue.

The Prince had given orders that the Land-scheiding, which was still one and a half foot above water, should be taken possession of, at every hazard. On the night of the 10th and 11th of September this was accomplished, by surprise, and in a masterly manner. The few Spaniards who had been stationed

floated, his only passage lay through one deep canal. The sea which had thus far borne him on, now diffusing itself over a very wide surface, and under the influence of an adverse wind, had become too shallow for his ships. The canal alone was deep enough, but it led directly towards a bridge strongly occupied by the enemy. Hostile troops, moreover, to the amount of three thousand occupied both sides of the canal. The bold Boisot, nevertheless, determined to force his passage, if possible. Selecting a few of his strongest vessels, his heaviest artillery, and his bravest sailors, he led the van himself, in a desperate attempt to make his way to the mere. He opened a hot fire upon the bridge, then converted into a fortress, while his men engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a succession of skirmishers from the troops along the canal. After losing a few men, and ascertaining the impregnable position of the enemy, he was obliged to withdraw, defeated, and almost despairing.

A week had elapsed since the great dike had been pierced, and the flotilla now lay motionless in shallow water, having accomplished less than two miles. The wind, too, was easterly, causing the sea rather to sink than to rise. Everything wore a gloomy aspect, when, fortunately, on the 18th, the wind shifted to the northwest, and for three days blew a gale. The waters rose rapidly, and before the second day was closed the armada was afloat again. Some fugitives from Zoetermeer village now arrived, and informed the Admiral that, by making a detour to the right, he could completely circumvent the bridge and the mere. They guided him, accordingly, to a comparatively low dike, which led between the villages of Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen. A strong force of Spaniards was stationed in each place, but, seized with a panic, instead of sallying to defend the barrier, they fled inward towards Leyden, and halted at the village of North Aa. It was natural that they should be amazed. Nothing is more appalling to the imagination than the rising ocean tide, when man feels himself within its power; and here were the waters, hourly deepening and closing around them, devouring the earth beneath their feet. while on the waves rode a flotilla manned by a determined race, whose courage and ferocity were known throughout the world. The Spanish soldiers, brave as they were on land, were not sailors, and in the naval contests which had taken place between them and the Hollanders had been almost invariably

defeated. It was not surprising, in these amphibious skirmishes, where discipline was of little avail, and habitual audacity faltered at the vague dangers which encompassed them, that the foreign troops should lose their presence of mind.

Three barriers, one within the other, had now been passed, and the flotilla, advancing with the advancing waves, and driving the enemy steadily before it, was drawing nearer to the beleaguered city. As one circle after another was passed, the besieging army found itself compressed within a constantly contracting field. The "Ark of Delft," an enormous vessel, with shot-proof bulwarks, and moved by paddle wheels turned by a crank, now arrived at Zoetermeer, and was soon followed by the whole fleet. After a brief delay, sufficient to allow the few remaining villagers to escape, both Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen, with the fortifications, were set on fire, and abandoned to their fate. The blaze lighted up the desolate and watery waste around, and was seen at Leyden, where it was hailed as the beacon of hope. Without further impediment, the armada proceeded to North Aa, the enemy retreating from this position also, and flying to Zoeterwoude, a strongly fortified village but a mile and three quarters from the city walls. It was now swarming with troops, for the bulk of the besieging army had gradually been driven into a narrow circle of forts, within the immediate neighborhood of Leyden. Besides Zoeterwoude, the two posts where they were principally established were Lammen and Leyderdorp, each within three hundred rods of the town At Leyderdorp were the headquarters of Valdez; Colonel Borgia commanded in the very strong fortress of Lammen

The fleet was, however, delayed at North Aa by another barrier, called the "Kirk-way." The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space, and diminishing under an east wind, which had again arisen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to the depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the fleet lay motionless upon the shallow sea. Orange, rising from his sick bed as soon as he could stand, now came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy, his words inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity, and those eight hundred mad

Zealanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreigners who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the Prince. He reconnoitered the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the Kirk-way, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery, on its arrival at North Aa; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and house tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt cake, horseflesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful — infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds,

posal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat eaters and dog eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves forever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city, and perish, men, women, and children together, in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed." Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards, derisively, to the citizens, "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince that if the spring tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to

ous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boathook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the mean time, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist.— "Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in con-

junction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a deathlike stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leiderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruc-

tion. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.



## CHARLES THE FIFTH.[1]

By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

(From the "Rise of the Dutch Republic.")

But if his sins against the Netherlands had been only those of financial and political oppression, it would be at least conceivable, although certainly not commendable, that the inhabitants should have regretted his departure. But there are far darker crimes for which he stands arraigned at the bar of history, and it is indeed strange that the man who had committed them should have been permitted to speak his farewell amid blended plaudits and tears. His hand planted the inquisition in the Netherlands. Before his day it is idle to say that the diabolical institution ever had a place there. The isolated cases in which inquisitors had exercised functions proved the absence and not the presence of the system, and will be discussed in a later chapter. Charles introduced and organized a papal inquisition, side by side with those terrible "placards" of his invention, which constituted a masked inquisition even more cruel than that of Spain. The execution of the system was never permitted to languish. The number of Netherlanders who were burned, strangled, beheaded, or buried alive, in obedience to his edicts, and for the offenses of reading the Scriptures, of looking askance at a graven image, or of ridiculing the actual presence of the body and blood of Christ in a wafer, have been placed as high as one hundred thousand by distinguished authorities, and have never been put at a lower mark than fifty thousand. The Venetian envoy Navigero placed the number of victims in the provinces of Holland and Friesland alone at thirty thousand, and this in 1546, ten years before the abdication, and five before the promulgation of the hideous edict of 1550!

The edicts and the inquisition were the gift of Charles to the Netherlands, in return for their wasted treasure and their constant obedience. For this, his name deserves to be handed

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Protestant chaplains. Lutheran preachers marched from city to city of the Netherlands under the imperial banner, while the subjects of those patrimonial provinces were daily suffering on the scaffold for their nonconformity. The influence of this garrison preaching upon the progress of the Reformation in the Netherlands is well known. Charles hated Lutherans, but he required soldiers, and he thus helped by his own policy to disseminate what, had he been the fanatic which he perhaps became in retirement, he would have sacrificed his life to crush. It is quite true that the growing Calvinism of the provinces was more dangerous both religiously and politically, than the Protestantism of the German princes, which had not yet been formally pronounced heresy, but it is thus the more evident that it was political rather than religious heterodoxy which the despot wished to suppress.

No man, however, could have been more observant of religious rites. He heard mass daily. He listened to a sermon every Sunday and holiday. He confessed and received the sacrament four times a year. He was sometimes to be seen in his tent at midnight, on his knees before a crucifix with eyes and hands uplifted. He ate no meat in Lent, and used extraordinary diligence to discover and to punish any man, whether courtier or plebeian, who failed to fast during the whole forty days. He was too good a politician not to know the value of broad phylacteries and long prayers. He was too nice an observer of human nature not to know how easily mint and cummin could still outweigh the "weightier matters of law, judgment, mercy, and faith"; as if the founder of the religion which he professed, and to maintain which he had established the inquisition and the edicts, had never cried woe upon the Pharisees. Yet there is no doubt that the Emperor was at times almost popular in the Netherlands, and that he was never as odious as his successor. There were some deep reasons for this, and some superficial ones; among others, a singularly fortunate manner. He spoke German, Spanish, Italian, French, and Flemish, and could assume the characteristics of each country as easily as he could use its language. He could be stately with Spaniards, familiar with Flemings, witty with Italians. He could strike down a bull in the ring like a matador at Madrid, or win the prize in the tourney like a knight of old; he could ride at the ring with the Flemish nobles, hit the popinjay with his crossbow among Antwerp artisans, or drink beer and

exchange rude jests with the boors of Brabant. For virtues such as these, his grave crimes against God and man, against religion and chartered and solemnly sworn rights have been palliated, as if oppression became more tolerable because the oppressor was an accomplished linguist and a good marksman.

But the great reason for his popularity no doubt lay in his military genius. Charles was inferior to no general of his age. "When he was born into the world," said Alva, "he was born a soldier," and the Emperor confirmed the statement and reciprocated the compliment, when he declared that "the three first captains of the age were himself first, and then the Duke of Alva and Constable Montmorency." It is quite true that all his officers were not of the same opinion, and many were too apt to complain that his constant presence in the field did more harm than good, and "that his Majesty would do much better to stay at home." There is, however, no doubt that he was both a good soldier and a good general. He was constitutionally fearless, and he possessed great energy and endurance. He was ever the first to arm when a battle was to be fought, and the last to take off his harness. He commanded in person and in chief, even when surrounded by veterans and crippled by the gout. He was calm in great reverses. It was said that he was never known to change color except upon two occasions: after the fatal destruction of his fleet at Algiers, and in the memorable flight from Innspruck. He was of a phlegmatic, stoical temperament, until shattered by age and disease; a man without a sentiment and without a tear. It was said by Spaniards that he was never seen to weep, even at the death of his nearest relatives and friends, except on the solitary occasion of the departure of Don Ferrante Gonzaga from court. Such a temperament was invaluable in the stormy career to which he had devoted his life. He was essentially a man of action, a military chieftain. "Pray only for my health and my life," he was accustomed to say to the young officers who came to him from every part of his dominions to serve under his banners, "for so long as I have these I will never leave you idle; at least in France. I love peace no better than the rest of you. I was born and bred to arms, and must of necessity keep on my harness till I can bear it no longer." The restless energy and the magnificent tranquillity of his character made him a hero among princes, an idol with his officers, a popular favorite everywhere. The promptness with which, at much personal hazard, he descended like a

thunderbolt in the midst of the Ghent insurrection; the juvenile ardor with which the almost bedridden man arose from his sick bed to smite the Protestants at Muhlberg; the grim stoicism with which he saw sixty thousand of his own soldiers perish in the wintry siege of Metz; all insured him a large measure of that applause which ever follows military distinction, especially when the man who achieves it happens to wear a crown He combined the personal prowess of a knight of old with the more modern accomplishments of a scientific tactician. He could charge the enemy in person like the most brilliant cavalry officer, and he thoroughly understood the arrangements of a campaign, the marshaling and victualing of troops, and the whole art of setting and maintaining an army in the field.

Yet, though brave and warlike as the most chivalrous of his ancestors, Gothic, Burgundian, or Suabian, he was entirely without chivalry. Fanaticism for the faith, protection for the oppressed, fidelity to friend and foe, knightly loyalty to a cause deemed sacred, the sacrifice of personal interests to great ideas, generosity of hand and heart; all those qualities which unite with courage and constancy to make up the ideal chevalier, Charles not only lacked but despised. He trampled on the weak antagonist, whether burgher or petty potentate. He was false as water. He inveigled his foes who trusted to imperial promises, by arts unworthy an emperor or a gentleman. He led about the unfortunate John Frederic of Saxony, in his own language, "like a bear in a chain," ready to be slipped upon Maurice should "the boy" prove ungrateful. He connived at the famous forgery of the prelate of Arras, to which the Landgrave Philip owed his long imprisonment; a villainy worse than many for which humbler rogues have suffered by thousands upon the gallows. The contemporary world knew well the history of his frauds, on scale both colossal and minute, and called him familiarly "Charles qui triche."

The absolute master of realms on which the sun perpetually shone, he was not only greedy for additional dominion, but he was avaricious in small matters, and hated to part with a hundred dollars. To the soldier who brought him the sword and gauntlets of Francis the First, he gave a hundred crowns, when ten thousand would have been less than the customary present; so that the man left his presence full of desperation. The three soldiers who swam the Elbe, with their swords in their mouths, to bring him the boats with which he passed to the victory of

Muhlberg, received from his imperial bounty a doublet, a pair of stockings, and four crowns apiece. His courtiers and ministers complained bitterly of his habitual niggardliness, and were fain to eke out their slender salaries by accepting bribes from every hand rich enough to bestow them. In truth Charles was more than anything else a politician, notwithstanding his signal abilities as a soldier. If to have founded institutions which could last, be the test of statesmanship, he was even a statesman; for many of his institutions have resisted the pressure of three centuries. But those of Charlemagne fell as soon as his hand was cold, while the works of many ordinary legislators have attained to a perpetuity denied to the statutes of Solon or Lycurgus. Durability is not the test of merit in human institutions. Tried by the only touchstone applicable to governments, their capacity to insure the highest welfare of the governed, we shall not find his polity deserving of much admiration. It is not merely that he was a despot by birth and inclination, nor that he naturally substituted as far as was practicable, the despotic for the republican element, wherever his hand can be traced. There may be possible good in despotisms as there is often much tyranny in democracy. Tried, however, according to the standard by which all governments may be measured, those laws of truth and divine justice which all Christian nations recognize, and which are perpetual, whether recognized or not, we shall find little to venerate in the life work of the Emperor. The interests of his family, the security of his dynasty, these were his end and aim. The happiness or the progress of his people never furnished even the indirect motives of his conduct, and the result was a baffled policy and a crippled and bankrupt empire at last.

He knew men, especially he knew their weaknesses, and he knew how to turn them to account. He knew how much they would bear, and that little grievances would sometimes inflame more than vast and deliberate injustice. Therefore he employed natives mainly in the subordinate offices of his various states, and he repeatedly warned his successor that the haughtiness of Spaniards and the incompatibility of their character with the Flemish would be productive of great difficulties and dangers. It was his opinion that men might be tyrannized more intelligently by their own kindred, and in this perhaps he was right. He was indefatigable in the discharge of business, and if it were possible that half a world could be adminis-

tered as if it were the private property of an individual, the task would have been perhaps as well accomplished by Charles as by any man. He had not the absurdity of supposing it possible for him to attend to the details of every individual affair in every one of his realms; and he therefore intrusted the stewardship of all specialities to his various ministers and agents. It was his business to know men and to deal with affairs on a large scale, and in this he certainly was superior to his successor. His correspondence was mainly in the hands of Granvelle the elder, who analyzed letters received, and frequently wrote all but the signatures of the answers. The same minister usually possessed the imperial ear, and farmed it out for his own benefit. In all this there was of course room for vast deception, but the Emperor was quite aware of what was going on, and took a philosophic view of the matter as an inevitable part of his system. Granvelle grew enormously rich under his eye by trading on the imperial favor and sparing his majesty much trouble. Charles saw it all, ridiculed his peculations, but called him his "bed of down." His knowledge of human nature was, however, derived from a contemplation mainly of its weaknesses, and was therefore one-sided. He was often deceived, and made many a fatal blunder, shrewd politician though he was. He involved himself often in enterprises which could not be honorable or profitable, and which inflicted damage on his greatest interests. He often offended men who might have been useful friends, and converted allies into enemies. "His Majesty," said a keen observer who knew him well, "has not in his career shown the prudence which was necessary to him. He has often offended those whose love he might have conciliated, converted friends into enemies, and let those perish who were his most faithful partisans." Thus it must be acknowledged that even his boasted knowledge of human nature and his power of dealing with men was rather superficial and empirical than the real gift of genius.

His personal habits during the greater part of his life were those of an indefatigable soldier. He could remain in the saddle day and night, and endure every hardship but hunger. He was addicted to vulgar and miscellaneous incontinence. He was an enormous eater. He breakfasted at five, on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. After this he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, partaking always of twenty dishes. He supped twice; at first, soon after ves-

pers, and the second time at midnight or one o'clock, which meal was, perhaps, the most solid of the four. After meat he ate a great quantity of pastry and sweetmeats, and he irrigated every repast by vast draughts of beer and wine. His stomach, originally a wonderful one, succumbed after forty years of such labor. His taste, but not his appetite, began to fail, and he complained to his major-domo, that all his food was insipid. The reply is, perhaps, among the most celebrated of facetiæ The cook could do nothing more unless he served his Majesty a pasty of watches. The allusion to the Emperor's passion for horology was received with great applause. Charles "laughed longer than he was ever known to laugh before, and all the courtiers (of course) laughed as long as his Majesty."



## THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

By FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

(Translation of Edward Bulwer-Lytton)

She comes, she comes — the Burden of the Deeps!
Beneath her wails the Universal Sea!
With clanking chains and a new God, she sweeps,
And with a thousand thunders, unto thee!
The ocean castles and the floating hosts —
Ne'er on their like looked the wild waters! — Well
May man the monster name "Invincible"
O'er shuddering waves she gathers to thy coasts!
The honor that she spreads can claim
Just title to her haughty name
The trembling Neptune quails
Under the silent and majestic forms;
The Doom of Worlds in those dark sails,
Near and more near they sweep while slumber all the storms

Before thee, the array
Blest Island, Empress of the Sea,
The sea-born squadrons threaten thee,
And thy great heart, Britannia!
Woe to thy people, of their freedom proud —
She rests, a thunder heavy in its cloud!
Who to thy hand the orb and scepter gave,
That thou shouldst be the sovereign of the nations!

To tyrant kings thou wert thyself the slave
  Till Freedom dug from Law its deep foundations;
The mighty chart thy citizens made kings.
  And kings to citizens sublimely bowed,
And thou thyself, upon thy realm of water,
Hast thou not rendered millions up to slaughter
When thy ships brought upon their sailing wings
          The scepter—and the shroud?
What shouldst thou thank? Blush, Earth, to hear and feel!
What shouldst thou thank? Thy genius and thy steel!
Behold the hidden and the giant fires!
  Behold thy glory trembling to its fall!
Thy coming doom the round earth shall appeal,
And all the hearts of freemen beat for thee,
And all free souls their fate in thine foresee—
          *Theirs* is *thy* glory's fall!
One look below the Almighty gave,
Where streamed the lion-flags of thy proud foe;
And near and wider yawned the horrid grave.
"And who," saith He, "shall lay mine England low—
The stem that blooms with hero deeds—
The rock where man from wrong a refuge needs—
The stronghold where the tyrant comes in vain?
Who shall bid England vanish from the main?
Ne'er be this only Eden Freedom knew,
Man's stout defense from Power, to Fate consigned."

God the Almighty blew,
And the Armada went to every wind!



## THE ARMADA.[1]

BY LEOPOLD VON RANKE

(From the "History of England")

[LEOPOLD VON RANKE, one of the foremost of modern historians, was born at Wieke, in Saxony, December 21, 1795, studied at the University of Leipzig, in 1817 became professor of history in the "Gymnasium" at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and in 1824 published a "Critique on Modern Historians" (1824), and "History of the Roman and Teutonic Nations between 1494 and 1535," which gained him a professorship in the University of Berlin. The archives in the royal library there gave him materials for his voluminous "History of the

[1] By permission of the Clarendon Press. (6 vols, 8vo, price £3 3s.)

Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," the first volume published in 1827 Obtaining a long leave of absence, he spent four years in studying the archives at Vienna, Venice, Rome, and Florence, and in 1834-1837 published the "History of the Popes" (mainly of the late mediæval period), and "History of the Servian Revolution" In 1839-1847 came the "History of Germany during the Reformation," his best work; in 1841 he became royal historiographer, and published "Nine Books (afterwards twelve) of Russian History", in 1852-1861 "History of France, Principally in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries", 1859-1874, "History of England, Principally in the Seventeenth Century", 1868, "History of Germany between the Religious Peace and the Thirty Years' War"; 1869, "History of Wallenstein", 1870, "The Origin and Beginning of the Revolutionary War", 1872, "The German Powers and the League of Princes"; 1873, "Correspondence of Frederick William IV. with Baron Bunsen"; 1875, "Contributions to the History of Austria and Russia, between the Treaties of Aachen and Hubertsburg", 1877, "Memoirs of Hardenburg"; and in 1880 the first volume of a great "Universal History," of which he issued a volume each year till his death, May 23, 1886 He also wrote many monographs and essays; and he taught and trained nearly all the best recent German historians.]

At this moment the war with the Spaniards — the resistance which the English auxiliaries offered to them in the Netherlands, as well as the attack now being made on their coasts — occupied men's minds all the more, as the success of both the one and the other was very doubtful, and a most dangerous counterstroke was to be expected. The lion they wished to bind had only become more exasperated. The naval war in particular provoked the extreme of peril.

Hostilities had been going on a long while, arising at first from the privateering which filled the whole of the Western Ocean. The English traders held it to be their right to avenge every injustice done them on their neighbor's coasts — for man has, they said, a natural desire of procuring himself satisfaction — and so turned themselves into freebooters. Through the counter operations of the Spaniards this private naval war became more and more extensive, and then also gradually developed more glorious impulses, as we see in Francis Drake, who at first only took part in the mere privateering of injured traders, and afterwards rose to the idea of a maritime rivalry between the nations. It was an important moment in the history of the world when Drake on the isthmus of Panama first caught sight of the Pacific, and prayed God for His grace that he might be sent over this sea some day in an English ship — a grace since granted not merely to himself, but also in the richest measure to his nation. Many companies were formed to resume the voyages of discovery, already once begun and

then again discontinued And as the Spaniards based their exclusive right to the possession of the other hemisphere on the Pope's decision, Protestant ideas, which mocked at this supremacy of the Romish See over the world, now contributed also to impel men to occupy land in these regions. This was always effected in the main by voluntary efforts of wealthy mercantile houses, or enterprising members of the court and state, to whom the Queen gave patents of authorization. In this way Walter Ralegh, in his political and religious opposition to the Spaniards, founded an English colony on the transatlantic continent, in Wingandacoa: the Queen was so much pleased at it that she gave the district a name which was to preserve the remembrance of the quality she was perhaps proudest of. she called it Virginia.

But at last she formally undertook the naval war; it was at the same time a motive for the league with the Hollanders, who could do excellent service in it; by attacking the West Indies she hoped to destroy the basis of the Spanish greatness.

Francis Drake was commissioned to open the war. When, in October, 1585, he reached the Islas de Bayona on the Gallician coast, he informed the governor, Don Pedro Bermudez, that he came in his Queen's name to put an end to the grievances which the English had had to suffer from the Spaniards. Don Pedro answered, he knew nothing of any such grievances; but, if Drake wished to begin war, he was ready to meet him.

Francis Drake then directed his course at once to the West Indies. He surprised St. Domingo and Carthagena, occupied both one and the other for a short time, and levied heavy contributions on them. Then he brought back to England the colonists from Virginia, who were not yet able to hold their own against the natives The next year he inflicted still more damage on the Spaniards. He made his way into the harbor of Cadiz, which was full of vessels that had either come from both the Indies or were proceeding thither; he sank or burnt them all. His privateers covered the sea.

Often already had the Spaniards planned an invasion of England. The most pressing motive of all lay in these maritime enterprises The Spaniards remarked that the stability and power of their monarchy did not rest so much on the strong places they possessed in all parts of the world as on the movable instruments of dominion by which the connection with them was kept up; the interruption of the communica-

tion, caused by Francis Drake and his privateers, between just the most important points on the Spanish and the Netherlandish coasts, seemed to them unendurable; they desired to rid themselves of it at any price. And to this was now added the general cry of vengeance for the execution of the Queen of Scots, which was heard from the pulpit in the presence of the King himself. But this was not the only result of that event. The life of Queen Mary and her claim to the succession had always stood in the way of Spanish ambition: now Philip II. could think of taking possession of the English throne himself. He concluded a treaty with Pope Sixtus V., under which he was to hold the crown of England as a fief of the Holy See, which would thus, and by the reestablishment of the Church's authority, have also attained to the revival of its old feudal supremacy over England.

Once more the Spanish monarchy and the Papacy were closely united in their spiritual and political claims. Sixtus V. excommunicated the Queen afresh, declared her deposed, and not merely released her subjects from their oath of allegiance, but called on every man to aid the King of Spain and his general, the Duke of Parma, against her.

Negotiations for peace, however, were still being carried on in 1587 between Spanish and English plenipotentiaries. It was mainly the merchants of London and Antwerp that urged it; and as the Spaniards at that time had manifestly the best of the struggle, were masters of the lower Rhine and the Meuse, had invaded Friesland, had besieged and at last taken Sluys in despite of all resistance, we can understand how the English plenipotentiaries were moved to unexpected concessions. They would have consented to the restoration of the Spanish supremacy over the northern Netherlands, if Philip would have granted the inhabitants freedom of conscience. Alexander of Parma brought forward a proposal to make, it is true, their return to Catholicism obligatory, but with the assurance that no Inquisition should be set over them, nor any one punished for his deviation from the faith. Even if the negotiation was not meant to be completely in earnest, it is worth remarking on what rock it was wrecked. Philip II. would neither grant such an assurance, which in its essence involved freedom of conscience, nor grant this itself completely in a better form. His strength lay precisely in his maintaining the Catholic system with unrelenting energy: by this he secured the attachment

of the priests and the zealous laity. And how could he, at a moment when he was so closely united with the Pope, and could reckon on the millions heaped up in the castle of St. Angelo for his enterprise, so completely deviate from the strictness of exclusive belief? He thought he was within his right when he refused any religious concession, seeing that every other sovereign issued laws prescribing the religion of his own territories.

If the war was to be continued, Alexander of Parma would have wished that all his efforts should be first directed against Vliessingen, where there was an English garrison; from the harbor there England itself could be attacked far more easily and safely. But it was replied in Spain that this enterprise was likewise very extensive and costly, while it would bring about no decisive result. And yet Alexander himself too held an invasion of England to be absolutely necessary; his reports largely contributed to strengthen the King in this idea; Philip decided to proceed without further delay to the enterprise that was needful at the moment and opened world-wide prospects for the future.

He took into consideration that the monarchy at this moment had nothing to fear from the Ottomans, who were fully occupied with a Persian war, and above all that France was prevented from interfering by the civil strife that had broken out. This has been designated as the chief aim of Philip's alliance with the Guises, and it certainly may have formed one reason for it Left alone, with only herself to rely on (so the Spaniards further judged), the Queen of England would no longer be an object of fear: she had no more than forty ships; once in an engagement off the Azores, in the Portuguese war, the English had been seen to give way for the first time; if it came to a sea fight, the vastly superior Spanish Armada would without doubt prove victorious. But for a war on land also she was not prepared; she had no more than six thousand real soldiers in the country. with whom she could neither meet nor resist the veteran troops of Spain in the open field. They had only to march straight on London; seldom was a great city, which had remained long free from attack, able to hold out against a sudden attack, able to hold out against a sudden assault; the Queen would either be forced to make a peace honorable to Spain, or would by a long resistance give the King an opportunity of forming out of the Spanish nobility, which would otherwise degenerate in in-

even allowed the son of a Moorish prince to take part in the Catholic expedition. Infantry and cavalry also had come from Catholic Germany.

It was a joint enterprise of the Spanish monarchy and a great part of the Catholic world, headed by the Pope and the King, to overthrow the Queen who was regarded as the Head, and the State which was regarded as the main support, of Protestantism and the anti-Spanish policy.

We do not find any detailed and at the same time authentic information as to the plan of the invasion; a Spanish soldier and diplomatist however, much employed in the military and political affairs of the time, and favored with the confidence of the highest persons, J. Baptista de Tassis, gives us an outline, which we may accept as quite trustworthy. We know that in Antwerp, Nieuport, and Dunkirk, with the advice of Hanseatic and Genoese master builders, transports had been got ready for the whole force: from Nieuport (to which place also were brought the vessels built at Antwerp) 14,000 men were to be conveyed across to England, and from Dunkirk 12,000. But where were they to effect a junction with each other and with the Spaniards? Tassis assures us that they had selected for this purpose the roadstead of Margate on the coast of Kent, a safe and convenient harbor; there, immediately after the Spanish Armada had arrived, or as nearly as possible at the same time with it, the fleet of transports from the Netherlands also was to make the shore, and Alexander of Parma was then to assume the command in chief of the whole force and march straight on London.

All that Philip II. had ever thought or planned was thus concentrated as it were into one focus. The moment was come when he could subdue England, become master of the European world, and reestablish the Catholic faith in the form in which he professed it. When the fleet (on the 22d July, 1588) sailed out of Corunna, and the long-meditated, long-prepared, enterprise was now set in action, the King and the nation displayed deep religious emotion: in all the churches of the land prayers were offered up for forty days; in Madrid solemn processions were arranged to our Lady of Atocha, the patroness of Spain: Philip II. spent two hours each day in prayer. He was in the state of silent excitement which an immense design and the expectation of a great turn in a man's fortune call forth. Scarcely any one dared to address a word to him.

no preparations made there for defense and the English squadron was not fully manned. But this was not in the plan, and would, especially if it failed, have incurred a heavy responsibility. Medina Sidonia was only empowered and prepared to accept battle by sea if the English should offer it. His galleys, improved after the Venetian pattern, and especially his galleons (immense sailing ships which carried cannon on their different decks on all sides), were without doubt superior to the vessels of the English. When the latter, some sixty sail strong, came out of the harbor, he hung out the great standard from the foremast of his ship as a signal for all to prepare for battle. But the English admiral did not intend to let matters come to a regular naval fight. He was perfectly aware of the superiority of the Spanish equipment and had even forbidden boarding the enemies' vessels. His plan was to gain the weather gauge of the Armada, and inflict damage on them in their course, and throw them into disorder. The English followed the track of the Armada in four squadrons, and left no advantage unimproved that might offer. They were thoroughly acquainted with this sea, and steered their handy vessels with perfect certainty and mastery; the Spaniards remarked with dissatisfaction that they could at pleasure advance, attack, and again break off the engagement. Medina Sidonia was anxious above all things to keep his Armada together: after a council of war he let a great ship which lagged behind fall into the hands of the enemy, as her loss would be less damaging than the breaking up of the line which would result from the attempt to save her; he sent round his sargentes mayores to the captains to tell them not to quit the line on pain of death.

On the whole the Spaniards were not discontented with their voyage, when, after a week of continuous skirmishing, they, without having sustained any very considerable losses, had traversed the English Channel, and on Saturday, the 6th August, passed Boulogne and arrived off Calais; it was the first point at which they had wished to touch. But now to cross to the neighboring coast of England, as seems to have been the original plan, became exceedingly difficult, because the English fleet guarded it, and the Spanish galleons were less able in the straits than elsewhere to compete with those swift vessels It was also being strengthened every moment; the young nobility emulously hastened on board. But neither could the admiral proceed to Dunkirk, as the harbor was then far too narrow

to receive his large ships, and his pilots were afraid of being carried to the northward by the currents. He anchored in the roadstead east of Calais in the direction of Dunkirk.

He had already previously informed the Duke of Parma that he was on the way, and had then, immediately before his arrival at Calais, dispatched a pilot to Dunkirk, to request that he would join him with a number of small vessels, that they might better encounter the English, and bring with him cannon balls of a certain caliber, of which he began to fall short. It is clear that he still wished to undertake from thence, if supported according to his views, the great attempt at a disembarkation which he was commissioned to effect. But Alexander of Parma, whom the first message had found some days before at Bruges, had not yet arrived at Dunkirk when the second came: the preparations for embarking were only then just begun for the first time; and they could scarcely venture actually to embark, as English and Dutch ships of war were still ever cruising before the harbor.

Alexander Farnese's failure to effect a junction with Medina Sidonia has been always traced to personal motives: it was even said in England, at a later time, that Queen Elizabeth had offered him the hand of Lady Arabella Stuart, which might open the way to the English throne for himself. It is true that his enterprises in the Netherlands appeared to lie closest to his heart; even Tassis, who was about his person, remarks that he carried on his preparations more out of obedience than with any zeal of his own. But the chief cause why the two operations were not better combined lay in their very nature. The geographical relation of the Spanish monarchy to England would have required two separate invasions, the one from the Pyrenean peninsula, the other from the Netherlands. The wish to combine the forces of such distant countries in a single invasion made the enterprise, especially when the means of communication of the period were so inadequate, overpoweringly helpless. Wind and weather had been little considered in the scheme. In both those countries immense materials of war had been collected with extreme effort; they had been brought within a few miles of sea of each other, but combine they could not. Now for the first time came to light the full superiority which the English gained from their corsairlike and bold method of war, and their alliance with the Dutch. It was seen that a sudden attack would suffice to break the whole combi-

nation in pieces: Queen Elizabeth was said to have herself devised the plan and its arrangement.

The Armada was still lying at anchor in line of battle, waiting for news from Alexander Farnese, when in the night between Sunday and Monday (7th to 8th August) the English sent some fire ships, about eight in number, against it. They were his worst vessels which Lord Howard gave up for this purpose, but their mere appearance produced a decisive result. Medina Sidonia could not refuse his ships permission to slip their anchors, that each might avoid the threatening danger; only he commanded them to afterwards resume their previous order. But things wore a completely different appearance the following morning. The tide had carried the vessels towards the land, a direction they did not want to take; now for the first time the attacks of the English proved destructive to them; part of the ships had become disabled; it was completely impossible to obey the admiral's orders that they should return to their old position. Instead of this, unfavorable winds drove the Armada against its will along the coast; in a short time the English too gave up the pursuit of the enemy, who without being quite beaten was yet in flight, and abandoned him to his fate. The wind drove the Spaniards on the shoals of Zealand; once they were in such shallow water that they were afraid of running aground: some of their galleons in fact fell into the hands of the Dutch. Fortunately for them the wind veered round first to the N S W., then to the S.S.W., but they could not even then regain the Channel, nor would they have wished it; only by the longest circuit, round the Orkney Islands, could they return to Spain.

A storm fraught with ruin had lowered over England; it was scattered before it discharged its thunder. So completely true is the expression on a Dutch commemorative medal, "The breath of God has scattered them" (*flavit et dissapati sunt*).

Philip II. saw the Armada, which he had hoped would give the dominion of the world into his hand, return home again in fragments without having, we do not say accomplished, but even attempted anything worth the trouble. He did not, therefore, renounce his design. He spoke of his wish to fit out lighter vessels, and intrust the whole conduct of the expedition to the Prince of Parma The Cortes of Castille requested him not to put up with the disgrace incurred, but to chastise this woman; they offered him their whole prope [illegible]d all the chil-

them; the national energy turned towards the sea. And they obtained some successes. In the harbor of Corunna they destroyed the collected stores, which were probably to have served for renewing the expedition. Once they took the harbor of Cadiz and occupied the city itself: more than once they alarmed and endangered the West Indies. But with all this nothing decisive was effected; the Spanish monarchy maintained an undoubted ascendency in Europe, and the exclusive possession of the other hemisphere: it was the Great Power of the age. But over against it England also now took up a strong and formidable position.

Events in France exercised a strong counteraction on the Netherlands; under their influence the reconquest of the United Provinces became impossible for Spain. Elizabeth also contributed largely to the victories by which Prince Maurice of Orange secured a strong frontier. But these could not prevent a powerful Catholic government arising on the other side in the Belgian provinces: and though they were at first kept apart from Spain, yet it did not escape the Queen that this would not last forever: she seems to have had a foreboding that these countries would become the battle ground of a later age. However this might be, the antagonism of principle between the Catholic Netherlands (which were still ruled by the Austro-Spanish House) and the Protestant Netherlands (in which the Republic maintained itself), and the continued war between them, insured the security of England, for the sake of which the Queen had broken with Spain. Burleigh's objects were in the main attained.



## TRUE LIBERTY.

By DIRK COORNHERT.

(Translated by Sir John Bowring.)

What's the world's liberty to him whose soul is firmly bound
With numberless and deadly sins that fetter it around?
What's the world's thraldom to the soul which in itself is free? —
Naught! with his master's bonds he stands more privileged, more
great,
Than many a golden-fettered fool with outward pomp elate,
For chains grace virtue, while they bring deep shame on tyranny.

# THE SPANISH ARMADA.[1]

By W CLARK RUSSELL

[William Clark Russell, the popular English writer of sea stories, was born in New York city, February 24, 1844, son of the vocalist Henry Russell, author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" and "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and of Isabella Lloyd, niece of the poet Charles Lloyd He was in the British merchant service from thirteen to twenty, when he abandoned the sea for journalism Since 1887 he has devoted himself entirely to writing fiction. Among the most popular of his nautical novels are "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate" (1874), "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "The Lady Maud," "Jack's Courtship," "Frozen Pirate," "Marooned," "Romance of Jenny Harlowe," "An Ocean Tragedy," "My Danish Sweetheart," "The Convict Ship," "The Last Entry" He has also written a sketch of Nelson (1890), and a life of Collingwood (1891) ]

As the curtain of memory rises upon the most majestic, if not the most glorious, of the conflicts in all maritime history, the very first scene disclosed is hardly less noteworthy than the most impressive of the features of the mighty marine piece. It is a clear summer night; the stars are bright, and spangle the fine liquid dusk down to the sea line; but in the far east there is the green faintness of the lunar dawn, and the black line of the rolling horizon stands out against it as though wrought by the sweep of a brush steeped in India ink. A pinnace of those days, a little sailing craft of some hundred tons, let us call it, is buzzing through the dark waters, with her head east-northeast for Plymouth town. She is a piratical craft, with the Jolly Roger for her bunting, and is commanded by Master Thomas Fleming, a hardy Scotsman. He is short of victuals and water, and his ship besides has been somewhat roughly handled by successive gales of wind; so he is homeward bound, after a tedious and idle filibustering cruise. But it is for something more than the mere design of filling his casks and re-stocking his tierces that he is speeding for the English coast under every press of cloth he can spread abroad. For it is only just now that, whilst standing near the tiller looking to windward, with the weatherly eye of a sailor ever on the watch for a change, he took notice of a blot of blackness making a deeper dye upon the shadow of the night far down in the south. And away past it he descried such another blotch, and yet another and another still, and so on through a range of hard upon two leagues of seaboard; showing, all of

[1] From "Mystery of the Ocean Star" By permission of Chatto & Windus Crown 8vo, price 3s 6d



W CLARK RUSSELL

*From a photo by Elliott & Fry*

them, like the shoulders of black clouds lifting slowly to the stars, with a compacted mass of vapor to follow.

But Fleming was born in a land that breeds the finest race of sailors in the world, besides having served a long apprenticeship to the business of keeping a bright lookout for prizes. It was impossible he could be mistaken. Every instinct of the mariner in him gave him warning; indeed, it was in full cry at a breath. 'Twas the Spaniard coming, by Our Lady! Those dusky loomings were ships, and nothing else. They were the swelling canvas of the mighty galleons and huge carracks of the Don. So it was "crack on all" with the pirate, and "buzz away" with him to Plymouth town to give the news, as nimbly as ever the soft summer night wind could blow his little round-bowed craft along. The mere fancy of the fate of England hanging upon that small craft, swinging her quaint form over the long swells of the Atlantic rolling northwards to the narrow seas, should make a man hold his breath, even three hundred years afterwards, for a moment, as he thinks how it might have been with this tight little island but for the alertness of that piratical, patriotic old Scotsman, willing to heave overboard all sulky prejudice against England, all sullen resentment over the beheading of Queen Mary, at sight of yonder dusky challenge to his heart as a Briton. England lay sleeping restfully after months of bitter disquiet. Master Thomas Fleming knew that. His own suspicions had been lulled, though he had hung much about the Spanish seaboard. The mighty fleet had sailed from the Tagus, but the news of its having been dispersed by a tempest that had wrecked three of the Portuguese galleys, dismasted eight of the bigger ships, and forced the Duke of Medina Sidonia, with such as were visible of his Armada clinging to his skirts, into the Bay of Corunna, there to refresh and to ship more soldiers, was already old. Fleming, picking up the gossip, as he cruised here and there, knew that the British High Admiral, the Lord Charles Howard, had received her Majesty's commands to send four of her tallest and strongest ships to Chatham for repairs and reequipment, as it was the Queen's belief that the Spanish fleet had no present intention of putting to sea. The pirate was also aware that many of the British ships lying at Plymouth were in a partially dismantled condition, the crews ashore, sails unbent, rigging unrove; and that the fate of the nation was sealed, if the stems of the Don's mighty galleons

struck our English home waters before the noble Howard could be apprised of the enemy's approach. This wonderful passage of our national story grows confused presently with the intermingling of contending vessels, disjointed murderous struggles, the flames of fire ships, the rage of battle slowly trending, like a pall of gunpowder smoke, from abreast of the Start to the white terraces of the Forelands. But that incident of Fleming, that detail of his little pinnace seeming to yearn, in her swelling canvas, with the same wild longing to make haste that animated the spirit of the pirate, stands out bright and sharp in its isolation. One sees the figure of the man, in slouched hat, short cloak, belted doublet, jack boots, spiked beard, and mustachios curled upon his cheeks, standing at the rail of his humming craft, and sending a falcon glance under the sharp of his hand into the southern dusk, where the loom of a hundred dark shadows break the continuity of the sea line there

It was at four o'clock in the afternoon on July 19, according to the old writers, that Master Thomas Fleming, being arrived at Plymouth Sound, rowed to the Lord High Admiral and told him that the Spaniard was close aboard, sailing large under towers of canvas, a vast, incredible multitude of him. It is three hundred years ago, but the variations of human nature are as the polaric changes of the compass, slow, with a steadfast recurrence to the old bearings; and nothing is easier than to imagine to-day what the feeling then was when Fleming delivered his report. There is an old story of Sir Francis Drake leisurely completing his game of bowls, after a glance of indifference seawards. It is a good tale for the marines. There is no illustration in all naval history that so gloriously expressed the English seaman's genius of promptitude as the dispatch Howard and his men exhibited in making ready to prepare for sea and confront the enemy. A large number of the sailors and soldiers belonging to the Royal ships were ashore, as Fleming had heard; yet before darkness had settled down that same night the admiral was lying ready with six ships, waiting for the morning to break for others to join him. They arrived in twos and threes, and assuredly not one moment too soon; for at midday the Armada hove into view, whitening in a crescent seven miles of sea with its flowing canvas, and glorifying the blue of the sky beyond it with the radiance of fluttering pennons. The enemy's strength was

well known. It had been circulated long before in printed copies, doubtless with the intention of paralyzing the spirit of the English. The description had been dated May 20, and subsequent gales of wind had scarcely rendered its modification needful. The Happy Armada then, as it was styled, consisted of 130 ships, expressing an aggregate of close upon 58,000 tons. It was manned by over 19,000 soldiers, 8450 marines, above 2000 slaves, and armed with 2630 pieces of cannon. The tenders to this fleet, loaded to their ways with a prodigious quantity of arms and ammunition, formed of themselves a considerable armada besides. In addition to the soldiers and sailors there were upwards of 180 monks of several orders, together with 124 volunteers, who represented the noblest blood in old Spain. It is impossible out of mere figures to collect even a poor notion of dimensions, of aspect, of the hundred formidable elements which went to the composition of the vast unwieldy structures of this enormous fleet. There were several fifty-gun ships. Don Pedro de Valdez's vessel was of 1550 tons' burden, carried 304 fighting men, besides 118 sailors. There were pinnaces that rose to the burden of 876 tons. The "Saint Martin," the galleon commanded by the Captain General, was of 1000 tons. There were huge galleasses besides, armed each with fifty pieces of cannon, and manned by an army of soldiers and sailors. One obtains some idea of their bulk on reading that "they contained within them chambers, chapels, turrets, pulpits, and other commodities of great houses." They were propelled with oars by 300 slaves, and, in common with most of the other vessels of Portugal, Biscay, Andalusia, Castille, and the contributory provinces, they were "furnished and beautified with trumpets, streamers, banners, warlike ensigns, and other such-like ornaments."

It was hardly guessed yet, perhaps, by the crowds who viewed that vast floating crescent of white cloths and shining banners from the Devon and Cornwall heights that, but for the blundering of its pilots, by which the Lizard had been mistaken for Rame's Head, Plymouth Sound would even on the yester eve have been crowded with those cathedral-like galleons, whilst the shining armor and gaudy raiment of His Most Catholic Majesty's troops would have gleamed on the rise of the inland moor, or glittered betwixt the hedgerows of the fair summer country. The spectator, to have found heart, must have needed

the deepest and most enthusiastic faith in the courage of the English seamen when, from some Plymouth eminence, he carried his eye from the slender squadron just outside the harbor to the immense flotilla whose southeasternmost wing showed in dim dashes of light against the blue of the horizon, so wide apart were the horns of this unparalleled arc. Yet one may say, with all memory strong in one of such men as Benbow, Blake, Howe, Nelson, that never did British-built structures hold so valiant and noble a company of English sailors as those who chased, fought, harassed, and defeated the Don during those nine subsequent days of thunderous conflict. Sir William Monson, who was eighteen years of age in 1588, and who served, it is said, as a common sailor aboard the "Charles," a pinnace that was engaged in the great fight, tells us that when even the whole resources of the country had come to the help of her mariners there was not above 120 sail of men-of-war to encounter that Invincible Armada, and not above five of them all, except the largest of the Royal ships, which were of 200 tons' burden. It was our seamen, he says, who by their experience and courage were the cause of our victories; not the ships, though elsewhere in his admirable "Naval Tracts" this fine old admiral says that, big as the Spanish galleons were, he would rather have fought them in a vessel of 200 tons, manned by a crew of 100 Englishmen, than in the biggest of the galleons have engaged the same Englishmen with a company under him of 1000 Spanish soldiers and sailors. One needs but glance at the flags flying from the British mastheads to comprehend the certainty of the issue. The pious chroniclers of those times attribute a great deal to the weather; but it is not too much to say that neither the glorious First of June nor Trafalgar itself exhibits instances of fiercer fighting than does this three-hundred-year-old nine days' rage of battle Charles Howard, of the ducal house of Norfolk, was the Lord High Admiral. The scientific discipline of modern times renders the strategic maneuvers of this noble gentleman somewhat primitive, but no sailor who narrowly follows the movements of the English in this series of engagements but must recognize in Charles Howard as fine an expression of naval genius, as remarkable a combination of every quality which enters into the composition of a great admiral as our maritime annals anywhere offer. Sir Francis Drake was next in command, still bronzed by the suns of the Pacific Ocean, whose mysterious solitudes he was the first Englishman to penetrate.

His name alone was worth a score of galleons in its terror-striking influence over the Spanish spirit. Fresh from his easy and cheerful burning of 10,000 tons of shipping at Cadiz, he might be one of the few commanders over whom floated the English colors who could contemplate the result of the approaching strife without the least stir of uneasiness or misgiving. There was Martin Frobisher, again, the hardiest of Yorkshiremen, the most intrepid of seamen, with a body toughened to the inflexibility of his spirit by the Arctic blasts that had obstructed his exploration for the Northwest Passage. There was the lion-hearted Edward Fenton, who had been captain of the "Gabriel" in Frobisher's expedition, and who had studied the secrets of his profession, not under the comfortable shining of Spanish suns, but amidst the wild ice plains of the north and the high surge and desperate gales of the Norwegian heights. There was John Hawkins, he who had fired upon the Spanish admiral, who was to bring Ann of Austria from Flanders, for endeavoring to sneak out of Cattwater without saluting the symbol of Britannia's domination of the deep; the hero of the amazing, if disastrous, expedition of the "Jesus of Lubeck," and, after Drake, the most famous seaman of his age. There were many other renowned and capable men, but the list is too long to exhaust.

It is pleasant to follow Sir William Monson in his brief reference to this famous Armada battle. The mere feeling that he bore a part in the tremendous conflict, young as he was, causes one to read his obscure page as though he were some ancient survivor of the heroic company talking to us out of his armchair about what he saw and did. You get the same feeling in reading Emanuel van Meteran's relation of the fight in the black-letter copy of "Hakluyt," printed in 1598 — ten years afterwards; as fresh almost as a newspaper version of a battle two days' old in these times, so slow were people's movements then as compared with our activity. The "Ark Royal" carried the admiral's flag; Drake commanded the "Revenge," Hawkins the "Victory," Lord Thomas Howard the "Lyon," Lord Sheffield the "Bear," Sir Robert Southwell the "Elizabeth Jones," Frobisher the "Triumph." The "Hope," the "Bonaventure," the "Dreadnaught," the "Nonpareille," the "Swiftsure," the "Rainbow," the "Vauntguard," the "Mary Rose," were the names of others. There were besides the "Nory," the "Spy," the "Moon," the "Charles," the "Bull," the "Scout,"

the "Tyger," the "Swallow," with a few more of the smaller fry. Historic names go to the commanding even of these lesser craft, such as Lord Henry Seymour, Fenner, Cross, Richard Hawkins, the two Wentworths, Fenton, Clifford, and others. Later on the English fleet was reinforced by privately equipped ships, "in which number," says the black-letter account, "there were many great and honorable personages, as — namely, the Earles of Oxford, of Northumberland, of Cumberland, etc., with many knights and gentlemen: to wit, Sir Thomas Cecill, Sir Robert Cecill, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir William Hatton," and some scores besides. All England indeed flocked seawards. Upon the South Coast were cantoned 20,000 men; an army of 22,000 foot and 1000 horse was encamped near Tilbury, and for the guarding of the Queen's person was a third army of 32,000 foot and 4000 horse, all picked men.

In this age of colossal ordnance, it is perhaps excusable to recur somewhat slightingly to the primitive death-smiting engines of three hundred years ago. But do not let us suppose for a moment that the genius of murder was not horribly consummate in its way even in those days. Conflicts meant a species of butchery which the world is happy in regarding as one of the lost arts. The largest gun a ship then carried was called a demi-cannon; but then this weapon weighed 400 pounds, its bore was 6¾ inches, it threw a shot weighing 30 pounds, could send its missile 1700 paces, and was loaded with 18 pounds of powder. Next was the cannon petro, that carried a 24-pound shot; the culverin, a 17-pound shot; the basilisk, a 15-pound shot, and so on, down to the little serpentine and rabenet, which threw respectively shots weighing three quarters of a pound and half a pound. Here, then, were broadside armaments capable almost of equaling the thunders of Trafalgar and of rivaling the execution done by the gunners of Nelson. But they fought in those days with other destructive engines as well; they discharged flaming arrows of wildfire; they boarded with pikes blazing with the same inextinguishable stuff. From the ship's sides, or from her enormous tops, they flung brass balls and earthen pots filled with powder and bullets stuck in pitch, which made an incredible slaughter when hurled amongst the surging crowd of combatants. They suspended barrels of powder at their yardarms, ready to let fall upon the enemy's deck as the ship rubbed sides together, where they

burst as though the powder room had blown up, scattering death right and left, and confounding and terrifying the seamen with the deafening blasts of the explosion. They also flung contrivances filled with a chemical composition that, as it burnt, threw out thick coils of black smoke of a stench so nauseating, of a character so poisonous that, in order to breathe, men were obliged to fly from their quarters. For as wild a picture of marine conflict as the imagination could desire, it might not be necessary to look outside that period. The great galleons of the Spaniard bristled with ordnance, they floated like vast castles upon the sea, and as we know from the annals of this Armada, from the voyage of Anson, from the experiences of English freebooters, they were almost inaccessible by boarders. Their tops were crowded by men who maintained an incessant fire with their matchlocks upon the enemy's decks; others discharged flaming arrows at the sails and hull of the opposing craft. An army of soldiers secreted in close quarters showed their heads only after a broadside to flash back their response to the challenge. To the quarter-deck something of the color of the mediæval field of battle was communicated by the figures of the generals, the admirals, the commanders, and officers in suits of armor. There was stateliness, indeed, in the castellated fabrics, with their great poop lanthorns, stern windows, the gilded devices on the counter sparkling to the sunlight; in the milk-white softness of the huge spread of canvas enriched by streamers whose forked ends in calm fluttered the whole length of the masthead to the deck; in the gleam of accouterments, the radiant hues of romantic apparel, the rich and lustrous symbolism of the figurehead; in the garnishing of the broad decks by the colors of the varied attire of the slave, the soldier, the mariner, the monk, and the commander. But the shipboard discipline of the Spaniard was but an extension of the tactics of the battlefield. The prejudices of the tented plain were always strong for him. He went to sea as a soldier in a castle, and the English could not but ridicule a marine theory that reduced the Jacks of the ship to a condition of subordinacy that rendered them even of less worth in the eyes of the commanders than the slaves who tugged at the long sweeps of the galleys. Our sailors laughed, too, at qualities of superstition which might have crippled the resolution of a forecastle of landsmen even. The Spaniard's watchwords were the saints. He was allowed but six in a year. The

slaves who helped him to fight were fed on oil, on rice, and on beans. These, surely, were not the sort of folks to conquer England, that the Duke of Parma might take the place of noble Queen Bess!

On the arrival of Fleming, as we have seen, with news of the mighty Spanish armament close in soundings and heading direct for the English coast, the Lord High Admiral had, with incredible activity, himself working with his own hands far into the night, got ready six ships, which, by noon next day, had been reinforced to the number of thirty. They lay quiet, waiting for the Spaniard to pass away to leeward. It blew a pleasant breeze of wind from a little to the southward of west, and the Armada swept softly, cloudlike over the pale blue of the Channel waters as though it were the magnified reflection in that rippling mirror of the new moon hanging directly overhead. The galleons, carracks, and pollacres which formed the northern horn of the seven-mile semicircle had doubtless a good view of the thirty English craft, many of them very little ships, with their topsails aback, or their anchors, maybe, down, resting quietly within the yawn of the points which form Plymouth Sound; and their hardy sailors, soldiers, and slaves might well flatter themselves with the assurance that, if yonder toys represented the naval strength of England, the realm might already be regarded as vanquished and re-Catholicized. They were not to know, however, that amongst the most ardent of the men who were prepared dearly to sell their lives for the old country were those same Roman Catholics on whose sympathy and support the Spanish monarch and the Duke of Parma largely counted. It is true that the account in Purchas says, "The principal recusants (lest they should stir up any tumult in the time of the Spanish invasion) were sent to remain at certain convenient places, as, namely, in the Isle of Ely and at Wisbeach." But we also have it on high contemporary authority, "that even the Papists whom the Spaniards expected to have found in arms were glad to wipe away the aspersions which had been thrown upon them, by serving as common soldiers." The story of the first assault is vague. Howard waited until the Armada had traveled a little space up Channel, and then his thirty ships braced up, having now the weather gauge of the enemy, and started for him. The encounter was brisk, many broadsides were exchanged, but there does not appear to have been anything decisive in this action.

Next day, July 21, proved more mischievous for the Don. The English fleet was still further strengthened by arrival of ships, and approached within musket shot of the enemy, Lord Charles Howard singling out and hotly engaging the Spanish Vice Admiral. It needed but a very little maneuvering to show that whilst the advantage of strength of fabric and weight of broadside metal was altogether with the Spaniards, seamanship and nimbleness of heels were the happy possessions of the English. So high did the Spanish galleons float out of water that their people found it impossible to depress their guns so as to bring them to bear upon the decks and hulls of the English ships. Their shots flew high, sweeping betwixt the masts above the topsail yards. Indeed, it was more like a cutting-out job than an action fought broadside to broadside. One's triumph in the conflict is mingled with a sentiment of pity. They had some stout sea captains in that Armada; but think of the confrontment of Castilian marine prowess with such iron hearts as Drake, as Frobisher, as Hawkins, as Fenton; men whose veins ran with salt water, the most exquisite seamen of their time, of an intrepidity that is almost phenomenal, with the animation of real scorn for the Spaniard as an ocean foeman tingling in every fiber of their tough and oaklike natures! Think, too, of the comparative helplessness of a vast body of soldiers crowded betwixt the bulwarks of the mountainous timber castles, perhaps twice as long as they were broad, with a mere handful of seamen to work the ship — men whose services were so little valued that, as Monson tells us, they would be kept aloft furling and making sail, exposed to the hot sharpshooting of the foe until, as a matter of fact, ere the engagement had scarcely made fair progress, two thirds of the seamen lay dead on the deck or were floating mangled corpses alongside! There was rage, there was burning patriotism, there was the old unbending resolution to conquer amongst the English; but there must have been something of disdain too. The leviathan tubs scarce answering their helm, halyards shot through, and hardly a seaman surviving to tell the soldiers what to do; the priests confessing the dying and exhorting the living, the black visages of the slaves whose hearts were assuredly not with their masters, the ducking of heads past the bulwark line to every broadside in the true old Spanish fashion — no! those Jacks of the Elizabethan day could not [illegible] the stress and heat

to her powder room without exploding, though her people were miserably scorched. Needless to say she was promptly taken in tow by the English.

It is strange to notice how little this mighty conflict scatters. One might imagine that such a mass of shipping as is here assembled would have covered nearly the whole range of the English Channel with contending craft in twos and threes; but all the while the Spaniards seemed to keep together in a lump, with the English ordnance flashing through their closed ranks, and brilliantly handled vessels, big and little, flying English colors, snapping at their heels like wolves, and tearing first one and then another down. The bitterest, the most furious conflict of all, was on the 23d, when the Lord Howard found himself in the thick of the enemy, almost abandoned, though there was no intermission in the roar of his broadsides. Presently falling within hail of Captain Fenner, who was in command of the "Swiftsure," he cried out, "Oh, George, what doest thou? Wilt thou now frustrate my hope and opinion conceived of thee? Wilt thou forsake me now?" on which, says the old account, Fenner "approached forthwith, encountered the enemy, and did the part of a most valiant captain." In this action a large Venetian ship and several small vessels were captured by the English. Meanwhile almost every hour of the day was bringing fresh vessels to the rescue from English ports. By the time the fleets had arrived abreast of Dover the English ships amounted some say to one hundred and thirty, though so small was the bulk of them that, with the exception of three and twenty belonging to the Queen, not one but seemed ridiculously disproportioned for the conflict she had been fitted out to undertake.

There must have been much ungodly scoffing amongst the English when, the great running battle being over and all sorts of news filtering into this country drop by drop, it came to be known that the Duke of Parma, not questioning but that he should be crowned King of England by Cardinal Allan, had traveled several leagues that he might make some preliminary "bowes," according to Hakluyt, and "vows," according to Purchas, "unto Saint Mary of Hall in Henault (whom he went to visite for his blinde devotions sake)," and how, this duty being discharged, he had journeyed to Dunkirk simply to learn, not only out of the mouths of cannon roaring seaward, but from the crowds in the streets of the town, that the Spaniards were

being slowly, but surely, knocked to pieces. We were fighting the Dutch very hotly indeed in these same waters not long afterwards, but they were serving us astonishingly well now. Lord Henry Seymour, cruising on the coast of Flanders, was nobly supported by Count Nassau. The business of checkmating the Duke of Parma was intrusted to the sturdy broad-beamed Hans Butterboxes, as Charles II. loved to call the Dutch, and with the characteristic thoroughness of that plodding and much-to-be-admired people was that obligation fulfilled. In truth, the duke's people were so honestly terrified by the sight of the Holland and Zealand ships that day and night the business of desertion proceeded as regularly as the ebb of the tide. The spectacle of the flat-bottomed boats was too much for the disheartened creatures. How on earth were they to break through those floating batteries, lying yonder under the shadow of the horizontal tricolor in fabrics as flat as spoons, and as ungovernable as a barge adrift on a running river? So they wisely took to their heels, and we hear no more of them. Meanwhile, the English continued to pound the Spaniard with their great ordnance and flaming missiles. The Dons retorted handsomely, but their shots flew so high that our Jacks might have imagined they were bombarding the heavens. It was a dead calm on the 24th; the towering vessels lay lifeless, slewing slowly to every compass point with the fingering of the tide, and the reflection of their shining canvas lay under each bristling hull in a waving sheet of silver. But the enemy had four great galleasses, with an army of slaves for the multitudinous oars of each of them, and these craft, heavily armed, and crowded with fighting men, made for the Queen's ships, but without the least result, saving that they, on their part, were most cruelly mauled by the chain shot our demi-cannon hurled at them. Day after day was this great fight waged, slowly rolling up Channel, and there was no point of British coast from Bolt Head to Dungeness that did not echo the thunder of the contending fleets. To follow the conflict in its close details would demand such space as cannot be afforded here. There was a terrible fight on the 25th, the ships being abreast of the Isle of Wight, when the "Lyon" (Captain Lord Thomas Howard), the "Elizabeth Jones" (Captain Sir Robert Southwell), the "Bear" (Captain Lord Sheffield), the "Victory" (Captain Barker), and the galleon "Leicester" (Captain George Fenner) sheared desperately into the very heart of the Spanish

fleet, engaging the enormous carracks within a hundred yards, firing so rapidly that their broadsides were like volcanic upheavals, flame after flame with scarce an intermission, until the tormented Spaniards tailed on to their topsail halyards to compact their timber castles into an impenetrable front. It was on this occasion that Master John Hawkins and honest Captain Frobisher were with others rewarded by the Lord High Admiral with the order of knighthood. That same day the false ironical rumor spread like wildfire from sea to land that the Spaniards had conquered England! On the 27th the Spaniards at sunset had hauled into Calais Roads and let go their anchors, intending presently to push on for Dunkirk, where — for they were still buoyed up by vain hopes — they believed the forces of the Duke of Parma would join them. It was now that Lord Henry Seymour united his little fleet with that of the Lord High Admiral; and it was on this day that the noble Howard was directed by letters from her Majesty the Queen to drive the Spanish fleet from Calais. The Sovereign knew her sailors, and was fearless in the instructions she gave them. Thereupon, the next day being Sunday — that is to say, at two o'clock on Sunday morning — the night being dark, and an inshore wind blowing dead upon the Spanish fleet along with a strong wash of tide, the Lord Admiral of England let slip some fire ships in charge of two bold captains, Young and Prowse. They drove accurately into the thick of the Don, blazing wildly, vomiting shot the while from heavy cannon which had been loaded to the muzzles. It is the wildest of all the scenes of this mighty show: sky and sea lighted up for leagues by the high and writhing flames of the fire ships, with the yellow-tinctured phantasms of near and distant Spanish galleons hurriedly and confusedly getting under way, cutting their hemp cables, toiling at brace and halyard, with the wild and agitated shouts and cries of the armies of soldiers, mariners, slaves, and priests rolling shorewards upon the damp night wind, with a sound as of sullen moaning of breakers.

But the end was not yet, though near at hand. A great galleass stranded, and the English made for her, but were driven from their prey by the heavy ordnance of the Calais batteries. There was another desperate fight on the 29th, off Gravelines, and it is impossible to follow even three hundred years later the superb seamanship of the English on this occasion without something of those emotions of triumph and pride which must have

church, together with her Clergy and Nobles, gave thanks unto God, and caused a publike Sermon to be preached before her at Pauls Crosse; wherein none other argument was handled, but that praise, honour, and glory might be rendered unto God; and that God's name might be extolled by thanksgiving. And with her own Pryncely voyce she most Christianly exhorted the people to do the same: whereupon the people with a loud acclamation wished her a most long and happy life, to the confusion of her foes."



## ULYSSES AND THE SIREN.

By SAMUEL DANIEL

[1562-1619.]

*Siren*

COME worthy Greek, Ulysses, come,
  Possess these shores with me,
The winds and seas are troublesome,
  And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil
  That travail on the deep,
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
  And spend the night in sleep.

*Ulysses.*

Fair nymph, if fame or honor were
  To be attained with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
  And leave such toils as these
But here it dwells, and here must I
  With danger seek it forth,
To spend the time luxuriously
  Becomes not men of worth.

*Siren.*

Ulysses, O be not deceived
  With that unreal name,
This honor is a thing conceived,
  And rests on others' fame

Begotten only to molest
  Our peace, and to beguile,
The best thing of our life, our rest,
  And give us up to toil.

*Ulysses*

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
  Nor honor nor report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
  The time in idle sport;
For toil doth give a better touch
  To make us feel our joy,
And ease finds tediousness as much
  As labor yields annoy.

*Siren.*

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore
  Whereto tends all your toil,
Which you forego to make it more,
  And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversely
  Find never tedious day,
And ease may have variety
  As well as action may.

*Ulysses*

But natures of the noblest frame
  These toils and dangers please,
And they take comfort in the same
  As much as you in ease;
And with the thoughts of actions past
  Are recreated still:
When pleasure leaves a touch at last
  To show that it was ill.

*Siren.*

That doth opinion only cause,
  That's out of custom bred,
Which makes us many other laws
  Than ever nature did.

No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood,
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

*Ulysses*

But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest,
And these great sports of high desire
Seem born to turn them best.
To purge the mischiefs that increase,
And all good order mar,
For oft we see a wicked peace
To be well changed for war.

*Siren*

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see,
I shall not have thee here
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there
I must be won that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won,
For beauty hath created been
T' undo, or be undone.



## THE GREAT CAPTAIN.

By ALBION W TOURGÉE[1]

(From "Out of the Sunset Sea")

[ALBION WINEGAR TOURGÉE, American judge and author, was born in Ohio, May 2, 1838 He served through the Civil War, and after it lived at Greensboro, N C, till 1880; was judge of the Superior Court (1868–1874), member of the constitutional conventions of 1868 and 1875, and a commissioner to codify the state laws He edited the weekly *Our Continent*, 1882–1884, was afterwards professor of the Buffalo Law School Besides law books, he has written, among other novels, "A Fool's Errand" (1879), "Figs and Thistles" (1879), "Bricks without Straw" (1880), "Hot Plowshares" (1883), "Out of the Sunset Sea" (1893) "An Appeal to Cæsar" appeared in 1884 ]

GONSALVO DE CORDOVA was not then "the Great Captain," though he was already spoken of as "the Prince of

Cavaliers." Handsome, gay, of a reckless daring, true to his friends, loyal to his King, and a prime favorite with Queen Isabella; of luxurious habits but able to undergo inconceivable fatigue, he had, also, the very remarkable distinction of having fewer enemies than any man of our time — perhaps fewer than any great man of any time. United with these qualities was a strange winsomeness of manner, which caused men to accept his leadership in battle or advice in counsel, without argument or suspicion, and a genius for military affairs as unobtrusive as it was marvelous. His long service with the Spanish armies had shown him their defects, and without discussion or advice he set himself to make those changes on which his future fame so greatly depended. He was one of the first to recognize the fact that a foot soldier is better and cheaper than a horseman, if he is so armed and disciplined as to develop his full capacity.

When I was first ushered into his presence he sat in a sumptuous chair having high carved arms, over which was thrown a lion's skin. It was of a fashion said to have been modeled on the throne chairs of the Moors, which was at that time much in vogue. He was attired in a suit of rich brocade and velvet. At his right was a small table, the top of which was a single slab of that rich stone, shining like emerald, only a paler green, as if it had caught the light by lying for ages under the waters of the sea, as indeed some say it hath, which the plunder of Moorish palaces had introduced into Spain. I had seen pieces of it before, but never one so large, and indeed only in the palace of the Alhambra have I seen its equal since. On this table were writing materials and a book to which he now and then recurred as if it contained memorandums of what he had in hand. Back of this, at another table, sat a secretary who took notes of such matters as he was directed to record. He was evidently engaged in the dispatch of business, for while I waited in the anteroom more than a score passed through the double velvet curtains into the room where he sat, only to come forth after a brief interview and hurry away as if charged to use dispatch in executing the orders they had received. At last, there was but one remaining with me, a small slender man of about my own age, with regular features, a piercing eye, and a composed manner. While others chafed at being required to wait, he stood quietly looking out of the window. I was greatly impressed with his youth and grace, both

of which were enhanced by the slightness of his form, which, however, was compact and wiry. We were bidden to enter together, and he led the way as if entitled of right to precedence. I noted the fact with a smile, as characteristic of the Spanish people to whom, though the most fastidious people in the world, self-assertion seems altogether consistent with gentle manners.

The Chevalier Gonsalvo looked up as we entered and watched our approach with a steady glance. I was becomingly arrayed and knew that my appearance was that of one accustomed to a military life, so I felt no discomposure in coming into the presence of the great Captain. Motioning me to one side with a gesture that was a request in its gentle courtesy, he addressed my companion: —

"Your name, Señor?"

"Alonzo de Ojeda."

"Your wish?"

"To serve in the corps you are recruiting."

"In what capacity?"

"Such as you may assign me."

"What can you do?"

"I carry a sword," touching the hilt lightly.

"What service would you prefer?"

"What others shrink from."

"If I give thee a spear?"

"Thou shalt never find it out of line."

"Bring me twenty spearmen and thou shalt be an ensign."

He waved his hand and the other withdrew.

"And now, Señor, by what name shall I call you?"

There was something in his tone and smile which satisfied me that I was recognized; but I answered gravely: —

"Tallerte de Lajes, at your lordship's service."

"Tallerte de Lajes! Good sooth, a fair name, but I remember it not. May I ask if you are a Biscayan?"

I bowed my head but made no reply. He made a sign to his secretary, who left the room and we were alone.

"Thou wishest service?"

"That is my desire."

"In what capacity?"

"Where I may serve with credit to myself and advantage to the cause of their Catholic Majesties."

"What induces thee to seek service?"

"There be many reasons."

"What is the strongest?"

"A pair of spurs."

"What other reward dost thou expect?"

"Faith! I know of nothing, beyond reasonable pay and good equipment."

"Rank? Favor? Place for others?"

"I seek nothing for myself, beyond the distinction of a good soldier, and have neither family nor friends for whom I need ask favor."

"And if thy service be one of which few know the merit?"

"If Gonsalvo de Cordova counts it important, and it be worthy of a soldier, I am content"

"And how about the reward?"

"I leave that to thee."

"Hark ye, Señor; I am making up a body of foot soldiers It is on them we must rely hereafter, regular foot battalions, not a horse among them. I mean to arm and drill them on a new plan; every third file to carry long pikes like the Swiss infantry and the other two, sword and buckler, with perhaps a short spear. What think ye of it?"

"If well trained they should be effective."

"I mean them to be pikemen against cavalry and swordsmen against infantry."

"Why not all pikemen at need?" I answered. "Short pikes in the front and long ones behind them?"

"God's death, Señor!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet "Thou hast my thought exactly — a combination of Swiss pikemen and Asturian spearmen with bucklers and swords Say one spearman to two swordsmen!"

"That should make a strong line and a flexible force."

"That is it; the Swiss pikes are too heavy."

"The Moors ran under them in the pass of Malaga and made short work with those that held them."

"Ah, thou sawest that? Yet the Swiss infantry bids defiance to the best cavalry in Europe as long as its formation holds. What we need is a union of heavy spearmen and light swordsmen — the one with shoulders like thine and the other with legs like mountain goats."

"Was that why you proffered a spear to the Señor Ojeda?" I asked with a smile.

"If he is content to bear a spear he will deserve a sword."

This was the key of "the Great Captain's" success. He knew every man's merit and how to make it available.

After a moment he added: —

"I am raising such a corps. There must be no rank or favor in it. A swineherd shall stand on a level with an hidalgo in opportunity, if intelligent and brave. There must be one uniform rule of merit; and only courage and skill be of any avail to secure preferment. To assist in its organization I want one who has some idea of discipline and some experience as a soldier, but who knows no one in all the realm and is willing to remain unknown to the very end. Rank and favor are the curse of our Spanish army. Their Majesties have given me full control in this matter. Are you minded to take such place?"

"What is the place?" I asked, quite dazed by the offer.

"You will be the Adjutant of Infantry in my household. Everything concerning the equipment, drill, discipline of this corps will be done through you. You shall have clerks and couriers as many as you require, and any equipment you wish. Gonsalvo de Cordova is not niggardly with them that serve faithfully. But you will act only in my name; I would you might be wholly unknown, except as my Adjutant."

"It is only a matter of a basinet and a visor," I responded, musingly. "How large is the corps to be?"

"I am granted leave to muster ten thousand, and hope to get five, perhaps no more than three!"

"I will try to fulfill your wish."

"Good. I will make order for your maintenance, forthwith If you do not object to wear a basinet with an open visor, so much the better. It is a sure bar to prying eyes, even if it do not cover all the face. My armorer shall make one under my direction if you will allow him to take the necessary measurements. I think one might be made that would become thee well. Thou shalt have a liberal provision, and if thou servest to my satisfaction, I will gladly charge myself with providing the golden ornaments thou wishest for thy heels — if thou be of noble blood, that is," he added cautiously.

"If it be not equal in honor with thine own, your Excellency, I will ask naught," I answered, a little proudly.

"Indeed!" he responded with more consideration than he had before shown, "when shall I learn by what style thou art entitled to be known?"

"When thou hast no farther use for an Adjutant of Infantry," I answered.

"Agreed. When that time comes, I will let thee know. When wilt thou begin thy duty?"

"To-morrow, your Excellency."

"Till to-morrow then, adios."

He extended his hand; I touched it, bowed, and withdrew, no longer wondering that the Queen had said it was "worth the trouble of being a sovereign to have one such subject as Gonsalvo de Cordova."

From that day until the fall of Granada, I hardly unhelmed a score of times in the presence of a stranger. Once was, when the Doña Guadita de Ullana, bathed in tears for the loss of her gallant husband, begged the soldier who had rescued his body from the Moors, at the very gate of Baza, that he would lift his visor that she might know for whom she ought to pray. When I complied with her request and she saw who it was had risked his life to rescue the brave knight's body, she thanked God because it was as the dead, to whom she had vowed eternal widowhood, would have desired. When she asked what guerdon she could give I craved only the kerchief stained with her tears. Whereat all applauded, and she vowed that any request I might make consistent with her honor, she would grant if it were in her last hour.

The Infantry of Gonsalvo de Cordova made its mark in that savage war, and won for its chief much honor; also for some of its "Captains of Fifties," more than one of whom was there trained for victory and renown in lands which were then undreamed of, save by that white-haired giant, who, without helm or salade, cut his way with a huge two-handed blade into the midst of the turbaned throng, which made a stand about the Holy Fountain, in the Orchard of Baza. But for Gonsalvo's Infantry there had been an end then and there of all attempt to reach the Ind by sailing westward.

Some of the glory won by the new corps shone by reflection on the Adjutant of Infantry, but no one spoke his name or gave him other recognition. He was simply an upper servant in the military household of "the Prince of Cavaliers." Yet I enjoyed the duty that devolved upon me, and not seeking nor expecting promotion or any personal advancement except the knighthood on which my heart had so long been set, I was content to do my duty without regard to consequences. This was

all the easier from the fact that though I did everything and suggested many things, all was in Gonsalvo de Cordova's name, and I acted only as his instrument. The position was exactly fitted both to my temper and preparation. It was half clerical, which suited my studious habits, yet of a character requiring administrative ability as well as giving scope for that sort of military knowledge which is gathered from hearing battles and sieges, arms and armies, familiarly discussed by those who have not only borne arms but exercised high command. This I say, not to praise myself, but because the memory of that time brings back a proud day when Gonsalvo de Cordova publicly acknowledged the indebtedness of his fame to my efficiency.

Nevertheless, there was one who had not forgotten Del Porro. Riding at eventide across the plain that lay without the walls of Granada after service in the conquered city had become monotonous, I spoke to one whom I overtook, somewhat bitterly of the wrongs imposed upon the subjugated people and the rapacity of the Holy Office, who, when the war against the Moors was over, began at once the spoliation of the Jews to fill the depleted treasury. As if shaped out of the gathering mist, an unshod mule came softly over the white dust to my side, and a voice I shall never forget, exclaimed in cold, harsh tones : —

"Who art thou that speakest thus lightly of the Right Hand of God?"

"And who art thou that makest such demand of a soldier of their Majesties?"

"Men call me the 'Pillar of Fire,'" was the calm, exultant reply.

"God have mercy!" shouted my companion. "Torquemada!" Thereupon he put spurs to his horse and fled. I never saw him more. As he had spoken quite as harshly as I, he had equal reason to fear. I did not attempt to fly; not because I did not fear, for I felt a chill as of death creep down my back under my armor, though it was midsummer and the breath of the south wind was stifling. But I knew it was useless to try to escape from one who had ten thousand eyes and ears at his command in Spain, and who held King and Queen in mortal terror of his wrath. Only guile could serve, and of this there was little hope. Even then a dull flame just visible to the right of the road we traveled, showed where another victim, "delivered up to the civil authorities," had expired in the

flames of the Quemadero, which was set up without the city, almost before the cross had been reared within it.

"What is thy name?" asked the Chief Inquisitor, sternly.

"In truth, Holy Father," I answered, "my words were but lightly spoken. A soldier abhors bloodshed except by the sword and in open strife."

"The Holy Office sheds no man's blood. The Holy Word declares an unqualified curse against every one by whom man's blood is shed: 'by man shall his blood be shed.' It is not seemly that the servants of the Most High should be exposed to this anathema, in their efforts to rid the world of error and unbelief. In all that they do, therefore, care is taken to shed no drop of blood, even of the unworthiest while probing his soul for sin and compelling assent to the truths he hates. Even when found incorrigible, the sentence of destruction is never executed by the agents of the Holy Office, but clothed in the garb of the impenitent, the unhappy one against whom eternal doom is pronounced, through the faithfulness of their Catholic Majesties, is executed by the civil authorities by burning only; in order that even by implication no drop of blood may be shed by our action."

"I doubt not thou art right, Holy Father; I am no casuist and shall willingly do penance for my words."

"Aye, thou shalt do penance, of that be assured: but thou wert not so modest about thy casuistic skill a little time ago, methinks. What is thy name?"

"Men call me Del Porro," I answered as calmly as I could.

But now it was my listener's turn to show surprise.

"Del Porro! The Duke of Medina Sidonia's Captain!" he exclaimed. "Where hast thou hid thyself so long?"

"In truth, Holy Father," I answered, "you must not blame a soldier if you find him not, because he is in the front of battle rather than with them that chant the victory."

"But thou mightest have heard the King's trumpets! Knowest thou not that for a year proclamation hath been made for thee in every camp and a reward offered for him that should find thee dead or alive! That every Familiar in Spain hath special order to seize thee and bring thee before their Majesties without delay or intervention! God and Saint Dominic be praised for this good fortune! Come thou with me, my son!"

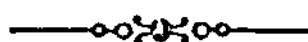
He reached out his hand to take my rein, but the bridle of

Achmet's son was far beyond his reach before he could touch it with a finger. Ere he could recover, my sword was out and though I would not turn its point against a man of his calling, I thought it no harm to send it into the neck of his mule just where the jointure leaves the marrow exposed, whereby the good Father was suddenly rolled in the dust.

"Good-by, Holy Father!" I shouted as I spurred away "It will be more than two years ere thou seest me again!"

"Stop! Stop!" he cried. "Thou knowest not what thou art fleeing from! I will forgive thy sacrilege and impiety! — I will absolve thy offense, if thou wilt but wait and hear me!"

Achmet's hoof strokes drowned his voice as we fled away into the darkness.



# PACK CLOUDS AWAY.

By THOMAS HEYWOOD

(From "The Rape of Lucrece")

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow,
Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft,
To give my love good morrow
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow,
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing birds in every furrow;
And from each bill, let music shrill,
Give my fair love good morrow
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock sparrow;
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing birds in every furrow.

# THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

(From "Westward Ho!")

[CHARLES KINGSLEY, English clergyman, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Holne vicarage, Dartmoor, June 12, 1819. He took his degree of B A. (1842) at Magdalen College, Cambridge, with honors in classics and mathematics, and two years later became rector of Eversley in Hampshire, where he resided through life He was professor of modern history at Cambridge from 1860 until 1869, when he became canon of Chester, and subsequently (1873) of Westminster He made his mark with the "Saint's Tragedy," a metrical drama, and added to his reputation with "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," novels dealing with social problems; and the historical romances "Hypatia," "Westward Ho!" and "Hereward the Wake" Other works are · "Glaucus," "The Heroes," "The Water Babies," "Two Years Ago," "Prose Idylls" In company with Dr. Maurice and others Kingsley devoted much attention to the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and to their efforts may be traced the formation of cooperative associations Kingsley died at Eversley, January 23, 1875.]

IN the mean while, rumor flew thousand-tongued through the length and breadth of the land; of vast preparations going on in Spain and Italy; of timber felled long before for some such purpose, brought down to the sea, and sawed out for shipbuilding; of casting of cannon, and drilling of soldiers; of ships in hundreds collecting at Lisbon; of a crusade preached by Pope Sixtus the Fifth, who had bestowed the kingdom of England on the Spaniard, to be enjoyed by him as vassal tributary to Rome; of a million of gold to be paid by the pope, one half down at once, the other half when London was taken; of Cardinal Allen writing and printing busily in the Netherlands, calling on all good Englishmen to carry out, by rebelling against Elizabeth, the Bull of Sixtus the Fifth, said (I blush to repeat it) to have been dictated by the Holy Ghost; of Inquisitors getting ready fetters and devil's engines of all sorts; of princes and noblemen, flocking from all quarters, gentlemen selling their private estates to fit out ships; how the Prince of Melito, the Marquess of Burgrave, Vespasian Gonzaga, John Medicis, Amadas of Savoy, in short, the illegitimate sons of all the southern princes, having no lands of their own, were coming to find that necessary of life in this pleasant little wheat garden. Nay, the Duke of Medina Sidonia had already engaged Mount Edgecombe for himself, as the



THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

fairest jewel of the south; which when good old Sir Richard Edgecombe heard, he observed quietly, that in 1555 he had the pleasure of receiving at his table at one time the admirals of England, Spain, and the Netherlands, and therefore had experience in entertaining Dons; and made preparations for the visit by filling his cellars with gunpowder, with a view to a housewarming and *feu de joie* on the occasion. But as old Fuller says, "The bear was not yet killed, and Medina Sidonia might have catched a great cold, had he no other clothes to wear than the skin thereof."

So flew rumor, false and true, till poor John Bull's wits were well-nigh turned: but to the very last, after his lazy fashion, he persuaded himself that it would all come right somehow, that it was too great news to be true; that if it was true, the expedition was only meant for the Netherlands; and, in short, sat quietly over his beef and beer for many a day after the French king had sent him fair warning, and the queen, the ministry, and the admirals had been assuring him again and again that he, and not the Dutchman, was the destined prey of this great flight of ravenous birds.

At last the Spaniard, in order that there should be no mistake about the matter, kindly printed a complete bill of the play, to be seen still in Van Meteran, for the comfort of all true Catholics, and confusion of all pestilent heretics; which document, of course, the seminary priests used to enforce the duty of helping the invaders, and the certainty of their success; and from their hands it soon passed into those of the devout ladies, who were not very likely to keep it to themselves; till John Bull himself found his daughters buzzing over it with very pale faces (as young ladies well might who had no wish to follow the fate of the damsels of Antwerp), and condescending to run his eye through it, discovered, what all the rest of Europe had known for months past, that he was in a very great scrape.

Well it was for England then, that her Tudor sovereigns had compelled every man (though they kept up no standing army) to be a trained soldier. Well it was that Elizabeth, even in those dangerous days of intrigue and rebellion, had trusted her people enough, not only to leave them their weapons, but (what we forsooth, in these more "free" and "liberal" days dare not do) to teach them how to use them. Well it was, that by careful legislation for the comfort and em-

ployment of "the masses" (term then, thank God, unknown), she had both won their hearts, and kept their bodies in fighting order. Well it was that, acting as fully as Napoleon did on "la carrière ouverte aux talens," she had raised to the highest post in her councils, her army, and her navy, men of business, who had not been ashamed to buy and sell as merchants and adventurers. Well for England, in a word, that Elizabeth had pursued for thirty years a very different course from that which we have been pursuing for the last thirty, with one exception, namely, the leaving as much as possible to private enterprise.

There we have copied her: would to Heaven that we had in some other matters! It is the fashion now to call her a despot: but unless every monarch is to be branded with that epithet whose power is not as circumscribed as Queen Victoria's is now, we ought rather to call her the most popular sovereign, obeyed of their own free will by the freest subjects which England has ever seen; confess the Armada fight to have been as great a moral triumph as it was a political one; and (now that our late boasting is a little silenced by Crimean disasters) inquire whether we have not something to learn from those old Tudor times, as to how to choose officials, how to train a people, and how to defend a country. . . .

There was a loud hurried knocking, and in another minute a serving man hurried in with a letter.

"This to Captain Amyas Leigh with haste, haste!"

It was Sir Richard's hand. Amyas tore it open; and "a loud laugh laughed he."

"The Armada is coming! My wish has come true, mother!"

"God help us, it has! Show me the letter."

It was a hurried scrawl.

DR GODSON,—Walsingham sends word that the A[da] sailed from Lisbon to the Groyne the 18 of May. We know no more, but have commandment to stay the ships Come down, dear lad, and give us counsel, and may the Lord help His Church in this great strait

Your loving godfather, R G

"Forgive me, mother, mother, once for all!" cried Amyas, throwing his arms round her neck.

"I have nothing to forgive, my son, my son! And shall I lose thee, also?"

"If I be killed, you will have two martyrs of your blood, mother! ——"

Mrs. Leigh bowed her head, and was silent. Amyas caught up his hat and sword, and darted forth toward Bideford. . . .

At last upon the twenty-first of June, the clank of the capstans rang merrily across the flats, and amid prayers and blessings, forth sailed that gallant squadron over the bar, to play their part in Britain's Salamis.

## The Great Armada.

And now began that great sea fight.

"The Lord High Admirall of England, sending a pinnace before, called the 'Defiance,' denounced war by discharging her ordnance; and presently approaching within musquet shot, with much thundering out of his own ship, called the 'Ark-royall' (alias the 'Triumph'), first set upon the admirall's as he thought, of the Spaniards (but it was Alfonso de Leon's ship). Soon after, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher played stoutly with their ordnance on the hindmost squadron, which was commanded by Recalde." The Spaniards soon discover the superior "nimbleness of the English ships"; and Recalde's squadron, finding that they are getting more than they give in spite of his endeavors, hurry forward to join the rest of the fleet. Medina the Admiral, finding his ships scattering fast, gathers them into a half-moon; and the Armada tries to keep solemn way forward, like a stately herd of buffaloes, who march on across the prairie, disdaining to notice the wolves which snarl around their track. But in vain. These are no wolves, but cunning hunters, swiftly horsed and keenly armed, and who will "shamefully shuffle" (to use Drake's own expression) that vast herd from the Lizard to Portland, from Portland to Calais Roads; and who, even in this short two hours' fight, have made many a Spaniard question the boasted invincibleness of this Armada.

One of the four great galleasses is already riddled with shot, to the great disarrangement of her "pulpits, chapels," and friars therein assistant. The fleet has to close round her, or Drake and Hawkins will sink her; in effecting which maneuver, the "principal galleon of Seville," in which are Pedro de Valdez and a host of blue-blooded Dons, runs foul of her neighbor, carries away her foremast, and is, in spite of Spanish chivalry

left to her fate. This does not look like victory, certainly. But courage! though Valdez be left behind, "our Lady," and the saints, and the Bull Cœna Domini (dictated by one whom I dare not name here) are with them still, and it were blasphemous to doubt. But in the mean while, if they have fared no better than this against a third of the Plymouth fleet, how will they fare when those forty belated ships, which are already whitening the blue between them and the Mewstone, enter the scene to play their part?

So ends the first day; not an English ship, hardly a man, is hurt. It has destroyed forever, in English minds, the prestige of boastful Spain. It has justified utterly the policy which the good Lord Howard had adopted by Raleigh's and Drake's advice, of keeping up a running fight, instead of "clapping ships together without consideration," in which case, says Raleigh, "he had been lost, if he had not been better advised than a great many malignant fools were, who found fault with his demeanor."

Be that as it may, so ends the first day, in which Amyas and the other Bideford ships have been right busy for two hours, knocking holes in a huge galleon, which carries on her poop a maiden with a wheel, and bears the name of "Sta. Catharina." She had a coat of arms on the flag at her sprit, probably those of the commandant of soldiers; but they were shot away early in the fight, so Amyas cannot tell whether they were De Soto's or not. Nevertheless, there is plenty of time for private revenge; and Amyas, called off at last by the Admiral's signal, goes to bed and sleeps soundly.

But ere he has been in his hammock an hour, he is awakened by Cary's coming down to ask for orders.

"We were to follow Drake's lantern, Amyas; but where it is, I can't see, unless he has been taken up aloft there among the stars for a new Drakium Sidus."

Amyas turned out grumbling: but no lantern is to be seen: only a sudden explosion and a great fire on board some Spaniard, which is gradually got under, while they have to lie-to the whole night long, with nearly the whole fleet.

The next morning finds them off Torbay; and Amyas is hailed by a pinnace, bringing a letter from Drake, which (saving the spelling, which was somewhat arbitrary, like most men's in those days) ran somewhat thus: —

DEAR LAD,—I have been woolgathering all night after five great hulks, which the Pixies transfigured overnight into galleons, and this morning again into German merchantmen. I let them go with my blessing, and coming back, fell in (God be thanked!) with Valdez' great galleon; and in it good booty, which the Dons his fellows had left behind, like faithful and valiant comrades, and the Lord Howard had let slip past him, thinking her deserted by her crew. I have sent to Dartmouth a sight of noblemen and gentlemen, maybe a half-hundred; and Valdez himself, who when I sent my pinnace aboard must needs stand on his punctilios, and propound conditions I answered him, I had no time to tell with him, if he would needs die, then I was the very man for him; if he would live, then, buena quera He sends again, boasting that he was Don Pedro Valdez, and that it stood not with his honor, and that of the Dons in his company. I replied, that for my part, I was Francis Drake, and my matches burning Whereon he finds in my name salve for the wounds of his own, and comes aboard kissing my fist, with Spanish lies of holding himself fortunate that he had fallen into the hands of fortunate Drake, and much more, which he might have kept to cool his porridge But I have much news from him (for he is a leaky tub), and among others, this, that your Don Guzman is aboard of the "Sta Catharina," commandant of her soldiery, and has his arms flying at her sprit, beside "Sta Catharina" at the poop, which is a maiden with a wheel, and is a lofty built ship of 3 tier of ordnance, from which God preserve you, and send you like luck with

Your deare Friend and Admirall.

F. DRAKE

She sails in the squadron of Recalde The Armada was minded to smoke us out of Plymouth; and God's grace it was they tried it not: but their orders from home are too strait, and so the slaves fight like a bull in a tether, no farther than their rope, finding thus the devil a hard master, as do most in the end They cannot compass our quick handling and tacking, and take us for very witches So far so good, and better to come. You and I know the length of their foot of old Time and light will kill any hare, and they will find it a long way from Start to Dunkirk

"The Admiral is in a gracious humor, Leigh, to have vouchsafed you so long a letter."

"'St. Catharine!' why, that was the galleon we hammered all yesterday!" said Amyas, stamping on the deck.

"Of course it was. Well, we shall find her again, doubt not. That cunning old Drake! how he has contrived to line his own

ckets, even though he had to keep the whole fleet waiting r him."

"He has given the Lord High Admiral the dor, at all ents."

"Lord Howard is too high-hearted to stop and plunder, apist though he is, Amyas."

Amyas answered by a growl, for he worshiped Drake, and as not too just to Papists.

The fleet did not find Lord Howard till nightfall; he and ord Sheffield had been holding on steadfastly the whole night ter the Spanish lanterns, with two ships only. At least there as no doubt now of the loyalty of English Roman Catholics, d, indeed, throughout the fight, the Howards showed (as if wipe out the slurs which had been cast on their loyalty by natics) a desperate courage, which might have thrust less udent men into destruction, but led them only to victory. oon a large Spaniard drifts by, deserted and partly burnt. ome of the men are for leaving their places to board her; but myas stoutly refuses. He has "come out to fight, and not to lunder; so let the nearest ship to her have her luck without rudging." They pass on, and the men pull long faces when ey see the galleon snapped up by their next neighbor, and wed off to Weymouth, where she proves to be the ship of liguel d'Oquenda, the Vice Admiral, which they saw last ght, all but blown up by some desperate Netherland gunner, ho, being "misused," was minded to pay off old scores on his rants.

And so ends the second day: while the Portland rises gher and clearer every hour. The next morning finds them f the island. Will they try Portsmouth, though they have ared Plymouth? The wind has shifted to the north, and lowed clear and cool off the white-walled downs of Weymouth ay. The Spaniards turn and face the English. They must em to stand off and on until the wind shall change, and then try for the Needles. At least, they shall have some work do before they round Purbeck Isle.

he English go to the westward again; but it is only to turn on the opposite tack: and now begin a series of maneu- each fleet trying to get the wind of the other: but the truggle does not last long, and ere noon the English fleet have got clean hauled between the Armada and the land, and are oming down upon them right before the wind.

And now begins a fight most fierce and fell. "And fight they did confusedly, and with variable fortunes; while, on the one hand, the English manfully rescued the ships of London, which were hemmed in by the Spaniards; and, on the other side, the Spaniards as stoutly delivered Recalde being in danger." "Never was heard such thundering of ordnance on both sides, which notwithstanding from the Spaniards flew for the most part over the English without harm. Only Cock, an Englishman" (whom Prince claims, I hope rightfully, as a worthy of Devon), "died with honor in the midst of the enemies in a small ship of his. For the English ships, being far the lesser, charged the enemy with marvelous agility; and having discharged their broadsides, flew forth presently into the deep, and leveled their shot directly, without missing, at those great and unwieldy Spanish ships." "This was the most furious and bloody skirmish of all" (though ending only, it seems, in the capture of a great Venetian and some small craft), "in which the Lord Admiral, fighting amidst his enemies' fleet, and seeing one of his captains afar off (Fenner by name, he who fought the seven Portugals at the Azores), cried, 'O George, what doest thou? Wilt thou now frustrate my hope and opinion conceived of thee? Wilt thou forsake me now?' With which words he, being enflamed, approached, and did the part of a most valiant captain;" as, indeed, did all the rest.

Night falls upon the floating volcano, and morning finds them far past Purbeck, with the white peak of Freshwater ahead; and pouring out past the Needles, ship after ship, to join the gallant chase. For now from all havens, in vessels fitted out at their own expense, flock the chivalry of England; the Lords Oxford, Northumberland, and Cumberland, Pallavicin, Brooke, Carew, Raleigh and Blunt, and many another honorable name, "as to a set field, where immortal fame and honor was to be attained." Spain has staked her chivalry in that mighty cast; not a noble house of Arragon or Castile but has lent a brother or a son — and shall mourn the loss of one; and England's gentlemen will measure their strength once for all against the cavaliers of Spain. Lord Howard has sent forward light craft into Portsmouth for ammunition · but they will scarce return to-night, for the wind falls dead, and all the evening the two fleets drift helpless with the tide, and shout idle defiance at each other with trumpet, fife, and drum.

The sun goes down upon a glassy sea, and rises on a glassy

sea again. But what day is this? The twenty-fifth, St. James' day, sacred to the patron saint of Spain. Shall nothing be attempted in his honor by those whose forefathers have so often seen him with their bodily eyes, charging in their van upon his snow-white steed, and scattering Paynims with celestial lance? He might have sent them, certainly, a favoring breeze; perhaps he only means to try their faith; at least the galleys shall attack; and in their van three of the great galleasses (the fourth lies half crippled among the fleet) thrash the sea to foam with three hundred oars apiece; and see, not St. James leading them to victory, but Lord Howard's "Triumph," his brother's "Lion," Southwell's "Elizabeth Jones," Lord Sheffield's "Bear," Barker's "Victory," and George Fenner's "Leicester," towed stoutly out, to meet them with such salvos of chain shot, smashing oars, and cutting rigging, that had not the wind sprung up again toward noon, and the Spanish fleet come up to rescue them, they had shared the fate of Valdez and the Biscayan. And now the fight becomes general. Frobisher beats down the Spanish Admiral's mainmast; and, attacked himself by Mexia and Recalde, is rescued by Lord Howard; who, himself endangered in his turn, is rescued in his turn; "while after that day" (so sickened were they of the English gunnery), "no galleass would adventure to fight."

And so, with variable fortune, the fight thunders on the livelong afternoon, beneath the virgin cliffs of Freshwater; while myriad sea fowl rise screaming up from every ledge, and spot with their black wings the snow-white wall of chalk; and the lone shepherd hurries down the slopes above to peer over the dizzy edge, and forgets the wheatear fluttering in his snare, while he gazes trembling upon glimpses of tall masts and gorgeous flags, piercing at times the league-broad veil of sulphur smoke which welters far below.

So fares St. James' day, as Baal's did on Carmel in old time; "Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey; or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." At least the only fire by which he has answered his votaries has been that of English cannon; and the Armada, "gathering itself into a roundel," will fight no more, but make the best of its way to Calais, where perhaps the Guises' faction may have a French force ready to assist them, and then to Dunkirk, to join with Parma and the great flotilla of the Netherlands.

So on, before "a fair Etesian gale," which follows clear and

bright out of the south-southwest, glide forward the two great fleets, past Brighton Cliffs and Beachy Head, Hastings, and Dungeness. Is it a battle or a triumph? For by sea Lord Howard, instead of fighting, is rewarding; and after Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, Townsend, and Frobisher have received at his hands that knighthood which was then more honorable than a peerage, old Admiral Hawkins kneels and rises up Sir John, and shaking his shoulders after the accolade, observes to the representative of majesty, that his "old woman will hardly know herself again, when folks call her My Lady."

And meanwhile the cliffs are lined with pikemen and musketeers, and by every countryman and groom who can bear arms, led by their squires and sheriffs, marching eastward as fast as their weapons let them, towards the Dover shore. And not with them alone. From many a mile inland come down women and children, and aged folk in wagons, to join their feeble shouts, and prayers which are not feeble, to that great cry of mingled faith and fear which ascends to the throne of God from the spectators of Britain's Salamis.

Let them pray on. The danger is not over yet, though Lord Howard has had news from Newhaven that the Guises will not stir against England, and Seymour and Winter have left their post of observation on the Flemish shores, to make up the number of the fleet to a hundred and forty sail—larger, slightly, than that of the Spanish fleet, but of not more than half the tonnage, or one third the number of men. The Spaniards are dispirited and battered, but unbroken still; and as they slide to their anchorage in Calais Roads on the Saturday evening of that most memorable week, all prudent men know well that England's hour is come, and that the bells which will call all Christendom to church upon the morrow morn will be either the death knell or the triumphal peal of the Reformed faith throughout the world.

A solemn day that Sabbath must have been in country and in town. And many a light-hearted coward, doubtless, who had scoffed (as many did) at the notion of the Armada's coming, because he dare not face the thought, gave himself up to abject fear, "as he now plainly saw and heard that of which before he would not be persuaded." A many a brave man, too, as he knelt beside his wife and daughters, felt his heart sink to the very pavement, at the thought of what those be-

loved ones might be enduring a few short days hence, from a profligate and fanatical soldiery, or from the more deliberate fiendishness of the Inquisition. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, the fires of Smithfield, the immolation of the Moors, the extermination of the West Indians, the fantastic horrors of the Piedmontese persecution, which make unreadable the too truthful pages of Morland, — these were the specters, which, not as now, dim and distant through the mist of centuries, but recent, bleeding from still gaping wounds, flitted before the eyes of every Englishman, and filled his brain and heart with fire.

He knew full well the fate in store for him and his. One false step, and the unspeakable doom which, not two generations afterwards, befell the Lutherans of Madgeburg, would have befallen every town from London to Carlisle. All knew the hazard, as they prayed that day, and many a day before and after, throughout England and the Netherlands. And none knew it better than She who was the guiding spirit of that devoted land, and the especial mark of the invader's fury; and who, by some Divine inspiration (as men then not unwisely held), devised herself the daring stroke which was to anticipate the coming blow.

But where is Amyas Leigh all this while? Day after day he has been seeking the "Sta Catharina" in the thickest of the press, and cannot come at her, cannot even hear of her; one moment he dreads that she has sunk by night, and balked him of his prey; the next, that she has repaired her damages, and will escape him after all. He is moody, discontented, restless, even (for the first time in his life) peevish with his men. He can talk of nothing but Don Guzman; he can find no better employment, at every spare moment, than taking his sword out of the sheath, and handling it, fondling it, talking to it even, bidding it not to fail him in the day of vengeance At last, he has sent to Squire, the Armorer, for a whetstone, and, half ashamed of his own folly, whets and polishes it in by-corners, muttering to himself. That one fixed thought of selfish vengeance has possessed his whole mind , he forgets England's present need, her past triumph, his own safety, everything but his brother's blood. And yet this is the day for which he has been longing ever since he brought home that magic horn as a fifteen-years boy; the day when he should find himself face to face with an invader, and that invader Antichrist himself. He has believed for years with Drake, Hawkins, Grenvile, and

Raleigh, that he was called and sent into the world only to fight the Spaniard: and he is fighting him now, in such a cause, for such a stake, within such battle lists as he will never see again: and yet he is not content; and while throughout that gallant fleet, whole crews are receiving the Communion side by side, and rising with cheerful faces to shake hands, and to rejoice that they are sharers in Britain's Salamis, Amyas turns away from the holy elements.

"I cannot communicate, Sir John. Charity with all men? I hate, if ever man hated on earth."

"You hate the Lord's foes only, Captain Leigh."

"No, Jack, I hate my own as well."

"But no one in the fleet, sir?"

"Don't try to put me off with the same Jesuit's quibble which that false knave Parson Fletcher invented for one of Doughty's men, to drug his conscience withal when he was plotting against his own admiral. No, Jack, I hate one of whom you know; and somehow that hatred of him keeps me from loving any human being. I am in love and charity with no man, Sir John Brimblecombe — not even with you! Go your ways in God's name, sir! and leave me and the devil alone together, or you'll find my words are true."

Jack departed with a sigh, and while the crew were receiving the Communion on deck, Amyas sat below in the cabin sharpening his sword, and after it called for a boat and went on board Drake's ship to ask news of the "Sta. Catharina," and listened scowling to the loud chants and tinkling bells which came across the water from the Spanish fleet. At last Drake was summoned by the Lord Admiral, and returned with a secret commission which ought to bear fruit that night; and Amyas, who had gone with him, helped him till nightfall, and then returned to his own ship as Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, to the joy and glory of every soul on board except his moody self.

So there, the livelong summer Sabbath day before the little high-walled town and the long range of yellow sand hills, lie those two mighty armaments, scowling at each other, hardly out of gunshot Messenger after messenger is hurrying towards Bruges to the Duke of Parma, for light craft which can follow these nimble English somewhat better than their own floating castles; and above all, entreating him to put to sea at once with all his force. The duke is not with his forces at Dunkirk, but on the future field of Waterloo, paying his devo-

dash, and daring, and the inspiration of utter need. Now, or never, must the mighty struggle be ended. We worried them off Portland; we must rend them in pieces now; and in rushes ship after ship, to smash her broadsides through and through the wooden castles, "sometimes not a pike's length asunder," and then out again to reload, and give place meanwhile to another. The smaller are fighting with all sails set; the few larger, who, once in, are careless about coming out again, fight with topsails loose, and their main and fore yards close down on deck, to prevent being boarded. The Duke, Oquenda, and Recalde, having with much ado got clear of the shallows, bear the brunt of the fight to seaward; but in vain. The day goes against them more and more, as it runs on. Seymour and Winter have battered the great "San Philip" into a wreck; her masts are gone by the board; Pimentelli in the "San Matthew" comes up to take the mastiffs off the fainting bull, and finds them fasten on him instead; but the "Evangelist," though smaller, is stouter than the "Deacon," and of all the shot poured into him, not twenty "lackt him thorough." His masts are tottering; but sink or strike he will not.

"Go ahead, and pound his tough hide, Leigh," roars Drake off the poop of his ship, while he hammers away at one of the great galleasses. "What right has he to keep us all waiting?"

Amyas slips in as best he can between Drake and Winter; as he passes he shouts to his ancient enemy: —

"We are with you, sir; all friends to-day!" and slipping round Winter's bows, he pours his broadside into those of the "San Matthew," and then glides on to reload: but not to return. For not a pistol shot to leeward, worried by three or four small craft, lies an immense galleon; and on her poop — can he believe his eyes for joy? — the maiden and the wheel which he has sought so long!

"There he is!" shouts Amyas, springing to the starboard side of the ship. The men, too, have already caught sight of that hated sign; a cheer of fury bursts from every throat.

"Steady, men!" says Amyas, in a suppressed voice. "Not a shot! Reload, and be ready; I must speak with him first;" and silent as the grave, amid the infernal din, the "Vengeance" glides up to the Spaniard's quarter.

"Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto!" shouts Amyas from the mizzen rigging, loud and clear amid the roar.

He has not called in vain. Fearless and graceful as ever, the tall, mail-clad figure of his foe leaps up upon the poop railing, twenty feet above Amyas' head, and shouts through his visor: —

"At your service, sir! whosoever you may be."

A dozen muskets and arrows are leveled at him; but Amyas frowns them down. "No man strikes him but I. Spare him, if you kill every other soul on board. Don Guzman! I am Captain Sir Amyas Leigh; I proclaim you a traitor and a ravisher, and challenge you once more to single combat, when and where you will."

"You are welcome to come on board me, sir," answers the Spaniard, in a clear, quiet tone; "bringing with you this answer, that you lie in your throat;" and lingering a moment out of bravado, to arrange his scarf, he steps slowly down again behind the bulwarks.

"Coward!" shouts Amyas at the top of his voice.

The Spaniard reappears instantly. "Why that name, Señor, of all others?" asks he, in a cool, stern voice.

"Because we call men cowards in England who leave their wives to be burnt alive by priests."

The moment the words had passed Amyas' lips, he felt that they were cruel and unjust. But it was too late to recall them. The Spaniard started, clutched his sword hilt, and then hissed back through his closed visor: —

"For that word, sirrah, you hang at my yardarm, if St. Mary gives me grace."

"See that your halter be a silken one, then," laughed Amyas, "for I am just dubbed knight." And he stepped down as a storm of bullets rang through the rigging round his head; the Spaniards are not as punctilious as he.

"Fire!" His ordnance crash through the stern-works of the Spaniard: and then he sails onward, while her balls go humming harmlessly through his rigging.

Half an hour has passed of wild noise and fury; three times has the "Vengeance," as a dolphin might, sailed clean round and round the "Sta. Catharina," pouring in broadside after broadside, till the guns are leaping to the deck beams with their own heat, and the Spaniard's sides are slit and spotted in a hundred places. And yet, so high has been his fire in return, and so strong the deck defenses of the "Vengeance," that a few spars broken, and two or three men wounded

by musketry, are all her loss. But still the Spaniard endures, magnificent as ever; it is the battle of the thresher and the whale; the end is certain, but the work is long.

"Can I help you, Captain Leigh?" asked Lord Henry Seymour, as he passes within oar's length of him, to attack a ship ahead. "The 'San Matthew' has had his dinner, and is gonè on to Medina to ask for a digestive to it."

"I thank your Lordship: but this is my private quarrel, of which I spoke. But if your Lordship could lend me powder——"

"Would that I could! But so, I fear, says every other gentleman in the fleet."

A puff of wind clears away the sulphurous veil for a moment; the sea is clear of ships towards the land; the Spanish fleet are moving again up Channel, Medina bringing up the rear; only some two miles to their right hand, the vast hull of the "San Philip" is drifting up the shore with the tide, and somewhat nearer the "San Matthew" is hard at work at her pumps. They can see the white stream of water pouring down her side.

"Go in, my Lord, and have the pair," shouts Amyas.

"No, sir! Forward is a Seymour's cry. We will leave them to pay the Flushingers' expenses," and on went Lord Henry, and, on shore went the "San Philip" at Ostend, to be plundered by the Flushingers; while the "San Matthew," whose captain, "on a hault courage," had refused to save himself and his gentlemen on board Medina's ship, went blundering miserably into the hungry mouths of Captain Peter Vanderduess and four other valiant Dutchmen, who, like prudent men of Holland, contrived to keep the galleon afloat till they had emptied her, and then "hung up her banner in the great church of Leyden, being of such a length, that being fastened to the roof, it reached unto the very ground."

But in the mean while, long ere the sun had set, comes down the darkness of the thunderstorm, attracted, as to a volcano's mouth, to that vast mass of sulphur smoke which cloaks the sea for many a mile; and heaven's artillery above makes answer to man's below. But still through smoke and rain, Amyas clings to his prey. She too has seen the northward movement of the Spanish fleet, and sets her topsails; Amyas calls to the men to fire high and cripple her rigging, but in vain, for three or four belated galleys, having forced

their way at last over the shallows, come flashing and sputtering up to the combatants, and take his fire off the galleon. Amyas grinds his teeth, and would fain hustle into the thick of the press once more, in spite of the galleys' beaks.

"Most heroical captain," says Cary, pulling a long face, "if we do, we are stove and sunk in five minutes; not to mention that Yeo says he has not twenty rounds of great cartridge left."

So, surely and silently, the "Vengeance" sheers off, but keeps as near as she can to the little squadron, all through the night of rain and thunder which follows. Next morning the sun rises on a clear sky, with a strong west-northwest breeze, and all hearts are asking what the day will bring forth.

They are long past Dunkirk now; the German Ocean is opening before them. The Spaniards, sorely battered, and lessened in numbers, have, during the night, regained some sort of order. The English hang on their skirts a mile or two behind. They have no ammunition, and must wait for more. To Amyas' great disgust, the "Sta. Catharina" has rejoined her fellows during the night.

"Never mind," says Cary; "she can neither dive nor fly, and as long as she is above water, we — What is the Admiral about?"

He is signaling Lord Henry Seymour and his squadron. Soon they tack, and come down the wind for the coast of Flanders. Parma must be blockaded still; and the Hollanders are likely to be too busy with their plunder to do it effectually. Suddenly there is a stir in the Spanish fleet. Medina and the rearmost ships turn upon the English. What can it mean? Will they offer battle once more? If so, it were best to get out of their way, for we have nothing wherewith to fight them. So the English lie close to the wind. They will let them pass, and return to their old tactic of following and harassing.

"Good-by to Seymour," says Cary, "if he is caught between them and Parma's flotilla. They are going to Dunkirk."

"Impossible! They will not have water enough to reach his light craft. Here comes a big ship right upon us! Give him all you have left, lads; and if he will fight us, lay him alongside, and die boarding."

They gave him what they had, and hulled him with every shot; but his huge side stood silent as the grave. He had not wherewithal to return the compliment

"As I live, he is cutting loose the foot of his mainsail! the villain means to run."

"There go the rest of them! Victoria!" shouted Cary, as one after another, every Spaniard set all the sail he could.

There was silence for a few minutes throughout the English fleet, and then cheer upon cheer of triumph rent the skies. It was over. The Spaniard had refused battle, and thinking only of safety, was pressing downward toward the Straits again. The Invincible Armada had cast away its name, and England was saved.

"But he will never get there, sir," said old Yeo, who had come upon deck to murmur his *Nunc Domine*, and gaze upon that sight beyond all human faith or hope: "Never, never will he weather the Flanders shore against such a breeze as is coming up. Look to the eye of the wind, sir, and see how the Lord is fighting for His people."

Yes, down it came, fresher and stiffer every minute out of the gray northwest, as it does so often after a thunderstorm, and the sea began to rise high and white under the "Claro Aquilone," till the Spaniards were fain to take in all spare canvas, and lie-to as best they could; while the English fleet, lying-to also, awaited an event which was in God's hands, and not in theirs.

"They will be all ashore on Zealand before the afternoon," murmured Amyas; "and I have lost my labor! Oh, for powder, powder, powder! to go in and finish it at once!"

"Oh, sir," said Yeo, "don't murmur against the Lord in the very day of His mercies. It is hard, to be sure; but His will be done."

"Could we not borrow powder from Drake there?"

"Look at the sea, sir!"

And, indeed, the sea was far too rough for any such attempt. The Spaniards neared and neared the fatal dunes, which fringed the shore for many a dreary mile; and Amyas had to wait weary hours, growling like a dog who has had the bone snatched out of his mouth, till the day wore on, when, behold, the wind began to fall as rapidly as it had risen. A savage joy rose in Amyas' heart.

"They are safe! safe for us! Who will go and beg us powder? A cartridge here and a cartridge there? — anything to set to work again!"

Cary volunteered, and returned in a couple of hours with

some quantity: but he was on board again only just in time, for the southwester had recovered the mastery of the skies, and Spaniards and English were moving away; but this time northward. Whither now? To Scotland? Amyas knew not, and cared not, provided he was in the company of Don Guzman de Soto.

The Armada was defeated, and England saved. But such great undertakings seldom end in one grand melodramatic explosion of fireworks, through which the devil rises in full roar to drag Dr. Faustus forever into the flaming pit. On the contrary, the devil stands by his servants to the last, and tries to bring off his shattered forces with drums beating and colors flying; and, if possible, to lull his enemies into supposing that the fight is ended, long before it really is half over. All which the good Lord Howard of Effingham knew well, and knew, too, that Medina had one last card to play, and that was the filial affection of that dutiful and chivalrous son, James of Scotland. True, he had promised faith to Elizabeth: but that was no reason why he should keep it. He had been hankering and dabbling after Spain for years past, for its absolutism was dear to his inmost soul: and Queen Elizabeth had had to warn him, scold him, call him a liar, for so doing; so the Armada might still find shelter and provision in the Firth of Forth. But whether Lord Howard knew or not, Medina did not know, that Elizabeth had played her cards cunningly, in the shape of one of those appeals to the purse, which, to James' dying day, overweighed all others save appeals to his vanity. "The title of a dukedom in England, a yearly pension of £5000, a guard at the queen's charge, and other matters" (probably more hounds and deer), had steeled the heart of the King of Scots, and sealed the Firth of Forth. Nevertheless, as I say, Lord Howard, like the rest of Elizabeth's heroes, trusted James just as much as James trusted others; and therefore thought good to escort the Armada until it was safely past the domains of that most chivalrous and truthful Solomon. But on the 4th of August, his fears, such as they were, were laid to rest. The Spaniards left the Scottish coast and sailed away for Norway; and the game was played out, and the end was come, as the end of such matters generally come, by gradual decay, petty disaster, and mistake; till the snow mountain, instead of being blown tragically and heroically to atoms, melts helplessly and pitiably away.

# TO CELIA.

By BEN JONSON.

(From "The Forest")

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
  And I'll not look for wine
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
  Doth ask a drink divine·
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
  I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
  It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And sent'st it back to me;
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.



# THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

By JOHN LYLY.

(From "Euphues and his England")

[John Lyly, English stylist, was born in Kent, 1553. He graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, 1573; studied also at Cambridge. He was in Lord Burghley's household, vice master of St Paul's choristers, member of Parliament (1597–1601), buried November 30, 1606 He published "Euphues, or the Anatomie of Wit" (1579), "Euphues and his England" (1580), and several comedies later.]

It was my fortune to be acquainted with certain English gentlemen, which brought me to the court, where, when I came, I was driven into amaze to behold the lusty and brave gallants, the beautiful and chaste ladies, the rare and godly orders, so as I could not tell whether I should most commend

virtue or bravery. At the last, coming oftener thither than it beseemed one of my degree, yet not so often as they desired my company, I began to pry after their manners, natures, and lives, and that which followeth I saw, whereof whoso doubteth I will swear.

The ladies spend the morning in devout prayer, not resembling the gentlewomen in Greece and Italy, who begin their morning at midnoon and make their evening at midnight, using sonnets for psalms and pastimes for prayers, reading the epistle of a lover when they should peruse the Gospel of our Lord, drawing wanton lines when death is before their face, as Archimedes did triangles and circles when the enemy was at his back. Behold, ladies, in this glass, that the service of God is to be preferred before all things, imitate the English damoselles, who have their books tied to their girdles, not feathers, who are as cunning in the Scriptures as you are in Ariosto or Petrarch, or any book that liketh you best and becometh you most.

For bravery I cannot say that you exceed them, for certain it is the most gorgeous court that ever I have seen, read, or heard of; but yet do they not use their apparel so nicely as you in Italy, who think scorn to kneel at service for fear of wrinkles in your silks, who dare not lift up your head to heaven for fear of rumpling the ruffs in your neck, yet your hands, I conceive, are holden up rather, I think, to show your rings than to manifest your righteousness. The bravery they use is for the honor of their prince, the attire you wear for the alluring of your prey; the rich apparel maketh their beauty more seen, your disguising causeth your faces to be more suspected, they resemble in their raiment the elfrich, who, being gazed on, closeth her wings and hideth her feathers, you in your robes are not unlike the peacock, who, being praised, spreadeth his tail and bewrayeth his pride. Velvets and silks in them are like gold about a pure diamond, in you like a green hedge about a filthy dunghill. Think not, ladies, that because you are decked with gold you are endued with grace; imagine not that shining like the sun in earth ye shall climb the sun in heaven, look diligently into this English glass, and then shall you see that the more costly your apparel is the greater your courtesy should be, that you ought to be as far from pride as you are from poverty, and as near to princes in beauty as you are in brightness. Because you are brave disdain not those

who are base, think with yourselves that russet coats have their christendom, that the sun when he is at his height shineth as well upon coarse kersey as cloth of tissue; though you have pearls in your ears, jewels in your breasts, precious stones on your fingers, yet disdain not the stones in the street, which, although they are nothing so noble, yet are they much more necessary. Let not your robes hinder your devotion; learn of the English ladies that God is worthy to be worshiped with the most price, to whom you ought to give all praise: then shall you be like stars to the wise, who are now but staring flocks to the foolish, then shall you be praised of most who are now pointed at of all, then shall God bear with your folly who now abhorreth your pride.

As the ladies in this blessed island are devout and brave, so are they chaste and beautiful; insomuch that when I first beheld them I could not tell whether some mist had bleared mine eyes or some strange enchantment my mind: for it may be, thought I, that in this island either some Artimedorus or Lisimandro, or some odd necromancer did inhabit, who would show me fairies, or the body of Helen, or the new shape of Venus; but coming to myself and seeing that my senses were not changed but hindered, that the place where I stood was no enchanted castle but a gallant court, I could scarce restrain my voice from crying, "There is no beauty but in England." There did I behold them of pure complexion, exceeding the lily and the rose, of favor (wherein the chiefest beauty consisteth) surpassing the pictures that were feigned, or the magician that would feign, their eyes piercing like the sunbeams yet chaste, their speech pleasant and sweet yet modest and courteous, their gait comely, their bodies straight, their hands white, all things that man could wish or woman would have, which how much it is none can set down, whenas the one desireth as much as may be, the other more. And to these beautiful molds, chaste minds: to these comely bodies, temperance, modesty, mildness, sobriety, whom I often beheld merry yet wise, conferring with courtiers yet warily; drinking of wine yet moderately, eating of delicates yet but their ear full, listening to discourses of love but not without reasoning of learning: for there it more delighteth them to talk of Robin Hood than to shoot in his bow, and greater pleasure they take to hear of love than to be in love. Here, ladies, is a glass that will make you blush for shame and look wan for anger; their

beauty cometh by nature, yours by art; they increase their favors with fair water, you maintain yours with painters' colors; the hair they lay out groweth upon their own heads, your seemliness hangeth upon others; theirs is always in their own keeping, yours often in the dyer's; their beauty is not lost with a sharp blast, yours fadeth with a soft breath; not unlike unto paper flowers which break as soon as they are touched, resembling the birds in Egypt called ibes, who, being handled, loose their feathers, or the serpent serapie, which, being but touched with a brake, bursteth. They use their beauty because it is commendable, you because you would be common; they, if they have little, do not seek to make it more, you that have none endeavor to bespeak most; if theirs wither by age they nothing esteem it, if yours waste by years you go about to keep it; they know that beauty must fail if life continue, you swear that it shall not fade if colors last.

But to what end, ladies, do you alter the gifts of nature by the shifts of art? Is there no color good but white, no planet bright but Venus, no linen fair but lawn? Why go ye about to make the face fair by those means that are most foul? a thing loathsome to man and therefore not lovely; horrible before God and therefore not lawful.

Have you not heard that the beauty of the cradle is most bright, that paintings are for pictures without sense, not for persons with true reason? Follow at the last, ladies, the gentlewomen of England, who, being beautiful, do those things as shall become so amiable faces, if of an indifferent hue, those things as they shall make them lovely, not adding an ounce to beauty that may detract a dram from virtue. Besides this, their chastity and temperance is as rare as their beauty, not going in your footsteps, that drink wine before you rise to increase your color and swill it when you are up to provoke your lust. They use their needle to banish idleness, not the pen to nourish it, not spending their time in answering the letters of those that woo them, but forswearing the company of those that write them, giving no occasion either by wanton looks, unseemly gestures, unadvised speech, or any uncomely behavior of lightness or liking. Contrary to the custom of many countries, where filthy words are accounted to favor of a fine wit, broad speech of a bold courage, wanton glances of a sharp eyesight, wicked deeds of a comely gesture, all vain delights of a right, courteous courtesy.

And yet are they not in England precise but wary, not disdainful to confer but fearful to offend, not without remorse where they perceive truth but without replying where they suspect treachery, whenas among other nations there is no tale so loathsome to chaste ears but it is heard with great sport and answered with great speed.

Is it not then a shame, ladies, that that little island should be a mirror to you, to Europe, to the whole world?

Where is the temperance you profess, when wine is more common than water? where the chastity, when lust is thought lawful? where the modesty, when your mirth turneth to uncleanness, uncleanness to shamelessness, shamelessness to all sinfulness? Learn, ladies, though late, yet at length, that the chiefest title of honor in earth is to give all honor to him that is in heaven; that the greatest bravery in this world is to be burning lamps in the world to come; that the clearest beauty in this life is to be amiable to him that shall give life eternal. Look in the glass of England, too bright, I fear me, for your eyes: what is there in your sex that they have not, and what that you should not have?

They are in prayer devout, in bravery humble, in beauty chaste, in feasting temperate, in affection wise, in mirth modest, in all their actions, though courtly because women, yet angels because virtuous.

Ah, good ladies, good, I say, for that I love you, I would you could a little abate that pride of your stomachs, that looseness of mind, that licentious behavior, which I have seen in you, with no small sorrow, and cannot remedy with continual sighs.

They in England pray when you play, sow when you sleep, fast when you feast, and weep for their sins when you laugh at your sensualities.

They frequent the church to serve God, you to see gallants, they deck themselves for cleanliness, you for pride; they maintain their beauty for their own liking, you for others' lust; they refrain wine because they fear to take too much, you because you can take no more. Come, ladies, with tears I call you, look in this glass, repent your sins past, refrain your present vices, abhor vanities to come, say thus with one voice, "We can see our faults only in the English glass;" a glass of grace to them, of grief to you; to them in the stead of righteousness, to you in place of repentance. The lords and gentlemen in that court are also an example for all others to follow,

true types of nobility, the only stay and staff of honor, brave courtiers, stout soldiers, apt to revel in peace and ride in war; in fight fierce, not dreading death; in friendship firm, not breaking promise; courteous to all that deserve well, cruel to none that deserve ill. Their adversaries they trust not, that showeth their wisdom; their enemies they fear not, that argueth their courage. They are not apt to proffer injuries, nor fit to take any; loath to pick quarrels, but longing to revenge them.

Active they are in all things, whether it be to wrestle in the games of Olympia or to fight at barriers in Palestra; able to carry as great burdens as Milo; of strength to throw as big stones as Turnus, and what not that either man hath done or may do; worthy of such ladies and none but they, and ladies willing to have such lords and none but such.

This is a glass for our youth in Greece, for your young ones in Italy, the English glass: behold it, lords and ladies, and all that either mean to have piety, use bravery, increase beauty, or that desire temperance, chastity, wit, wisdom, valor, or anything that may delight yourselves or deserve praise of others.

But another sight there is in my glass, which maketh me sigh for grief I cannot show it, and yet had I rather offend in derogating from my glass than my good will.

Blessed is that land that hath all commodities to increase the common wealth; happy is that island that hath wise councilors to maintain it, virtuous courtiers to beautify it, noble gentlemen to advance it, but to have such a prince to govern it as is their sovereign queen, I know not whether I should think the people to be more fortunate, or the prince famous; whether their felicity be more to be had in admiration that have such a ruler, or his virtues to be honored that hath such royalty; for such is their estate there that I am enforced to think that every day is as lucky to the Englishmen as the sixth day of February hath been to the Grecians.

But I see you gaze until I show this glass, which, you having once seen, will make you giddy. O ladies! I know not when to begin nor where to end; for the more I go about to express the brightness, the more I find mine eyes bleared, the nearer I desire to come to it, the farther I seem from it; not unlike unto Simonides, who, being curious to set down what God was, the more leisure he took, the more loath he was to meddle, saying that in things above reach it was easy to catch

a strain but impossible to touch a star; and therefore, scarce tolerable to point at that which one can never pull at. When Alexander had commanded that none should paint him but Apelles, none carve him but Lysippus, none engrave him but Pergotales, Parrhasius framed a table squared every way two hundred feet, which in the borders he trimmed with fresh colors and limned with fine gold, leaving all the other room without knot or line, which table he presented to Alexander, who, no less marveling at the bigness than at the bareness, demanded to what end he gave him a frame without face, being so naked, and without fashion, being so great. Parrhasius answered him, "Let it be lawful for Parrhasius, O Alexander, to show a table wherein he would paint Alexander, if it were not unlawful, and for others to square timber though Lysippus carve it, and for all to cast brass though Pergotales engrave it." Alexander, perceiving the good mind of Parrhasius, pardoned his boldness and preferred his art, yet inquiring why he framed the table so big. He answered that he thought that frame to be but little enough for his picture, when the whole world was too little for his person, saying that Alexander must as well be praised as painted, and that all his victories and virtues were not to be drawn in the compass of a signet but in a field.

This answer Alexander both liked and rewarded, insomuch that it was lawful ever after for Parrhasius both to praise that noble king and to paint him.

In the like manner I hope, and though it be not requisite that any should paint their prince in England that cannot sufficiently perfect her, yet it shall not be thought rashness or rudeness for Euphues to frame a table for Elizabeth, though he presume not to paint her. Let Apelles show his fine art, Euphues will manifest his faithful heart; the one can but prove his conceit to blaze his cunning, the other his good will to grind his colors; he that wetteth the tools is not to be disliked though he cannot carve the image; the worm that spinneth the silk is to be esteemed though she cannot work the sampler; they that fell timber for ships are not to be blamed because they cannot build ships.

He that carrieth mortar furthereth the building, though he be no expert mason; he that diggeth the garden is to be considered, though he cannot tread the knots; the goldsmith's boy must have his wages for blowing the fire, though he cannot fashion the jewel.

Then, ladies, I hope poor Euphues shall not be reviled though he deserve not to be rewarded. I will set down this Elizabeth as near as I can, and it may be that as the Venus of Apelles, not finished; the Tindarides of Nichomachus, not ended; the Medea of Timonachus, not perfected; the table of Parrhasius, not colored, brought greater desire to consummate them and to others to see them; so the Elizabeth of Euphues, being but shadowed for others to varnish, but begun for others to end, but drawn with a black coal for others to blaze with a bright color, may work either a desire in Euphues hereafter, if he live, to end it, or a mind in those that are better able to amend it, or in all (if none can work it) a will to wish it. In the mean season I say, as Zeuxis did when he had drawn the picture of Atlanta, more will envy me than imitate me, and not commend it though they cannot amend it.



## UNA AND THE LION.

By EDMUND SPENSER

(From "The Faerie Queene.")

[Edmund Spenser, English poet, was born in London about 1552, and attended Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He became intimate with Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Leicester, and through the latter's influence procured (1580) the post of private secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, the queen's deputy in Ireland For his services in suppressing Desmond's rebellion, he obtained a grant of three thousand acres of land from the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond, including the castle and manor of Kilcolman Castle At the suggestion of Sir Walter Raleigh, he went to London in 1589, and the next year brought out the first three books of "The Faerie Queene," which so pleased Queen Elizabeth that she bestowed upon him a pension of fifty pounds per annum. In 1591 he returned to Kilcolman Castle, and wrote "Colin Clout's Come Home Again" Seven years later his house was burned by the Irish rebels, and on January 13, 1599, he died destitute and broken-hearted at Westminster By his own request he was buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, the funeral expenses being paid by the Earl of Essex. Besides the works already mentioned, Spenser wrote · "The Shepherd's Calendar," "Amoretti," "Astrophel," "Four Hymns," etc ]

Naught is there under heaven's wide hollowness,
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness

Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

And now it is empassionèd so deep,
For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,
That my frail eyes these lines with tears do steep,
To think how she through guileful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though fair as ever living wight was fair,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorcèd in despair,
And her due loves derived to that vile witch's share.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's preace, as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed,
To seek her knight; who, subtilely betrayed
Through that late vision which th' enchanter wrought,
Had her abandoned; she of naught afraid,
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought,
Yet wishèd tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside Her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shinèd bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place,
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood,
A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse;
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgat his furious force

Instead thereof, he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As he her wrongèd innocence did weet
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,
Her heart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him pricked in pity of my sad estate.—
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him loved, and ever most adored
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbor wood,
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood.
With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin, born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayèd champion if she might attain

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hárd;
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared
From her fair eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her looks conceivèd her intent

Long she thus travelèd through deserts wide,
By which she thought her wand'ring knight should pass,
Yet never show of living wight espied,
Till that at length she found the trodden grass
In which the track of people's footing was,
Under the steep foot of a mountain hoar,

The same she follows, till at last she has
A damsel spied slow-footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approaching, she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand.
But the rude wench her answered naught at all;
She could not hear, nor speak, nor understand
Till, seeing by her side the lion stand,
With sudden fear her pitcher down she threw
And fled away, for never in that land
Face of fair lady she before did view,
And that dread lion's look her cast in deadly hue.

Full fast she fled, ne ever looked behind,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother blind
Sat in eternal night; naught could she say;
But, sudden catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signs of fear;
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the door. By this arrivèd there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere:

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with fear, and faint astonishment,
She found them both in darksome corner pent:
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred *Paternosters* every day,
And thrice nine hundred *Aves*, she was wont to say.

And, to augment her painful penance more,
Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin, rough sackcloth wore
And thrice-three times did fast from any bit:
But now for fear her beads she did forget.
Whose needless dread for to remove away,
Fair Una framèd words and count'nance fit,
Which hardly done, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cottage small that night she rest her may.

The day is spent; and cometh drowsy night,
When every creature shrouded is in sleep;



THE HOME OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE POET SPENSER, PENSHURST CASTLE

Sad Una down her lay in weary plight,
And at her feet the lion watch doth keep;
Instead of rest, she does lament, and weep,
For the late loss of her dear-lovèd knight,
And sighs, and groans, and evermore does steep
Her tender breast in bitter tears all night,
All night she thinks too long, and often looks for light.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted high,
Above the shiny Cassiopeia's chair,
And all in deadly sleep did drownèd lie,
One knockèd at the door, and in would fare;
He knockèd fast, and often curst, and sware,
That ready entrance was not at his call;
For on his back a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stealths, and pillage several,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminal.

He was, to weet, a stout and sturdy thief,
Wont to rob churches of their ornaments,
And poor men's boxes of their due relief,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men careless slept;
And spoiled the priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

And all, that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whoredom used that few did know,
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow;
Ne sparèd he to give her gold and rings;
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

Thus, long the door with rage and threats he bet;
Yet of those fearful women none durst rise
(The lion frayèd them) him in to let;
He would no longer stay him to advise,
But open breaks the door in furious wise,
And ent'ring is; when that disdainful beast,
Encount'ring fierce, him sudden doth surprise;

And seizing cruel claws on trembling breast,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest

Him booteth not resist, nor succor call,
His bleeding heart is in the venger's hand,
Who straight him rent in thousand pieces small,
And quite dismemb'red hath. the thirsty land
Drank up his life, his corse left on the strand.
His fearful friends wear out the woeful night,
Ne dare to weep, nor seem to understand
The heavy hap which on them is alight;
Afraid, lest to themselves the like mishappen might.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lion eke;
And on their former journey forward pass,
In ways unknown, her wand'ring knight to seek,
With pains far passing that long-wand'ring Greek,
That for his love refusèd deity:
Such were the labors of this lady meek,
Still seeking him, that from her still did fly;
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weenèd nigh

Soon as she parted thence, the fearful twain,
That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,
Came forth, and, finding Kirkrapine there slain,
For anguish great they gan to rend their hair,
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to tear
And when they both had wept and wailed their fill,
Then forth they ran, like two amazèd deer,
Half mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her that was the causer of their ill

Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry;
Shamefully at her railing all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flower of faith and chastity.
And still, amidst her railing, she did pray
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endless error she might ever stray.

But, when she saw her prayers naught prevail,
She back returnèd with some labor lost,

And in the way, as she did weep and wail,
A knight her met in mighty arms embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boast;
But subtle Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have tossed.
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a lady she could tellen aught

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and rail, and rend her hair,
Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,
That caused her shed so many a bitter tear;
And so forth told the story of her fear
Much seemèd he to moan her hapless chance,
And after for that lady did inquere,
Which being taught, he forward gan advance
His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmèd lance.

Erelong he came where Una traveled slow,
And that wild champion waiting her beside,
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
Himself too nigh at hand, but turnèd wide
Unto an hill; from whence when she him spied,
By his like-seeming shield her knight by name
She weened it was, and towards him gan ride,
Approaching nigh she wist it was the same,
And with fair fearful humblesse towards him she came

And weeping said, "Ah, my long-lackèd lord,
Where have ye been thus long out of my sight?
Much fearèd I to have been quite abhorred,
Or aught have done, that ye displeasen might,
That should as death unto my dear heart light,
For since mine eye your joyous sight did miss,
My cheerful day is turned to cheerless night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is
But welcome now, my light, and shining lamp of bliss!"

He thereto meeting said, "My dearest dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To think that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave that have me lovèd still,
And chose in Faerie court, of mere good will,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill

To bring forth fruit, and make eternal dearth,
Than I leave you, my life, yborn of heavenly birth.

"And sooth to say, why I left you so long,
Was for to seek adventure in strange place;
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily work disgrace;
But knight he now shall nevermore deface·
Good cause of mine excuse that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithful service, that by land and seas
Have vowed you to defend. now then your plaint appease"

His lovely words her seemed due recompense
Of all her passèd pains, one loving hour
For many years of sorrow can dispense,
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.
She has forgot how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endured; she speaks no more
Of past true is that true love hath no power
To looken back, his eyes be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toiled so sore.

Much like, as when the beaten mariner,
That long hath wand'red in the ocean wide,
Oft soused in swelling Tethys' saltish tear;
And long time having tanned his tawny hide
With blust'ring breath of heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hound;
Soon as the port from far he has espied,
His cheerful whistle merrily doth sound,
And Nereus crowns with cups, his mates him pledge around.

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found;
And eke th' enchanter joyous seemed no less
Than the glad merchant, that does view from ground
His ship far come from watery wilderness;
He hurls out vows, and Neptune oft doth bless
So forth they passed; and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distress,
In which he asked her what the lion meant;
Who told, her all that fell in journey, as she went.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hasty heat,

Full strongly armed, and on a courser free,
That through his fierceness foamèd all with sweat,
And the sharp iron did for anger eat,
When his hot rider spurred his chafèd side;
His look was stern, and seemèd still to threat
Cruel revenge, which he in heart did hide:
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines was dyed.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle pair.
And saw the red cross which the knight did bear,
He burnt in fire, and gan eftsoones prepare
Himself to battle with his couchèd spear.
Loath was that other, and did faint through fear,
To taste th' untrièd dint of deadly steel.
But yet his lady did so well him cheer,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feel;
So bent his spear, and spurred his horse with iron heel.

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce
And full of wrath, that, with his sharp-head spear,
Through vainly crossèd shield he quite did pierce;
And, had his staggering steed not shrunk for fear,
Through shield and body eke he should him bear.
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him bear:
He tumbling rudely down to ground did rush,
And from his gorèd wound a well of blood did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his lofty steed,
He to him leapt, in mind to reave his life,
And proudly said · "Lo, there the worthy meed
Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife;
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake;
When mourning altars, purged with enemy's life,
The black infernal furies do aslake ·
Life from Sansfoy thou took'st, Sansloy shall from thee take."

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cried: "O hold that heavy hand,
Dear sir, whatever that thou be in place:
Enough is that thy foe doth vanquished stand
Now at thy mercy; mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lie on lowly land ·

And, whilst him fortune favored, fair did thrive
In bloody field; therefore of life him not deprive."

Her piteous words might not abate his rage;
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slain him straight, but when he sees his age,
And hoary head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amazèd hold,
And, half ashamèd, wond'red at the sight.
For the old man well knew he, though untold,
In charms and magic to have wondrous might;
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight,

And said: "Why, Archimago, luckless sire,
What do I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine ire?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
Instead of foe to wound my friend amiss?"
He answered naught, but in a trance still lay,
And on those guileful dazèd eyes of his
The cloud of death did sit; which done away,
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay:

But to the virgin comes; who all this while
Amazèd stands, herself so mocked to see
By him who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to be:
Yet is she now in more perplexity,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flee.
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her palfrey plucked, her visage to behold.

But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe
And high disdain, whenas his sovereign dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jaws full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did ween the same
Have reft away with his sharp rending claws:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His courage more, that from his griping paws
He hath his shield redeemed; and forth his sword he draws.

O then, too weak and feeble was the force
Of savage beast, his puissance to withstand!

For he was strong, and of so mighty corse,
As ever wielded spear in warlike hand;
And feats of arms did wisely understand
Eftsoones he piercèd through his chafèd chest
With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,
And lanced his lordly heart with death opprest
He roared aloud, whiles life forsook his stubborn breast.

Who now is left to keep the fórlorn maid
From raging spoil of lawless victor's will?
Her faithful guard removed, her hope dismayed;
Herself a yielded prey to save or spill!
He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foul reproaches and disdainful spite
Her vilely entertains; and, will or nill,
Bears her away upon his courser light
Her prayers naught prevail his rage is more of might.

And all the way, with great lamenting pain,
And piteous plaints, she filleth his dull ears,
That stony heart could riven have in twain;
And all the way she wets with flowing tears:
But he, enraged with rancor, nothing hears
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But follows her far off, ne aught he fears
To be partaker of her wand'ring woe
More mild in beastly kind, than that her beastly foe.



## UTOPIA AND ITS CUSTOMS.

By Sir THOMAS MORE

[Sir Thomas More, English statesman and scholar, was born in London, February 7, 1478, son of Sir John More, justice of the King's Bench He was placed as a page in the household of Archbishop Morton, who sent him to Oxford Having completed his legal studies in London, he obtained the appointment of undersheriff of London, and was elected a member of Parliament during the last years of Henry VII; and in the reign of Henry VIII., to whom he was recommended by Wolsey, became a knight, treasurer of the exchequer, speaker of the House of Commons, and, on the fall of Wolsey, lord chancellor. He resigned the seals in 1532 because he could not conscientiously sanction the divorce of Queen Catherine, and two years later was committed to the Tower for refusing to swear allegiance to the "Act of Succession" After a year's imprisonment, he was brought to trial at Westminster, convicted of high treason, and

beheaded in the Tower, July 6, 1535. More's masterpiece is his "Utopia" (published in Latin, 1516, in English, 1551), an account of an imaginary commonwealth in a distant island of the Atlantic He also wrote a "History of Richard III." in English, and a number of Latin dissertations, letters, etc ]

THE island of Utopia is in the middle two hundred miles broad, and holds almost at the same breadth over a great part of it; but it grows narrower toward both ends. Its figure is not unlike a crescent: between its horns the sea comes in eleven miles broad, and spreads itself into a great bay, which is environed with land to the compass of about five hundred miles, and is well secured from winds. In this bay there is no great current, the whole coast is, as it were, one continued harbor, which gives all that live in the island great convenience for mutual commerce; but the entry into the bay, occasioned by rocks on the one hand and shallows on the other, is very dangerous. In the middle of it there is one single rock which appears above water, and may therefore be easily avoided, and on the top of it there is a tower in which a garrison is kept; the other rocks lie under water, and are very dangerous. The channel is known only to the natives, so that if any stranger should enter into the bay, without one of their pilots, he would run great danger of shipwreck; for even they themselves could not pass it safe, if some marks that are on the coast did not direct their way; and if these should be but a little shifted, any fleet that might come against them, how great soever it were, would be certainly lost.

On the other side of the island there are likewise many harbors; and the coast is so fortified, both by nature and art, that a small number of men can hinder the descent of a great army. But they report (and there remain good marks of it to make it credible) that this was no island at first, but a part of the continent.

Utopus, that conquered it (whose name it still carries, for Abraxa was its first name), brought the rude and uncivilized inhabitants into such a good government, and to that measure of politeness, that they now far excel all the rest of mankind; having soon subdued them, he designed to separate them from the continent, and to bring the sea quite round them. To accomplish this, he ordered a deep channel to be dug fifteen miles long; and that the natives might not think he treated them like slaves, he not only forced the inhabitants, but also his own soldiers, to labor in carrying it on. As he set a vast number of



SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS DAUGHTER MARGARET OBSERVING FROM HIS PRISON WINDOW THE MONKS GOING TO EXECUTION, A D 1535

*From the picture by J R Herbert, R.A , in the National Gallery*

men to work, he beyond all men's expectations brought it to a speedy conclusion. And his neighbors, who at first laughed at the folly of the undertaking, no sooner saw it brought to perfection, than they were struck with admiration and terror.

There are fifty-four cities in the island, all large and well built: the manners, customs, and laws of which are the same, and they are all contrived as near in the same manner as the ground on which they stand will allow. The nearest lie at least twenty-four miles distance from one another, and the most remote are not so far distant but that a man can go on foot in one day from it to that which lies next it.

Every city sends three of their wisest senators once a year to Amaurot, to consult about their common concerns; for that is the chief town of the island, being situated near the center of it, so that it is the most convenient place for their assemblies. The jurisdiction of every city extends at least twenty miles: and where the towns lie wider, they have much more ground: no town desires to enlarge its bounds, for the people consider themselves rather as tenants than landlords.

They have built over all the country farmhouses for husbandmen, which are well contrived, and are furnished with all things necessary for country labor. Inhabitants are sent by turns from the cities to dwell in them; no country family has fewer than forty men and women in it, besides two slaves. There is a master and a mistress set over every family; and over thirty families there is a magistrate.

Every year twenty of this family come back to the town, after they have stayed two years in the country; and in their room there are other twenty sent from the town, that they may learn country work from those that have been already one year in the country, as they must teach those that come to them the next from the town.

By this means such as dwell in those country farms are never ignorant of agriculture, and so commit no errors, which might otherwise be fatal and bring them under a scarcity of corn. But though there is every year such a shifting of the husbandmen, to prevent any man being forced against his will to follow that hard course of life too long, yet many among them take such pleasure in it that they desire leave to continue in it many years.

These husbandmen till the ground, breed cattle, hew wood, and convey it to the towns, either by land or water, as is most

It lies upon the side of a hill, or rather a rising ground. its figure is almost square, for from the one side of it, which shoots up almost to the top of the hill, it runs down in a descent for two miles to the river Anider; but it is a little broader the other way, that runs along by the bank of that river. The Anider rises about eighty miles above Amaurot, in a small spring at first; but other brooks falling into it, of which two are more considerable than the rest. As it runs by Amaurot, it is grown half a mile broad; but it still grows larger and larger, till after sixty miles' course below it, it is lost in the ocean: between the town and the sea, and for some miles above the town, it ebbs and flows every six hours, with a strong current. The tide comes up for about thirty miles so full that there is nothing but salt water in the river, the fresh water being driven back with its force; and above that for some miles the water is brackish; but a little higher, as it runs by the town, it is quite fresh; and when the tide ebbs, it continues fresh all along to the sea. There is a bridge cast over the river, not of timber, but of fair stone, consisting of many stately arches; it lies at that part of the town which is farthest from the sea, so that ships without any hindrance lie all along the side of the town.

There is likewise another river that runs by it, which though it is not great, yet it runs pleasantly, for it rises out of the same hill on which the town stands, and so runs down through it, and falls into the Anider. The inhabitants have fortified the fountain head of this river, which springs a little without the town; that so if they should happen to be besieged, the enemy might not be able to stop or divert the course of the water, nor poison it; from thence it is carried in earthen pipes to the lower streets; and for those places of the town to which the water of that small river cannot be conveyed, they have great cisterns for receiving the rain water, which supplies the want of the other.

The town is compassed with a high and thick wall, in which there are many towers and forts; there is also a broad and deep dry ditch, set thick with thorns, cast round three sides of the town, and the river is instead of a ditch on the fourth side. The streets are very convenient for all carriage, and are well sheltered from the winds. Their buildings are good, and are so uniform that a whole side of a street looks like one house. The streets are twenty feet broad; there lie gardens behind all

their houses; these are large but inclosed with buildings, that on all hands face the streets; so that every house has both a door to the street, and a back door to the garden. Their doors have all two leaves, which, as they are easily opened, so they shut of their own accord; and there being no property among them, every man may freely enter into any house whatsoever. At every ten years' end they shift their houses by lots. They cultivate their gardens with great care, so that they have both vines, fruits, herbs, and flowers in them; and all is so well ordered, and so finely kept, that I never saw gardens anywhere that were both so fruitful and so beautiful as theirs. And this humor of ordering their gardens so well is not only kept up by the pleasure they find in it, but also by an emulation between the inhabitants of the several streets, who vie with each other; and there is indeed nothing belonging to the whole town that is both more useful and more pleasant. So that he who founded the town seems to have taken care of nothing more than of their gardens; for they say, the whole scheme of the town was designed at first by Utopus, but he left all that belonged to the ornament and improvement of it to be added by them that should come after him, that being too much for one man to bring to perfection.

Their records, that contain the history of their town and state, are preserved with an exact care, and run backward 1760 years. From these it appears that their houses were at first low and mean, like cottages, made of any sort of timber, and were built with mud walls and thatched with straw. But now their houses are three stories high: the fronts of them are faced either with stone, plastering, or brick; and between the facings of their walls they throw in their rubbish. Their roofs are flat, and on them they lay a sort of plaster, which costs very little, and yet is so tempered that it is not apt to take fire, and yet resists the weather more than lead. They have great quantities of glass among them, with which they glaze their windows. They use also in their windows a thin linen cloth, that is so oiled or gummed that it both keeps out the wind and gives free admission to the light.

## Of their Trades, and Manner of Life.

Agriculture is that which is so universally understood among them that no person, either man or woman, is ignorant of it;

they are instructed in it from their childhood, partly by what they learn at school, and partly by practice; they being led out often into the fields about the town, where they not only see others at work, but are likewise exercised in it themselves. Besides agriculture, which is so common to them all, every man has some peculiar trade to which he applies himself, such as the manufacture of wool or flax, masonry, smith's work, or carpenter's work; for there is no sort of trade that is in great esteem among them.

Throughout the island they wear the same sort of clothes without any other distinction, except what is necessary to distinguish the two sexes, and the married and unmarried. The fashion never alters; and as it is neither disagreeable nor uneasy, so it is suited to the climate, and calculated both for their summers and winters. Every family makes their own clothes; but all among them, women as well as men, learn one or other of the trades formerly mentioned. Women, for the most part, deal in wool and flax, which suit best with their weakness, leaving the ruder trades to the men. The same trade generally passes down from father to son, inclinations often following descent; but if any man's genius lies another way, he is by adoption translated into a family that deals in the trade to which he is inclined: and when that is to be done, care is taken not only by his father, but by the magistrate, that he may be put to a discreet and good man. And if after a person has learned one trade, he desires to acquire another, that is also allowed, and is managed in the same manner as the former. When he has learned both, he follows that which he likes best, unless the public has more occasion for the other.

The chief and almost the only business of the Syphogrants, or magistrates, is to take care that no man may live idle, but that every one may follow his trade diligently: yet they do not wear themselves out with perpetual toil, from morning to night, as if they were beasts of burden, which as it is indeed a heavy slavery, so it is everywhere the common course of life amongst all mechanics except the Utopians; but they, dividing the day and night into twenty-four hours, appoint six of these for work; three of which are before dinner, and three after. They then sup, and at eight o'clock, counting from noon, go to bed and sleep eight hours The rest of their time besides that taken up in work, eating, and sleeping is left to every man's discretion; yet they are not to abuse that interval to

luxury and idleness, but must employ it in some proper exercise according to their various inclinations, which is for the most part reading.

It is ordinary to have public lectures every morning before daybreak, at which none are obliged to appear but those who are marked out for literature; yet a great many, both men and women of all ranks, go to hear lectures of one sort or other, according to their inclinations. But if others, that are not made for contemplation, choose rather to employ themselves at that time in their trades, as many of them do, they are not hindered, but are rather commended, as men that take care to serve their country. After supper they spend an hour in some diversion, in summer in their gardens, and in winter in the halls where they eat, where they entertain each other, either with music or discourse. They do not so much as know dice, or any such foolish and mischievous games; they have, however, two sorts of games not unlike our chess; the one is between several numbers, in which one number, as it were, consumes another: the other resembles a battle between the virtues and the vices, in which the enmity in the vices among themselves, and their agreement against virtue, is not unpleasantly represented; together with the special oppositions between the particular virtues and vices; as also the methods by which vice either openly assaults or secretly undermines virtue; and virtue on the other hand resists it. But the time appointed for labor is to be narrowly examined, otherwise you may imagine that since there are only six hours appointed for work, they may fall under a scarcity of necessary provisions.

But it is so far from being true, that this time is not sufficient for supplying them with plenty of all things, either necessary or convenient; that it is rather too much; and this you will easily apprehend, if you consider how great a part of all other nations is quite idle. First, women generally do little, who are the half of mankind; and if some few women are diligent, their husbands are idle: then consider the great company of idle priests, and of those that are called religious men; add to these all rich men, chiefly those that have estates in land, who are called noblemen and gentlemen, together with their families, made up of idle persons, that are kept more for show than use; add to these all those strong and lusty beggars that go about pretending some disease, in excuse for their begging; and upon the whole account you will find that the

number of those by whose labors mankind is supplied is much less than you perhaps imagined.

Then consider how few of those that work are employed in labors that are of real service; for we who measure all things by money give rise to many trades that are both vain and superfluous, and serve only to support riot and luxury. For if those who work were employed only in such things as the conveniences of life require, there would be such an abundance of them that the prices of them would so sink that tradesmen could not be maintained by their gains; if all those who labor about useless things were set to more profitable employments, and if all they that languish out their lives in sloth and idleness, every one of whom consumes as much as any two of the men that are at work, were forced to labor, you may easily imagine that a small proportion of time would serve for doing all that is either necessary, profitable, or pleasant to mankind, especially while pleasure is kept within its due bounds.

This appears very plainly in Utopia, for there, in a great city, and in all the territory that lies round it, you can scarce find five hundred, either men or women, who by their age and strength are capable of labor, that are not engaged in it; even the Syphogrants, though excused by the law, yet do not excuse themselves, but work, that by their examples they may excite the industry of the rest of the people. The like exemption is allowed to those who, being recommended to the people by the priests, are by the secret suffrages of the Syphogrants privileged from labor, that they may apply themselves wholly to study; and if any of these fall short of those hopes that they seemed at first to give, they are obliged to return to work. And sometimes a mechanic, that so employs his leisure hours as to make a considerable advancement in learning, is eased from being a tradesman, and ranked among their learned men. Out of these they choose their ambassadors, their priests, their Tranibors, and the Prince himself; anciently called their Barzenes, but is called of late their Ademus.

And thus from the great numbers among them that are neither suffered to be idle, nor to be employed in any fruitless labor, you may easily make the estimate how much may be done in those few hours in which they are obliged to labor. But besides all that has been already said, it is to be considered that the needful arts among them are managed with less labor than anywhere else. The building or the repairing of houses

among us employ many hands, because often a thriftless heir suffers a house that his father built to fall into decay, so that his successor must, at a great cost, repair that which he might have kept up with a small charge: it frequently happens that the same house which one person built at a vast expense is neglected by another, who thinks he has a more delicate sense of the beauties of architecture; and he, suffering it to fall to ruin, builds another at no less charge. But among the Utopians, all things are so regulated that men very seldom build upon a new piece of ground; and are not only very quick in repairing their houses, but show their foresight in preventing their decay: so their buildings are preserved very long, with but little labor; and thus the builders to whom that care belongs are often without employment, except the hewing of timber, and the squaring of stones, that the materials may be in readiness for raising a building very suddenly, when there is any occasion for it.

As to their clothes, observe how little work is spent in them: while they are at labor, they are clothed with leather and skins, cast carelessly about them, which will last seven years; and when they appear in public they put on an upper garment which hides the other; and these are all of one color, and that is the natural color of the wool. As they need less woolen cloth than is used anywhere else, so that which they make use of is much less costly. They use linen cloth more; but that is prepared with less labor, and they value cloth only by the whiteness of the linen, or the cleanness of white wool, without much regard to the fineness of the thread: while in other places, four or five upper garments of woolen cloth, of different colors, and as many vests of silk, will scarce serve one man, and while those that are nicer think ten too few, every man there is content with one, which very often serves him two years.

Nor is there anything that can tempt a man to desire more; for if he had them, he would neither be the warmer, nor would he make one jot the better appearance for it. And thus, since they are all employed in some useful labor, and since they content themselves with fewer things, it falls out that there is a great abundance of all things among them: so that it frequently happens that for want of other work, vast numbers are sent out to mend the highways. But when no public undertaking is to be performed, the hours of working are lessened. The magistrates never engage the people in unnecessary labor, since the

chief end of the constitution is to regulate labor by the necessities of the public, and to allow all the people as much time as is necessary for the improvement of their minds, in which they think the happiness of life consists.



# THE BRINGING UP OF YOUTH.

By ROGER ASCHAM.

(From "The Schoolmaster")

[ROGER ASCHAM, an English scholar and writer, was born at Kirby Wiske, near Northallerton, in Yorkshire, 1515 He graduated at St John's College, Cambridge, with a brilliant record as a Greek scholar, and was appointed tutor to the Princess Elizabeth. In 1544 he published a treatise in defense of archery, entitled "Toxophilus," which secured for him an annual pension of ten pounds After three years of diplomatic service at the court of the Emperor Charles V of Germany, he was appointed Latin secretary to Queen Mary, and after her death was retained in the double capacity of secretary and tutor to Queen Elizabeth His chief work, "The Schoolmaster," a treatise on education, appeared in 1570 Ascham died in London, December 30, 1568.]

If your scholar do miss sometimes, in marking rightly these foresaid six things, chide not hastily: for that shall both dull his wit, and discourage his diligence; but monish him gently: which shall make him both willing to amend, and glad to go forward in love and hope of learning.

I have now wished, twice or thrice, this gentle nature to be in a schoolmaster: and that I have done so neither by chance nor without some reason, I will now declare at large, why, in mine opinion, love is fitter than fear, gentleness better than beating, to bring up a child rightly in learning.

With the common use of teaching and beating in common schools of England, I will not greatly contend: which if I did, it were but a small grammatical controversy, neither belonging to heresy nor treason, nor greatly touching God nor the Prince: although in very deed, in the end, the good or ill bringing up of children doth as much serve to the good or ill service of God, our Prince, and our whole country, as any one thing doth beside.

I do gladly agree with all good schoolmasters in these points: to have children brought to good perfectness in learn-

ing: to all honesty in manners: to have all faults rightly amended: to have every vice severely corrected: but for the order and way that leadeth rightly to these points, we somewhat differ. For commonly, many schoolmasters, some as I have seen, more as I have heard tell, be of so crooked a nature, as, when they meet with a hard-witted scholar, they rather break him than bow him, rather mar him than mend him. For when the schoolmaster is angry with some other matter, then will he soonest fall to beat his scholar: and though he himself should be punished for his folly, yet must he beat some scholar for his pleasure: though there be no cause for him to do so, nor yet fault in the scholar to deserve so. These we will say, be fond [foolish] schoolmasters, and few they be, that be found to be such. They be fond indeed, but surely overmany such be found everywhere. But this will I say, that even the wisest of your great beaters do as oft punish nature, as they do correct faults. Yea, many times, the better nature is sorer punished: For if one, by quickness of wit, take his lesson readily, another, by hardness of wit, taketh it not so speedily: the first is always commended, the other is commonly punished; when a wise schoolmaster should rather discreetly consider the right disposition of both their natures, and not so much weigh what either of them is able to do now, as what either of them is likely to do hereafter. For this I know, not only by reading of books in my study, but also by experience of life, abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, the best learned, and best men also, when they be old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young. The causes why, amongst other, which be many, that move me thus to think, be these few which I will reckon. Quick wits commonly be apt to take, unapt to keep: soon hot and desirous of this and that: as cold and soon weary of the same again: more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far: even like oversharp tools, whose edges be very soon turned. Such wits delight themselves in easy and pleasant studies, and never pass far forward in high and hard sciences. And therefore the quickest wits commonly may prove the best poets, but not the wisest orators: ready of tongue to speak boldly, not deep of judgment, either for good counsel or wise writing. Also, for manners and life, quick wits commonly be in desire newfangled, in purpose unconstant, light to promise anything, ready to forget everything. both benefit and injury:

and thereby neither fast to friend, nor fearful to foe: inquisitive of every trifle, not secret in greatest affairs: bold, with any person: busy in every matter: soothing in such as be present: nipping any that is absent: of nature also, always, flattering their betters, envying their equals, despising their inferiors: and, by quickness of wit, very quick and ready to like none so well as themselves.

Moreover, commonly men very quick of wit be also very light of conditions: and thereby, very ready of disposition to be carried overquickly, by any light company, to any riot and unthriftiness when they be young: and therefore seldom either honest of life, or rich in living, when they be old. For, quick in wit, and light in manners, be either seldom troubled, or very soon weary in carrying a very heavy purse. Quick wits also be, in most part of all their doings, overquick, hasty, rash, heady, and brainsick. These two last words, Heady and Brainsick, be fit and proper words, rising naturally of the matter, and termed aptly by the condition, of overmuch quickness of wit. In youth also they be ready scoffers, privy mockers, and ever overlight and merry. In age, soon testy, very waspish, and always overmiserable: and yet few of them come to any great age, by reason of their misordered life when they were young: but a great deal fewer of them come to show any great countenance, or bear any great authority abroad in the world, but either live obscurely, men know not how, or die obscurely, men mark not when. They be like trees, that show forth fair blossoms and broad leaves in springtime, but bring out small and not long-lasting fruit in harvest time: and that only such as fall and rot before they be ripe, and so never, or seldom, come to any good at all. For this ye shall find most true by experience, that amongst a number of quick wits in youth, few be found, in the end, either very fortunate for themselves, or very profitable to serve the commonwealth, but decay and vanish, men know not which way: except a very few, to whom peradventure blood and happy parentage may perchance purchase a long standing upon the stage. The which felicity, because it cometh by others' procuring, not by their own deserving, and stand by other men's feet and not by their own, what outward brag soever is borne by them is indeed, of itself and in wise men's eyes, of no great estimation.

Some wits, moderate enough by nature, be many times marred by overmuch study and use of some sciences,—namely,

Music, Arithmetic, and Geometry. These sciences, as they sharpen men's wits overmuch, so they change men's manners oversore, if they be not moderately mingled, and wisely applied to some good use of life. Mark all mathematical heads, which be only and wholly bent to those sciences, how solitary they be themselves, how unfit to live with others, and how unapt to serve in the world. This is not only known now by common experience, but uttered long before by wise men's judgment and sentence. Galene saith, Much music marreth men's manners: and Plato hath a notable place of the same thing in his books de Rep. well marked also, and excellently translated by Tully himself. Of this matter, I wrote once more at large, twenty year ago, in my book of shooting: now I thought but to touch it, to prove that overmuch quickness of wit, either given by nature or sharpened by study, doth not commonly bring forth either greatest learning, best manners, or happiest life in the end.

Contrariwise, a wit in youth, that is not overdull, heavy, knotty, and lumpish, but hard, rough, and though somewhat staffish,—as Tully wisheth, "otium, quietum, non languidum;" and "negotium cum labore, non cum periculo,"—such a wit I say, if it be at the first well handled by the mother, and rightly smoothed and wrought as it should, not overtwhartly, and against the wood, by the schoolmaster, both for learning and whole course of living, proveth always the best. In wood and stone, not the softest, but hardest, be always aptest for portraiture, both fairest for pleasure and most durable for profit. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep: painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without newfangleness: bearing heavy things, though not lightly, yet willingly; entering hard things, though not easily, yet deeply; and so come to that perfectness of learning in the end, that quick wits seem in hope, but do not in deed, or else very seldom, ever attain unto. Also, for manners and life, hard wits commonly are hardly carried, either to desire every new thing, or else to marvel at every strange thing: and therefore they be careful and diligent in their own matters, not curious and busy in other men's affairs: and so they become wise themselves, and also are counted honest by others. They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart. Not hasty in making, but constant in keeping any promise. Not rash in uttering, but wary in considering every matter: and thereby, not quick in

speaking, but deep of judgment, whether they write or give counsel, in all weighty affairs. And these be the men that become in the end both most happy for themselves and always best esteemed abroad in the world.

I have been longer in describing the nature, the good or ill success, of the quick and hard wit, than perchance some will think this place and matter doth require. But my purpose was hereby plainly to utter what injury is offered to all learning and to the commonwealth also, first by the fond [foolish] father in choosing, but chiefly by the lewd [churlish] schoolmaster in beating and driving away the best natures from learning. A child that is still, silent, constant, and somewhat hard of wit is either never chosen by the father to be made a scholar, or else, when he cometh to the school he is smally regarded, little looked unto, he lacketh teaching, he lacketh couraging, he lacketh all things, only he never lacketh beating, nor any word that may move him to hate learning, nor any deed that may drive him from learning to any other kind of living.

And when this sad-natured and hard-witted child is bet [beaten] from his book, and becometh after either student of the common law, or page in the court, or serving man, or bound prentice to a merchant, or to some handicraft, he proveth in the end wiser, happier, and many times honester, too, than many of these quick wits do by their learning.

Learning is both hindered and injured, too, by the ill choice of them that send young scholars to the universities. Of whom must needs come all our divines, lawyers, and physicians.

These young scholars be chosen commonly, as young apples be chosen by children, in a fair garden about St. James tide: a child will choose a sweeting, because it is presently fair and pleasant, and refuse a runnet, because it is then green, hard, and sour: when the one, if it be eaten, doth breed both worms and ill humors; the other, if it stand his time, be ordered and kept as it should, is wholesome of itself and helpeth to the good digestion of other meats: sweetings will receive worms, rot, and die on the tree, and never or seldom come to the gathering for good and lasting store.

For very grief of heart I will not apply the similitude: but hereby is plainly seen how learning is robbed of her best wits, first by the great beating, and after by the ill choosing of scholars to go to the universities. Whereof cometh partly

that lewd [popular] and spiteful proverb, sounding to the great hurt of learning and shame of learned men, that the greatest clerks be not the wisest men.

And though I, in all this discourse, seem plainly to prefer hard and rough wits before quick and light wits, both for learning and manners, yet am I not ignorant that some quickness of wit is a singular gift of God, and so most rare amongst men, and namely such a wit as is quick without lightness, sharp without brittleness, desirous of good things without newfangleness, diligent in painful things without wearisomeness, and constant in good will to do all things well. . . .

But it is notable and true that Socrates saith in Plato to his friend Crito: That that number of men is fewest, which far exceed, either in good or ill, in wisdom or folly, but the mean betwixt both be the greatest number: which he proveth true in diverse other things: as in greyhounds, amongst which few are found, exceeding great or exceeding little, exceeding swift or exceeding slow: And therefore, I speaking of quick and hard wits, I meant the common number of quick and hard wits, amongst the which, for the most part, the hard wit proveth many times the better, learned, wiser, and honester man: and therefore do I the more lament, that such wits commonly be either kept from learning by fond [foolish] fathers, or bet from learning by lewd [churlish] schoolmasters.

And speaking thus much of the wits of children for learning, the opportunity of the place and goodness of the matter might require to have here declared the most special notes of a good wit for learning in a child, after the manner and custom of a good horseman, who is skillful to know, and able to tell others, how by certain sure signs a man may choose a colt, that is like to prove another day excellent for the saddle. And it is pity, that commonly more care is had, yea and that amongst very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse, than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed. For, to the one they will gladly give a stipend of 200 crowns by year, and loath to offer to the other 200 shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should: for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children: and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.

But concerning the true notes of the best wits for learning

in a child, I will report: not mine own opinion, but the very judgment of him that was counted the best teacher and wisest man that learning maketh mention of, and that is Socrates in Plato, who expresseth orderly these seven plain notes to choose a good wit in a child for learning: 1. Euphues, 2. Mnemon, 3. Philomathes, 4. Philoponos, 5. Philekoos, 6. Zetetikos, 7. Philepainos.

And because I write English, and to Englishmen, I will plainly declare in English both what these words of Plato mean, and how aptly they be linked, and how orderly they follow one another.

1. *Euphues* is he that is apt by goodness of wit, and appliable by readiness of will, to learning, having all other qualities of the mind and parts of the body that must another day serve learning, not troubled, mangled, and halved, but sound, whole, and able to do their office: as a tongue not stammering, or over-hardly drawing forth words, but plain, and ready to deliver the meaning of the mind: a voice, not soft, weak, piping, womanish, but audible, strong, and manlike: a countenance not werish and crabbed, but fair and comely: a personage, not wretched and deformed, but tall and goodly: for surely a comely countenance, with a goodly stature, giveth credit to learning, and authority to the person; otherwise commonly, either open contempt or privy disfavor doth hurt, or hinder, both person and learning. And even as a fair stone requireth to be set in the finest gold, with the best workmanship, or else it loseth much of the grace and price, even so excellency in learning, and namely divinity, joined with a comely personage, is a marvelous jewel in the world. And how can a comely body be better employed than to serve the fairest exercise of God's greatest gift, and that is learning. But commonly, the fairest bodies are bestowed on the foulest purposes. I would it were not so; and with examples herein I would not meddle: yet I wish that those should both mind it and meddle with it, which have most occasion to look to it, as good and wise fathers should do, and greatest authority to amend it, as good and wise magistrates ought to do; and yet I will not let, openly to lament the unfortunate case of learning herein.

For, if a father have four sons, three fair and well formed both mind and body, the fourth wretched, lame, and deformed, his choice shall be, to put the worst to learning, as one good enough to become a scholar. I have spent the most part of

my life in the university, and therefore I can bear good witness that many fathers commonly do thus: whereof I have heard many wise, learned, and as good men as ever I knew make great and oft complaint: a good horseman will choose no such colt, neither for his own, nor yet for his master's saddle. And thus much of the first note.

2. *Mnemon.* Good of memory, a special part of the first note, and a mere benefit of nature: yet it is so necessary for learning, as Plato maketh it a separate and perfect note of itself, and that so principal a note, as without it, all other gifts of nature do small service to learning. Afranius, that old Latin poet, maketh memory the mother of learning and wisdom, saying thus: "Usus me genuit, mater peperit memoria;" and though it be the mere gift of nature, yet is memory well preserved by use, and much increased by order, as our scholar must learn another day in the university; but in a child, a good memory is well known by three properties: that is, if it be quick in receiving, sure in keeping, and ready in delivering forth again.

3. *Philomathes.* Given to love learning; for though a child have all the gifts of nature at wish, and perfection of memory at will, yet if he have not a special love to learning, he shall never attain to much learning. And therefore Isocrates, one of the noblest schoolmasters that is in memory of learning, who taught kings and princes, as Halicarnassæus writeth, and out of whose school, as Tully saith, came forth more noble captains, more wise councilors, than did out of Epeius' horse at Troy; — this Isocrates, I say, did cause to be written, at the entry of his school, in golden letters, this golden sentence, ἐὰν ῇς φιλομαθὴς, ἔσῃ πολυμαθής, which, excellently said in Greek, is thus rudely in English: If thou lovest learning, thou shalt attain to much learning.

4. *Philoponos* is he that hath a lust to labor, and a will to take pains. For if a child have all the benefits of nature, with perfection of memory, love, like, and praise learning never so much, yet if he be not of himself painful [painstaking], he shall never attain unto it. And yet where love is present, labor is seldom absent, and namely in study of learning, and matters of the mind: and therefore did Isocrates rightly judge that if his scholar were Philomathes he cared for no more. Aristotle, varying from Isocrates in private affairs of life, but agreeing with Isocrates in common judgment of learning, for

love and labor in learning, is of the same opinion, uttered in these words, in his "Rhetoric ad Theodecten": Liberty kindleth love; love refuseth no labor; and labor obtaineth whatsoever it seeketh. And yet nevertheless, goodness of nature may do little good; perfection of memory may serve to small use; all love may be employed in vain: any labor may be soon graveled, if a man trust always to his own singular wit and will not be glad sometime to hear, take advice, and learn of another: And therefore doth Socrates very notably add the fifth note.

5. *Philekoos*. He that is glad to hear and learn of another. For otherwise, he shall stick with great trouble, where he might go easily forward; and also catch hardly a very little by his own toil, when he might gather quickly a good deal by another man's teaching. But now there be some that have great love to learning, good lust to labor, be willing to learn of others, yet, either of a fond shamefacedness, or else of a proud folly, they dare not or will not go to learn of another; and therefore doth Socrates wisely add the sixth note of a good wit in a child for learning, and that is —

6. *Zetetikos*. He that is naturally bold to ask any question, desirous to search out any doubt, not ashamed to learn of the meanest, not afraid to go to the greatest, until he be perfectly taught, and fully satisfied.

The seventh and last point is —

7. *Philepainos*. He that loveth to be praised for welldoing, at his father or master's hand. A child of this nature will earnestly love learning, gladly labor for learning, willingly learn of others, boldly ask any doubt. And thus, by Socrates' judgment, a good father and a wise schoolmaster should choose a child to make a scholar of, that hath by nature the foresaid perfect qualities, and comely furniture, both of mind and body, hath memory quick to receive, sure to keep, and ready to deliver: hath love to learning: hath lust to labor: hath desire to learn of others: hath boldness to ask any question: hath mind wholly bent to win praise by welldoing.

The two first points be special benefits of nature: which, nevertheless, be well preserved, and much increased by good order. But as for the five last, love, labor, gladness to learn of others, boldness to ask doubts, and will to win praise, be won and maintained by the only wisdom and discretion of the schoolmaster. Which five points, whether a schoolmaster shall

work sooner in a child, by fearful beating or courteous handling, you that be wise, judge.

Yet some men, wise indeed, but in this matter more by severity of nature than any wisdom at all, do laugh at us, when we thus wish and reason, that young children should rather be allured to learning by gentleness and love, than compelled to learning by beating and fear: They say our reasons serve only to breed forth talk, and pass away time, but we never saw good schoolmaster do so, nor never read of wise man that thought so.

Yes, forsooth: as wise as they be, either in other men's opinion, or in their own conceit, I will bring the contrary judgment of him, who, they themselves shall confess, wax as wise as they are, or else they may be justly thought to have small wit at all: and that is Socrates, whose judgment in Plato is plainly this in these words: . . . in English thus, No learning ought to be learned with bondage: For, bodily labors, wrought by compulsion, hurt not the body: but any learning learned by compulsion, tarrieth not long in the mind: And why? For whatsoever the mind doth learn unwillingly with fear, the same it doth quickly forget without care. And lest proud wits, that love not to be contraried, but have lust to wrangle or trifle away troth, will say that Socrates meaneth not this of children's teaching, but of some other higher learning, hear what Socrates in the same place doth more plainly say: . . . my dear friend, bring not up your children in learning by compulsion and fear, but by playing and pleasure. And you that do read Plato, as ye should, do well perceive that these be no questions asked by Socrates as doubts, but they be sentences, first affirmed by Socrates as mere truths, and after, given forth by Socrates as right rules, most necessary to be marked, and fit to be followed of all them that would have children taught as they should. And in this counsel, judgment, and authority of Socrates, I will repose myself, until I meet with a man of the contrary mind whom I may justly take to be wiser than I think Socrates was. Fond schoolmasters neither can understand, nor will follow this good counsel of Socrates, but wise riders in their office can and will do both: which is the only cause, that commonly the young gentlemen of England go so unwillingly to school, and run so fast to the stable: For in very deed fond schoolmasters, by fear, do beat into them the hatred of learning, and wise riders, by gentle allurements, do breed up in

them the love of riding. They find fear and bondage in schools. They feel liberty and freedom in stables: which causeth them utterly to abhor the one, and most gladly to haunt the other. And I do not write this that, in exhorting to the one, I would dissuade young gentlemen from the other: yea, I am sorry, with all my heart, that they be given no more to riding than they be: For of all outward qualities, to ride fair is most comely for himself, most necessary for his country; and the greater he is in blood, the greater is his praise, the more he doth exceed all other therein. It was one of the three excellent praises, amongst the noble gentlemen the old Persians, Always to say truth, to ride fair, and shoot well: and so it was engraven upon Darius' tomb, as Strabo beareth witness: —

Darius the king lieth buried here,
Who in riding and shooting had never peer.

But, to our purpose, young men, by any means, losing the love of learning, when by time they come to their own rule, they carry commonly, from the school with them, a perpetual hatred of their master, and a continual contempt of learning. If ten gentlemen be asked why they forget so soon in court that which they were learning so long in school, eight of them, or let me be blamed, will lay the fault on their ill handling by their schoolmasters. . . .

Yet some will say that children, of nature, love pastime and mislike learning: because, in their kind, the one is easy and pleasant, the other hard and wearisome: which is an opinion not so true as some men ween: For the matter lieth not so much in the disposition of them that be young, as in the order and manner of bringing up by them that be old, nor yet in the difference of learning and pastime. For, beat a child if he dance not well, and cherish him though he learn not well, ye shall have him unwilling to go to dance, and glad to go to his book. Knock him always, when he draweth his shaft ill, and favor him again though he fault at his book, ye shall have him very loath to be in the field, and very willing to be in the school. Yea, I say more, — and not of myself, but by the judgment of those from whom few wise men will gladly dissent, — that if ever the nature of man be given at any time, more than other, to receive goodness, it is in innocency of young years, before that experience of evil have taken root in him. For the pure clean wit of a sweet young babe is like the newest wax, most able

to receive the best and fairest printing; and like a new bright silver dish never occupied, to receive and keep clean any good thing that is put into it.

And thus, will in children, wisely wrought withal, may easily be won to be very well willing to learn. And wit in children, by nature, namely memory, the only key and keeper of all learning, is readiest to receive and surest to keep any manner of thing that is learned in youth: This, lewd [vulgar] and learned, by common experience, know to be most true. For we remember nothing so well when we be old as those things which we learned when we were young; and this is not strange, but common in all nature's works. Every man sees (as I said before) new wax is best for printing; new clay fittest for working; new-shorn wool aptest for soon and surest dyeing; new fresh flesh, for good and durable salting. And this similitude is not rude, nor borrowed of the larder house, but out of his schoolhouse, of whom the wisest of England need not be ashamed to learn. Young grafts grow not only soonest, but also fairest, and bring always forth the best and sweetest fruit: young whelps learn easily to carry; young popinjays learn quickly to speak: and so, to be short, if in all other things, though they lack reason, sense, and life, the similitude of youth is fittest to all goodness, surely nature in mankind is most beneficial and effectual in this behalf.

Therefore, if to the goodness of nature be joined the wisdom of the teacher, in leading young wits into a right and plain way of learning, surely, children, kept up in God's fear, and governed by his grace, may most easily be brought well to serve God and country both by virtue and wisdom.

But if will and wit, by farther age, be once allured from innocency, delighted in vain sights, filled with foul talk, crooked with willfulness, hardened with stubbornness, and let loose to disobedience, surely it is hard with gentleness, but unpossible with severe cruelty, to call them back to good frame again. For where the one perchance may bend it, the other shall surely break it; and so instead of some hope, leave an assured desperation, and shameless contempt of all goodness, the farthest point in all mischief, as Xenophon doth most truly and most wittily mark.

Therefore, to love or to hate, to like or contemn, to ply this way or that way to good or to bad, ye shall have as ye use a child in his youth.

And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child, for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park: I found her in her chamber, reading "Phædon Platonis" in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling she answered me: "I wis, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato: alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, madame," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it: seeing, not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto." "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth, which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me: and thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringing daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me." I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.

I could be overlong, both in showing just causes, and in reciting true examples, why learning should be taught rather by love than fear. He that would see a perfect discourse of it, let him read that learned treatise, which my friend Joan. Sturmius wrote "de Institutione Principis," to the Duke of Cleves.

The godly counsels of Solomon and Jesus the son of Sirach, for sharp keeping in and bridling of youth, are meant rather for fatherly correction than masterly beating, rather for manners than for learning; for other places, than for schools. For God forbid but all evil touches, wantonness, lying, picking, sloth, will, stubbornness, and disobedience should be with sharp chastisement daily cut away.



## THE DUCHESS' WOOING.

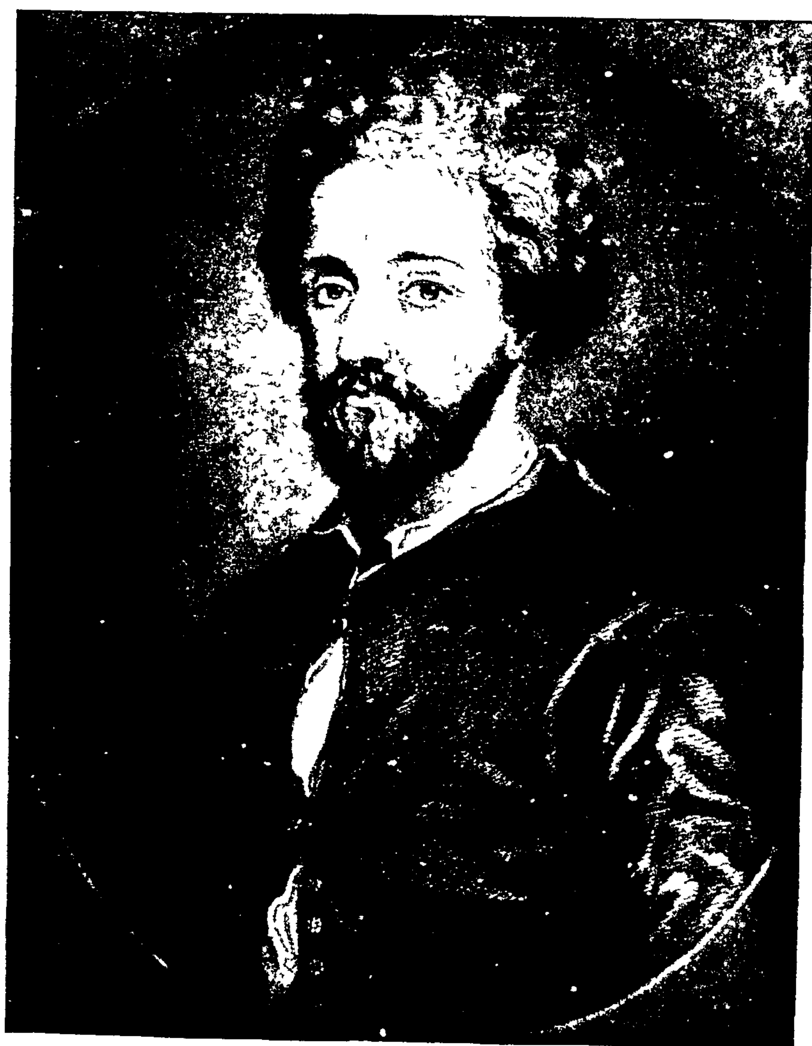
By JOHN FLETCHER

(From "The Duchess of Malfi")

[For biographical sketch, see page 2525.]

*Duchess* — Cariola,
To thy known secrecy I have given up
More than my life — my fame
*Cariola* —
Both shall be safe;
For I'll conceal this secret from the world
As warily as those that trade in poison
Keep poison from their children
*Duchess* —
Thy protestation
Is ingenious[1] and hearty: I believe it.
Is Antonio come?
*Cariola* —
He attends you.
*Duchess* —
Good, dear soul,
Leave me, but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou mayst overhear us. Wish me good speed;
For I am going into a wilderness
Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clew
To be my guide. [CARIOLA *goes behind the arras.*

[1] Ingenuous.



JOHN FLETCHER

*Enter* ANTONIO.

I sent for you sit down;
Take pen and ink, and write. are you ready?

*Antonio* —
Yes.

*Duchess* —
What did I say?

*Antonio* —
That I should write somewhat.

*Duchess* —
O, I remember.
After these triumphs and this large expense,
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire
What's laid up for to-morrow.

*Antonio* —
So please your beauteous excellence.

*Duchess* —
Beauteous!
Indeed, I thank you: I look young for your sake;
You have ta'en my cares upon you.

*Antonio* —
I'll fetch your grace
The particulars of your revenue and expense.

*Duchess* —
O, you are
An upright treasurer: but you mistook;
For when I said I meant to make inquiry
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean
What's laid up yonder for me.

*Antonio* —
Where?

*Duchess* —
In heaven.
I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,
In perfect memory), and, I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procured
That violent distraction?

*Antonio* —
O, much better.

*Duchess* —
If I had a husband now, this care were quit:
But I intend to make you overseer.
What good deed shall we first remember? say.

*Antonio* —

Begin with that first good deed began i' the world
After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage:
I'd have you first provide for a good husband;
Give him all.

*Duchess* —

All!

*Antonio* —

Yes, your excellent self.

*Duchess* —

In a winding sheet?

*Antonio* —

In a couple.

*Duchess* —

Saint Winifred,[1] that were a strange will!

*Antonio* —

'Twere stranger if there were no will in you
To marry again.

*Duchess* —

What do you think of marriage?

*Antonio* —

I take't, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally contains or heaven or hell;
There's no third place in't.

*Duchess* —

How do you affect it?

*Antonio* —

My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus.

*Duchess* —

Pray, let's hear it.

*Antonio* —

Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a-cockhorse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.

[1] "A noble British maiden of the seventh century. Prince Cradocus fell in love with her, but she would not accept his suit, and he cut off her head, which rolled to the foot of a hill it stopped there, and a spring gushed up Saint Bueno picked up the head and put it back on her shoulders Winifred came to life, and lived fifteen years thereafter. The fame of her holiness spread a shrine was built at the spring, and during many centuries that shrine, Holywell, in Flintshire, was the resort of pilgrims Her day in the Saints' Calendar is November 3 Cradocus was swallowed up by the earth's opening immediately after he severed her head from its trunk."

*Duchess* —
Fie, fie, what's all this?
One of your eyes is bloodshot, use my ring to't,
They say 'tis very sovereign: 'twas my wedding ring,
And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband.
*Antonio* —
You have parted with it now.
*Duchess* —
Yes, to help your eyesight.
*Antonio* —
You have made me stark blind.
*Duchess* —
How?
*Antonio* —
There is a saucy and ambitious devil
Is dancing in this circle.
*Duchess* —
Remove him.
*Antonio* —
How?
*Duchess* —
There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May do it thus; is it fit?
[*She puts the ring upon his finger. he kneels.*
*Antonio* —
What said you?
*Duchess* —
Sir,
This goodly roof of yours is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher raise yourself;
Or, if you please, my hand to help you· so
[*Raises him.*
*Antonio* —
Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure
Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim
Whereto your favors tend but he's a fool
That, being acold, would thrust his hands i' the fire
To warm them
*Duchess* —
So, now the ground's broke,

You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.

*Antonio* —

O my unworthiness!

*Duchess* —

You were ill to sell yourself.
This darkening of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use i' the city; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares of. and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man
(I speak it without flattery), turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself

*Antonio* —

Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest I have long served virtue,
And ne'er ta'en wages of her.

*Duchess* —

Now she pays it
The misery of us that are born great!
We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us;
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates, so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not Go, go brag
You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom:
I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble:
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident.
What is't distracts you? This is flesh and blood, sir;
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster
Kneels at my husband's tomb Awake, awake, man!
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow
That claims you for her husband, and, like a widow,
I use but half a blush in't [1]

*Antonio* —

Truth speak for me;
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.

[1] "The passion of the Duchess for Antonio, a subject most difficult to treat, is managed with infinite delicacy in a situation of great peril for the author, she condescends without being degraded, declares to her dependent that he is the husband of her choice without losing anything of dignity and respect, and seems

*Duchess* —

I thank you, gentle love:
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
Being now my steward, here upon your lips
I sign your *Quietus est* This you should have begged now:
I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.

*Antonio* —

But for your brothers?

*Duchess* —

Do not think of them:
All discord without this circumference
Is only to be pitied, and not feared:
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.

*Antonio* —

These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have savored flattery.

*Duchess* —

Kneel. [CARIOLA *comes from behind the arras.*

*Antonio* —

Ha!

*Duchess* —

Be not amazed; this woman's of my counsel:
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
*Per verba presenti* is absolute marriage.
[*She and* ANTONIO *kneel*
Bless, Heaven, this sacred gordian, which let violence
Never untwine!

*Antonio* —

And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still in motion!

*Duchess* —

Quickening, and make
The like soft music!

*Antonio* —

That we may imitate the loving palms,
Best emblem of a peaceful marriage,
That never bore fruit, divided!

only to exercise the privilege of rank in raising merit from obscurity." — DYCE. "It may be added that neither in the English Drama nor in English Fiction shall we find a scene in which womanly dignity and womanly love are exhibited more naturally than in this A noble woman, as Webster here depicts her, is neither the unreal, ethereal creature of the Age of Chivalry, nor is she the toy or servant of man" — THAYER.

*Duchess* —
What can the church force more?

*Antonio* —
That fortune may not know an accident,
Either of joy or sorrow, to divide
Our fixèd wishes!

*Duchess* —
How can the church build faster?
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church
That must but echo this.—Maid, stand apart:
I now am blind.

*Antonio* —
What's your conceit in this?

*Duchess* —
I would have you lead your fortune by the hand
Unto your marriage bed:
(You speak in me this, for we now are one.)
We'll only lie, and talk together, and plot
To appease my humorous kindred; and if you please,
Like the old tale in Alexander and Lodowick,
Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste.
O, let me shroud my blushes in your bosom,
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets!
[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* ANTONIO.

*Cariola* —
Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman
Reign most in her, I know not; but it shows
A fearful madness: I owe her much of pity. [*Exit.*



## PRAYERS BEFORE BATTLE.

BY JOHN FLETCHER.

(From "The Two Noble Kinsmen.")

*Scene: Athens. An open space before the Temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana.*

*Theseus* —
You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow the nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dovelike
Before the holy altars of our helpers,

The all-feared gods, bow down your stubborn bodies.
Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And as the gods regard ye, fight with justice!
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

*Pirithous*— Honor crown the worthiest!

[*Exeunt* THESEUS *and train.*

*Palamon*—
The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: think you but thus,—
That, were there aught in me which strove to show
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
Against another, arm oppresst by arm,
I would destroy the offender; coz, I would,
Though parcel of myself: then from this gather
How I should tender you.

*Arcite*— I am in labor
To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred,
Out of my memory; and i' the selfsame place
To seat something I would confound: so hoist we
The sails that must these vessels port even where
The heavenly Limiter pleases!

*Palamon*— You speak well.
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin.

[*They embrace.*

This I shall never do again.

*Arcite*— One farewell!

*Palamon*—
Why, let it be so; farewell, coz!

*Arcite*— Farewell, sir!—

[*Exeunt* PALAMON *and his* Knights.

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshipers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and the apprehension
Which still is father of it, go with me
Before the god of our profession. There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness, too;
Yea, the speed also,—to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails You know my prize
Must be dragged out of blood; force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she will stick
The queen of flowers Our intercession, then,
Must be to him who makes the camp a cestron[1]

[1] Cistern.

Brimmed with the blood of men; give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him. —

*They advance to the altar of Mars, and fall on their faces; then kneel.*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turned
Green Neptune into purple; whose approach
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast field
Unearthèd skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teaming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The masoned turrets; that both makest and breakest
The stony girths of cities; me, thy pupil,
Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styled the lord o' the day. Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure

[*Here they fall on their faces as before, and there is heard clanging of armor, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the altar.*

O great corrector of enormous[1] times,
Shaker of o'errank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and curest the world
O' the plurisy[2] of people, I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly! — Let us go

[*Exeunt.*

*Reenter* PALAMON *and his* Knights

*Palamon* —

Our stars must glister with new fires, or be
To-day extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: then blend your spirits with mine,
You whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party! —

[*Here they advance to the altar of Venus, and fall on their faces; then kneel.*

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets! who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
And weep unto a girl; that hast the might

[1] Monstrous [2] Plethora

Even with an eyeglance to choke Mars's drum,
And turn the alarm to whispers, that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo, that mayst force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale gravity to dance, the polled bachelor,
Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,
Have skipt thy flame, at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phœbus thou
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him, the huntress,
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away and sigh Take to thy grace
Me thy vowed soldier, who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles I
Have never been foul-mouthed against thy law,
Ne'er revealed secret, for I knew none,—would not,
Had I kenned all that were; I never practiced
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits, I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blushed
At simpering sirs that did, I have been harsh
To large confessors,[1] and have hotly asked them
If they had mothers I had one, a woman,
And women 'twere they wronged I knew a man
Of eighty winters—this I told them—who
A lass of fourteen brided. 'Twas thy power
To put life into dust; the aged cramp
Had screwed his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy[2] eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seemed torture This anatomy
Had by his young fair fere a boy, and I
Believed it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief, I am
To those that prate, and have done, no companion;
To those that boast, and have not, a defier,
To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer;
Yea, him I do not love that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in

[1] Licentious boasters. [2] Bulging.

The boldest language: such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. O, then, most soft sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure!

[*Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter; they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*

O thou that from eleven to ninety reignest
In mortal bosoms, whose chase[1] is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token, which, being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance
My body to this business!—Let us rise
And bow before the goddess; time comes on.

[*They bow, then exeunt.*

*Still music of records. Enter* EMILIA *in white, her hair about her shoulders, and wearing a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odors, which being set upon the altar of Diana, her Maids standing aloof, she sets fire to it, then they courtesy and kneel.*

*Emilia*—

O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fanned snow, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe, I here, thy priest,
Am humbled 'fore thine altar! O, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye—which never yet
Beheld thing maculate—look on thy virgin!
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear—
Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er entered wanton sound—to my petition,
Seasoned with holy fear! This is my last
Of vestal office; I'm bride habited,
But maiden-hearted; a husband I have pointed,[2]
But do not know him; out of two I should
Choose one, and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless of election; of mine eyes,
Were I to lose one—they are equal precious—

[1] Hunting ground. [2] Appointed.

I could doom neither; that which perished should
Go to't unsentenced: therefore, most modest queen,
He, of the two pretenders,[1] that best loves me
And has the truest title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band.—

[*Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place ascends a rose tree having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows[2]
Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With sacred act advances! But one rose!
If well inspired, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I, a virgin flower,
Must grow alone, unplucked

[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree, which vanishes under the altar.*

The flower is fallen, the tree descends!—O mistress,
Thou here dischargest me! I shall be gathered,
I think so; but I know not thine own will·
Unclasp thy mystery!—I hope she's pleased;
Her signs were gracious [*They courtesy, and exeunt.*



## LOVE'S VITALITY.

By MICHAEL DRAYTON

[1563–1631]

Since there's no hope, come, let us kiss and part,—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free;
Shake hands together, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet in any place again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain;
Now, at the last gasp of Love's failing breath,
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,—
Now, if thou wouldst when all have given him over,
From death to life thou yet mightst him recover!

[1] Suitors. [2] Refers to the moon (Diana) as ruler of the tides.

# EXPLORATA; OR, DISCOVERIES.

BY BEN JONSON.

(From "Timber.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 2616 ]

ILL fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not. I therefore have counseled my friends never to trust to her fairer side, though she seemed to make peace with them; but to place all things she gave them so, as she might ask them again without their trouble; she might take them from them, not pull them: to keep always a distance between her and themselves. He knows not his own strength that hath not met adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses; but no ill can happen to a good man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet that which happens to any man may to every man. But it is in his reason, what he accounts it and will make it.

No man is so foolish but may give another good counsel sometimes; and no man is so wise but may easily err, if he will take no others' counsel but his own. But very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching. For he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master.

A fame that is wounded to the world would be better cured by another's apology than its own: for few can apply medicines well themselves. Besides, the man that is once hated, both his good and his evil deeds oppress him: he is not easily emergent.

In great affairs it is a work of difficulty to please all. And ofttimes we lose the occasion of carrying a business well and thoroughly by our too much haste. For passions are spiritual rebels, and raise sedition against the understanding.

Natures that are hardened to evil you shall sooner break than make straight; they are like poles that are crooked and dry, there is no attempting them.

We praise the things we hear with much more willingness than those we see, because we envy the present and reverence the past; thinking ourselves instructed by the one, and overlaid by the other.

*Impostura.*—Many men believe not themselves what they

would persuade others; and less do the things which they would impose on others; but least of all know what they themselves most confidently boast. Only they set the sign of the cross over their outer doors, and sacrifice to their gut and their groin in their inner closets.

*Scientiæ liberales non vulgi sunt.*—Arts that respect the mind were ever reputed nobler than those that serve the body, though we less can be without them, as tillage, spinning, weaving, building, etc., without which we could scarce sustain life a day. But these were the works of every hand; the other of the brain only, and those the most generous and exalted wits and spirits, that cannot rest or acquiesce. The mind of man is still fed with labor: *Opere pascitur.*

There is a more secret cause, and the power of liberal studies lies more hid, than that it can be wrought out by profane wits. It is not every man's way to hit. There are men, I confess, that set the carat and value upon things as they love them; but science is not every man's mistress. It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done to a noble nature.

Affliction teacheth a wicked person sometime to pray: prosperity never.

*Latro sesquipedalis.*—The thief that had a longing at the gallows to commit one robbery more before he was hanged. And like the German lord, when he went out of Newgate into the cart, took order to have his arms set up in his last herborough: said he was taken and committed upon suspicion of treason, no witness appearing against him; but the judges entertained him most civilly, discoursed with him, offered him the courtesy of the rack; but he confessed, etc.

Envy is no new thing, nor was it born only in our times. The ages past have brought it forth, and the coming ages will. So long as there are men fit for it, it will never be wanting. It is a barbarous envy, to take from those men's virtues which, because thou canst not arrive at, thou impotently despairest to imitate. Is it a crime in me that I know that which others had not yet known but from me? or that I am the author of many things which never would have come in thy thought but that I taught them? It is a new but a foolish way you have found out, that whom you cannot equal or come near in doing, you would destroy or ruin with evil speaking; as if you had bound both your wits and natures prentices to slander, and

then came forth the best artificers when you could form the foulest calumnies.

*Hearsay news.*—That an elephant, in 1630, came hither ambassador from the Great Mogul, who could both write and read, and was every day allowed twelve cast of bread, twenty quarts of Canary sack, besides nuts and almonds the citizens' wives sent him. That he had a Spanish boy to his interpreter, and his chief negotiation was to confer or practice with Archy, the principal fool of state, about stealing hence Windsor Castle and carrying it away on his back if he can.

*Acutius cernuntur vitia quam virtutes.*—There is almost no man but he sees clearlier and sharper the vices in a speaker, than the virtues. And there are many, that with more ease will find fault with what is spoken foolishly than can give allowance to that wherein you are wise silently. The treasure of a fool is always in his tongue, said the witty comic poet; and it appears not in anything more than in that nation, whereof one, when he had got the inheritance of an unlucky old grange, would needs sell it; and to draw buyers proclaimed the virtues of it. "Nothing ever thrived on it," saith he. "No owner of it ever died in his bed; some hung, some drowned themselves; some were banished, some starved; the trees were all blasted; the swine died of the measles, the cattle of the murrain, the sheep of the rot; they that stood were ragged, bare, and bald as your hand; nothing was ever reared there, not a duckling, or a goose." Was not this man like to sell it?

*Amor et odium.*—Love that is ignorant, and hatred, have almost the same ends. Many foolish lovers wish the same to their friends, which their enemies would: as to wish a friend banished, that they might accompany him in exile; or some great want, that they might relieve him; or a disease, that they might sit by him. They make a causeway to their courtesy by injury, as if it were not honester to do nothing than to seek a way to do good by a mischief.

*Injuria.*—Injuries do not extinguish courtesies: they only suffer them not to appear fair. For a man that doth me an injury after a courtesy, takes not away the courtesy, but defaces it: as he that writes other verses upon my verses, takes not away the first letters, but hides them.

*Beneficia.*—Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant us; and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers, that they carry our boats; or winds, that they be favoring and

angry with their follies now and then; marry, they come into grace with them again quickly. They will confess they are offended with their manner of living: like enough; who is not? When they can put me in security that they are more than offended, that they hate it, then I'll hearken to them, and perhaps believe them: but many nowadays love and hate their ill together.

*De Shakespeare nostrat* [*i*].—I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand," which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflaminandus erat*," as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him: "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong." He replied: "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause;" and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

One [Lord Bacon], though he be excellent and the chief, is not to be imitated alone; for never no imitator ever grew up to his author; likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking; his language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end. . . .

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him

by his place or honors. But I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want.

If we would consider what our affairs are indeed, not what they are called, we should find more evils belonging us than happen to us. How often doth that which was called a calamity prove the beginning and cause of a man's happiness? and, on the contrary, that which happened or came to another with great gratulation and applause, how it hath lifted him but a step higher to his ruin? as if he stood before where he might fall safely.

Men that talk of their own benefits are not believed to talk of them because they have done them; but to have done them because they might talk of them. That which had been great, if another had reported it of them, vanisheth, and is nothing, if he that did it speak of it. For men, when they cannot destroy the deed, will yet be glad to take advantage of the boasting, and lessen it.

*De sibi molestis.*—Some men, what losses soever they have, they make them greater, and if they have none, even all that is not gotten is a loss. Can there be creatures of more wretched condition than these, that continually labor under their own misery and others' envy? A man should study other things, not to covet, not to fear, not to repent him; to make his base such as no tempest shall shake him; to be secure of all opinion, and pleasing to himself, even for that wherein he displeaseth others; for the worst opinion gotten for doing well, should delight us. Wouldst not thou be just but for fame, thou oughtest to be it with infamy; he that would have his virtue published is not the servant of virtue, but glory.

# BASIA.

By THOMAS CAMPION.

[1567–1620.]

Turn back, you wanton flyer,
And answer my desire
With mutual greeting.
Yet bend a little nearer,—
True beauty still shines clearer
In closer meeting!
Hearts with hearts delighted
Should strive to be united,
Each other's arms with arms enchaining,—
Hearts with a thought,
Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.

What harvest half so sweet is
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing?
And straight to be receiver
Of that which thou art giver,
Rich in bestowing?
There is no strict observing
Of times' or seasons' swerving,
There is ever one fresh spring abiding;—
Then what we sow with our lips
Let us reap, love's gains dividing.



# OVERREACH OVERREACHED.

By PHILIP MASSINGER.

(From "A New Way to pay Old Debts")

[Philip Massinger, English dramatist, was baptized at St. Thomas', Salisbury, November 24, 1583 He studied at Oxford, but quitted the university without taking a degree, and repaired to London about 1606. Little is known of his personal history beyond the fact that he wrote many plays both independently and in conjunction with Field, Daborne, Dekker, and Fletcher; with the last he was associated from 1613 to 1625 He was found dead in bed in his house at Southwark (March, 1640), and was buried at the hands of actors in the churchyard of St Saviour's He wrote fifteen plays unaided—tragedies, tragi-comedies, and comedies—such as "The Bondman," "Duke of Milan," ' Parliament of Love," "Maid of Honor," "City Madam," and "A



PHILIP MASSINGER

*From a scarce print by T Cross prefixed to his plays*

New Way to pay Old Debts" Of his plays written in collaboration with other dramatists, the best are: "The Honest Man's Fortune," "Fatal Dowry," "Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt," and "The Virgin Martyr."]

*Present:* LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and others. Enter* SIR GILES OVERREACH, *with distracted looks, driving in* MARRALL *before him, with a box.*

*Overreach* —
I shall *sol fa* you, rogue!

*Marrall* —
Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

*Overreach* —
Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

*Marrall* —
I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*

*Overreach.*
Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honor,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make courtesies,
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favor.

*Lady Allworth* —
When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the mean time, as I am myself,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honor is.

*Overreach* —
When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better. — Nephew.

*Wellborn* —
Sir.

*Overreach* —
No more!

*Wellborn* —
'Tis all I owe you.

*Overreach* —
Have your redeemed rags
Made you thus insolent?
*Wellborn* —
Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?
*Overreach* —
His fortune swells him:
'Tis rank, he's married. [*Aside.*
*Lady Allworth* —
This is excellent!
*Overreach* —
Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buzz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen marriage,
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozened;
I name no parties.
*Wellborn* —
Well, sir, and what follows?
*Overreach* —
Marry, this; since you are peremptory Remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragged in your lavender robes to the jail: you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.
*Wellborn* —
Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? was this the courtesy
You did me "in pure love, and no ends else?"
*Overreach* —
End me no ends! engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger
And revel in bawdy taverns.
*Wellborn* —
And beg after;
Mean you not so?
*Overreach* —
My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?

*Wellborn* —
No, indeed you shall not,
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.
*Overreach* —
But my deeds shall.
Outbraved! [*Both draw.*
*Lady Allworth* —
Help, murder! murder!

*Enter* Serv.

*Wellborn* —
Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
Armed with his cutthroat practices to guard him;
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.
*Overreach* —
That I had thee
But single in the field!
*Lady Allworth* —
You may; but make not
My house your quarreling scene.
*Overreach* —
Were't in a church,
By Heaven and Hell, I'll do't!
*Marrall* —
Now put him to
The showing of the deed. [*Aside to* WELLBORN.
*Wellborn* —
This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full,
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law (howe'er you have no conscience),
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.
*Overreach* —
I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That hath continuèd in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here, inclosed,
The deed that does confirm it mine?

*Marrall* —
Now, now!
*Wellborn* —
I do acknowledge none; I ne'er passed over
Any such land · I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.
*Lady Allworth* —
In my judgment,
He does advise you well.
*Overreach* —
Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady, second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favor.
*Lady Allworth* —
Never: do not hope it
*Wellborn* —
Let despair first seize me
*Overreach* —
Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
[*Opens the box and displays the bond.*
Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make
My interest clear — ha!
*Lady Allworth* —
A fair skin of parchment.
*Wellborn* —
Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?
*Overreach* —
I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turned into dust! — the rest of my deeds whole
As when they were delivered, and this only

Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

*Wellborn* —
To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

*Overreach* —
Marrall!

*Marrall* —
Sir!

*Overreach* —
Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two: and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash
This cunning sleight. besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses· the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this? [*Aside to* MARRALL.

*Marrall* —
I! no, I assure you·
I have a conscience not seared up like yours;
I know no deeds.

*Overreach* —
Wilt thou betray me?

*Marrall* —
Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,
To his no little torment.

*Overreach* —
Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!

*Marrall* —
Yes, and uncase you too
"The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise," your "football" or
"The unprofitable lump of flesh," your "drudge,"
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride, and, with these gabions guarded,

Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay, pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

*Lady Allworth* —

How he foams at the mouth with rage!

*Wellborn* —

To him again.

*Overreach* —

O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee
Joint after joint!

*Marrall* —

I know you are a tearer,
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you; when I have discovered,
And made it good before the judge, what ways,
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families, who yet alive,
And but enrolled for soldiers, were able
To take in Dunkirk.

*Wellborn* —

All will come out.

*Lady Allworth* —

The better.

*Overreach* —

But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords that keep thee from me should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.

*Lovell* —

Heaven's hand is in this;
One bandog worry the other! [*Aside.*

*Overreach* —

I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.

*Wellborn* —

I think so:
You dare do any ill, yet want true valor
To be honest, and repent.

*Overreach* —

They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

*Enter* GREEDY *and* PARSON WILLDO.

Shall find no harbor here —after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

*Willdo* —
Married! yes, I assure you.

*Overreach* —
Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's more gold for thee
My doubts and fears are in the titles drowned
Of my honorable, my right honorable daughter.

*Greedy* —
Here will be feasting! at least for a month,
I am provided. empty guts, croak no more
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.

*Overreach* —
Instantly be here? [*Whispering to* WILLDO
To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me,
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemned me,
Think on't and tremble.—[*Loud music*]—they come! I hear the music.
A lane there for my lord!

*Wellborn* —
This sudden heat
May yet be cooled, sir.

*Overreach* —
Make way there for my lord!

*Enter* ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.

*Margaret* —
Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made
As ever you could make use of your reason, [*Kneeling.*
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fastened. not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

*Overreach* —
How!

*Allworth* —
So I assure you; all the rites of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past. Alas! sir,

Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it;
And, for right honorable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.

*Overreach* —
Devil! are they married?

*Willdo* —
Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them joy!

*Overreach* —
Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.

*Willdo* —
They are married

*Overreach* —
Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these: — my brain turns!

*Willdo* —
Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
"Marry her to this gentleman."

*Overreach* —
It cannot —
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;
That I, that in all passages I touched
At worldly profit have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by children,
Baffled and fooled, and all my hopes and labors
Defeated and made void.

*Wellborn* —
As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.

*Overreach* —
Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.
[*Attempts to kill* MARGARET.

*Lovell* [*coming forward*] —
Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,

And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be crossed.

*Overreach* —

Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valor
Dares show itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.

*Lovell* —

I am ready

*Lady Allworth* —

Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted!

*Wellborn* —

You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

*Overreach* —

Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemmed in —
Thus!
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place·
Alone I can do nothing, but I have servants
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave
One throat uncut, — if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions! [*Exit.*

*Marrall* —

Is't not brave sport?

*Greedy* —

Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach;
I do not like the sauce.

*Allworth* —

Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.

*Lady Allworth* —

His threats move me
No scruple, madam.

*Marrall* —

Was it not a rare trick,

An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.

*Wellborn* —
I do believe thee;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance?

*Marrall* —
They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax —
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

*Wellborn* —
You are a rascal! he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other Look not for reward
Or favor from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's; thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I'will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.

*Greedy* —
I'll commit him,
If you'll have me, sir.

*Wellborn* —
That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly begone.

*Order (the Steward)* —
Take this kick with you.

*Amble (the Usher)* —
And this.

*Furnace (the Cook)* —
If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.

*Marrall* —
This is the haven
False servants still arrive at. [*Exit.*

*Reenter* OVERREACH.

*Lady Allworth* —
Come again!

*Lovell* —
Fear not, I am your guard.

*Wellborn* —
His looks are ghastly.

*Willdo* —
Some little time I have spent, under your favors,
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.

*Overreach* —
Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*
I'll fall to execution. — Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment seat: now they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate,
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursèd spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.
[*Rushes forward and flings himself on the ground.*

*Wellborn* —
There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him.

*Greedy* —
Take a *mittimus*,
And carry him to Bedlam.

*Lovell* —
How he foams!

*Wellborn* —
And bites the earth!

*Willdo* —

Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.

*Margaret* —

O my dear father! [*They force* OVERREACH *off.*



# THE PLAGUE OF LONDON.

BY DANIEL DEFOE.

(From the "Journal of the Plague Year.")

[DANIEL DEFOE, English journalist and man of letters, was born in London, about 1660, died in 1731 He wrote every sort of imaginable work in prose and verse, history, biography, and fiction, political and religious controversy, social and political pamphlets, satires, and other poems. His most famous work is "Robinson Crusoe" (1719), among his other novels are: "The Apparition of Mrs Veal" (1706), "Memoirs of a Cavalier" (1720), "Captain Singleton" (1720), "Moll Flanders," "Cartouche," and "Colonel Jacque" (1722), "John Sheppard" (1724), and the "Journal of the Plague Year" (1722) and "Account of Jonathan Wild" (1725) are really such Among his pamphlets are, "The Shortest Way with Dissenters" (1702) and "Political History of the Devil" (1726) ]

THERE was one Shift that some Families had, and that not a few, when their Houses happened to be infected, and that was this: The Families, who in the first breaking out of the Distemper, fled away into the Country, and had Retreats among their Friends, generally found some or other of their Neighbors or Relations to commit the Charge of those Houses to, for the Safety of the Goods, and the like. Some Houses were indeed entirely lock'd up, the Doors padlockt, the Windows and Doors having Deal-Boards nail'd over them, and only the Inspection of them committed to the ordinary Watchmen and Parish Officers; but these were but few.

It was thought that there were not less than 10,000 Houses forsaken of the Inhabitants in the City and Suburbs, including what was in the Out Parishes, and in Surrey, or the Side of the Water they call'd Southwark. This was besides the Numbers of Lodgers, and of particular Persons who were fled out of other Families, so that in all it was computed that about 200,000 People were fled and gone in all: But of this I shall speak again: But I mention it here on this Account, namely,



*View of the manner of burying the dead Bodies*
*At Holy-well mount during the dreadful* PLAGUE *in 1665*

*From a rare old print*

that it was a Rule with those who had thus two Houses in their Keeping, or Care, that if any Body was taken sick in a Family, before the Master of the Family let the Examiners, or any other Officer, know of it, he immediately would send all the rest of his Family, whether Children or Servants, as it fell out to be, to such other House which he had so in Charge, and then giving Notice of the sick Person to the Examiner, have a Nurse or Nurses appointed; and have another Person to be shut up in the House with them (which many for Money would do) so to take Charge of the House, in case the Person should die.

This was in many Cases the saving a whole Family, who, if they had been shut up with the sick Person, would inevitably have perished: But on the other Hand, this was another of the Inconveniences of shutting up Houses; for the Apprehensions and Terror of being shut up made many run away with the rest of the Family, who, tho' it was not publickly known, and they were not quite sick, had yet the Distemper upon them; and who by having an uninterrupted Liberty to go about, but being obliged still to conceal their Circumstances, or perhaps not knowing it themselves, gave the Distemper to others, and spread the Infection in a dreadful Manner, as I shall explain farther hereafter.

And here I may be able to make an Observation or two of my own, which may be of use hereafter to those into whose Hands this may come, if they should ever see the like dreadful Visitation. (1.) The Infection generally came into the Houses of the Citizens, by the Means of their Servants, who they were obliged to send up and down the Streets for Necessaries, that is to say, for Food, or Physick, to Bake-houses, Brew-houses, Shops, etc., and who going necessarily thro' the Streets into Shops, Markets, and the like, it was impossible, but that they should one way or other meet with distempered people, who conveyed the fatal Breath into them, and they brought it Home to the Families, to which they belonged. (2.) It was a great Mistake, that such a great City as this had but one Pest-House; for had there been, instead of one Pest-House, viz., beyond Bunhil-Fields, where, at most, they could receive, perhaps, 200 or 300 People; I say, had there instead of that one been several Pest-houses, every one able to contain a thousand People without lying two in a Bed, or two Beds in a Room; and had every Master of a Family, as soon as any Servant

especially, had been taken sick in his House, been obliged to send them to the next Pest-House, if they were willing, as many were, and had the Examiners done the like among the poor People, when any had been stricken with the Infection; I say, had this been done where the People were willing (not otherwise), and the Houses not been shut, I am perswaded, and was all the While of that Opinion, that not so many, by several Thousands, had died; for it was observed, and I could give several Instances within the Compass of my own Knowledge, where a Servant had been taken sick, and the Family had either Time to send them out, or retire from the House, and leave the sick Person, as I have said above, they had all been preserved; whereas, when upon one, or more, sick'ning in a Family, the House has been shut up, the whole Family have perished, and the Bearers been oblig'd to go in to fetch out the Dead Bodies, none being able to bring them to the Door; and at last none left to do it.

(2.) This put it out of Question to me, that the Calamity was spread by Infection, that is to say, by some certain Steams, or Fumes, which the Physicians call Effluvia, by the Breath, or by the Sweat, or by the Stench of the Sores of the sick Persons, or some other way, perhaps, beyond even the Reach of the Physicians themselves, which Effluvia affected the Sound, who come within certain Distances of the Sick, immediately penetrating the Vital Parts of the said sound Persons, putting their Blood into an immediate ferment, and agitating their Spirits to that Degree which it was found they were agitated; and so those newly infected Persons communicated it in the same Manner to others; and this I shall give some Instances of, that cannot but convince those who seriously consider it; and I cannot but with some Wonder, find some People, now the Contagion is over, talk of its being an immediate Stroke from Heaven, without the Agency of Means, having Commission to strike this and that particular Person, and none other; which I look upon with Contempt, as the Effect of manifest Ignorance and Enthusiasm; likewise the Opinion of others, who talk of infection being carried on by the Air only, by carrying with it vast Numbers of Insects, and invisible Creatures, who enter into the Body with the Breath, or even at the Pores with the Air, and there generate, or emit most accute Poisons, or poisonous Ovæ, or Eggs, which mingle themselves with the Blood, and so infect the Body; a Discourse full of learned Simplicity,

and manifested to be so by universal Experience; but I shall say more to this Case in its Order.

I must here take farther Notice that Nothing was more fatal to the Inhabitants of this City, than the Supine Negligence of the People themselves, who during the long Notice, or Warning they had of the Visitation, yet made no Provision for it, by laying in Store of Provisions, or of other Necessaries; by which they might have liv'd retir'd, and within their own Houses, as I have observed, others did, and who were in a great Measure preserv'd by that Caution; nor were they, after they were a little hardened to it, so shye of conversing with one another, when actually infected, as they were at first, no tho' they knew it.

I acknowledge I was one of those thoughtless Ones, that had made so little Provision, that my Servants were obliged to go out of Doors to buy every Trifle by Penny and Halfpenny, just as before it begun, even till my Experience shewing me the Folly, I began to be wiser so late, that I had scarce Time to store my self sufficient for our common Subsistence for a Month.

I had in Family only an antient Woman, that managed the House, a Maid-Servant, two Apprentices, and my self; and the Plague beginning to encrease about us, I had many sad Thoughts about what Course I should take, and how I should act; the many dismal Objects, which happened everywhere as I went about the Streets, had fill'd my Mind with a great deal of Horror, for fear of the Distemper it self, which was indeed very horrible in it self, and in some more than in others, the swellings which were generally in the Neck, or Groin, when they grew hard, and would not break, grew so painful, that it was equal to the most exquisite Torture; and some not able to bear the Torment threw themselves out at Windows, or shot themselves, or otherwise made themselves away, and I saw several dismal Objects of that Kind: Others unable to contain themselves, vented their Pain by incessant Roarings, and such loud and lamentable Cries were to be heard as we walk'd along the Streets, that would Pierce the very Heart to think of, especially when it was to be considered, that the same dreadful Scourge might be expected every Moment to seize upon our selves.

I cannot say, but that now I began to faint in my Resolutions, my Heart fail'd me very much, and sorely I repented of my Rashness: When I had been out, and met with such terrible

Things as these I have talked of; I say, I repented my Rashness in venturing to abide in Town: I wish'd often, that I had not taken upon me to stay, but had gone away with my Brother and his Family.

Terrified by those frightful Objects, I would retire Home sometimes, and resolve to go out no more, and perhaps, I would keep those Resolutions for three or four Days, which Time I spent in the most serious Thankfulness for my Preservation, and the Preservation of my Family, and the constant Confession of my Sins, giving my self up to God every Day, and applying to him with Fasting, Humiliation, and Meditation: Such intervals as I had, I employed in reading Books, and in writing down my Memorandums of what occurred to me every Day, and out of which, afterwards, I formed most of this Work as it relates to my Observations without Doors: What I wrote of my private Meditations I reserve for private Use, and desire it may not be made publick on any Account whatever.

I also wrote other Meditations upon Divine Subjects, such as occurred to me at that Time, and were profitable to my self, but not fit for any other View, and therefore I say no more of that.

I had a very good Friend, a Physician, whose Name was Heath, who I frequently visited during this dismal Time, and to whose Advice I was very much oblig'd for many Things which he directed me to take, by way of preventing the Infection when I went out, as he found I frequently did, and to hold in my Mouth when I was in the Streets; he also came very often to see me, and as he was a good Christian, as well as a good Physician, his agreeable Conversation was a very great Support to me in the worst of this terrible Time.

It was now the Beginning of August, and the Plague grew very violent and terrible in the Place where I liv'd, and Dr. Heath coming to visit me, and finding that I ventured so often out in the Streets, earnestly perswaded me to lock my self up and my Family, and not to suffer any of us to go out of Doors; to keep all our Windows fast, Shutters and Curtains close, and never to open them; but first, to make a very strong Smoke in the Room, where the Window or Door was to be opened, with Rozen and Pitch, Brimstone, or Gunpowder, and the like; and we did this for some Time: But as I had not laid in a Store of Provision for such a retreat, it was impossible that we could keep within Doors entirely; however, I attempted, tho' it was

so very late, to do something towards it; and first, as I had Convenience both for Brewing and Baking, I went and bought two Sacks of Meal, and for several Weeks, having an Oven, we baked all our own Bread; also I bought Malt, and brew'd as much Beer as all the Casks I had would hold, and which seem'd enough to serve my House for five or six Weeks; also I laid in a Quantity of Salt butter and Cheshire Cheese; but I had no Flesh-meat, and the Plague raged so violently among the Butchers, and Slaughter-Houses, on the other Side of our Street, where they are known to dwell in great Numbers, that it was not advisable, so much as to go over the Street among them.

And here I must observe again, that this Necessity of going out of our Houses to buy Provisions, was in a great Measure the Ruin of the whole City, for the People catch'd the Distemper, on those Occasions, one of another, and even the Provisions themselves were often tainted, at least I have great Reason to believe so; and therefore I cannot say with Satisfaction what I know is repeated with great Assurance, that the Market People, and such as brought Provisions to Town, were never infected: I am certain, the Butchers of White-Chapel where the greatest Part of the Flesh-meat was killed, were dreadfully visited, and that at last to such a Degree, that few of their Shops were kept open, and those that remain'd of them, kill'd their Meat at Mile-end, and that Way, and brought it to Market upon Horses.

However, the poor People cou'd not lay up Provisions, and there was a necessity, that they must go to Market to buy, and others to send Servants or their Children; and as this was a Necessity which renew'd it self daily; it brought abundance of unsound People to the Markets, and a great many that went thither Sound, brought Death Home with them.

It is true, People us'd all possible Precaution: when any one bought a Joint of Meat in the Market, they would not take it of the Butchers Hand, but take it off the Hooks themselves. On the other Hand, the Butcher would not touch the Money, but have it put into a Pot full of Vinegar which he kept for that purpose. The Buyer carry'd always small Money to make up any odd Sum, that they might take no Change. They carry'd Bottles for Scents, and Perfumes in their Hands, and all the Means that could be us'd, were us'd: But then the Poor cou'd not do even these things, and they went at all Hazards.

Innumerable dismal Stories we heard every Day on this very Account: Sometimes a Man or Woman dropt down Dead in the very Markets; for many People that had the Plague upon them, knew nothing of it; till the inward Gangreen had affected their Vitals and they dy'd in a few Moments; this caus'd, that many died frequently in that Manner in the Streets suddainly, without any warning: Others perhaps had Time to go to the next Bulk or Stall; or to any Door, Porch, and just sit down and die, as I have said before.

These Objects were so frequent in the Streets, that when the Plague came to be very raging, On one Side, there was scarce any passing by the Streets, but that several dead Bodies would be lying here and there upon the Ground; on the other hand it is observable, that tho' at first, the People would stop as they went along, and call to the Neighbors to come out on such an Occasion; yet, afterward, no Notice was taken of them; but that, if at any Time we found a Corps lying, go cross the Way, and not come near it; or if in a narrow Lane or Passage, go back again, and seek some other Way to go on the Business we were upon; and in those Cases, the Corps was always left, till the Officers had notice to come and take them away; or till Night, when the Bearers attending the Dead-Cart would take them up, and carry them away: Nor did those undaunted Creatures, who performed these Offices, fail to search their Pockets, and sometimes strip off their Cloths, if they were well drest, as sometimes they were, and carry off what they could get.

But to return to the Markets; the Butchers took that Care, that if any Person dy'd in the Market, they had the Officers always at Hand, to take them up upon Hand-barrows, and carry them to the next Church-Yard; and this was so frequent that such were not entred in the weekly Bill, found Dead in the Streets or Fields, as is the Case now; but they went into the general Articles of the great Distemper.

But now the Fury of the Distemper encreased to such a Degree, that even the Markets were but very thinly furnished with Provisions, or frequented with Buyers, compair'd to what they were before; and the Lord-Mayor caused the Country-People who brought Provisions, to be stop'd in the Streets leading into the Town, and to sit down there with their Goods, where they sold what they brought, and went immediately away; and this Encourag'd the Country People greatly to do

so, for they sold their Provisions at the very Entrances into the Town, and even in the Fields; as particularly in the Fields beyond White-Chappel, in Spittle-fields. Note, Those Streets now called Spittle-Fields, were then indeed open Fields: Also in St. George's-fields in Soutwork, in Bunhill Fields, and in a great Field, call'd Wood's-Close near Islington; thither the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Magistrates sent their Officers and Servants to buy for their Families, themselves keeping within Doors as much as possible; and the like did many other People; and after this Method was taken, the Country People came with great chearfulness, and brought Provisions of all Sorts, and very seldom got any harm; which I suppose, added also to that Report of their being Miraculously preserv'd.

As for my little Family, having thus, as I have said, laid in a Store of Bread, Butter, Cheese, and Beer, I took my Friend and Physician's Advice, and lock'd my self up, and my Family, and resolv'd to suffer the hardship of Living a few Months without Flesh-Meat, rather than to purchase it at the hazard of our Lives.

But tho' I confin'd my Family, I could not prevail upon my unsatisfy'd Curiosity to stay within entirely my self; and tho' I generally came frighted and terrified Home, yet I cou'd not restrain; only that indeed, I did not do it so frequently as at first.

I had some little Obligations indeed upon me, to go to my Brothers House, which was in Coleman's-street Parish, and which he had left to my Care, and I went at first every Day, but afterwards only once or twice a Week.

In these Walks I had many dismal Scenes before my Eyes, as particularly of Persons falling dead in the Streets, terrible Shrieks and Skreekings of Women, who in their Agonies would throw open their Chamber Windows, and cry out in a dismal Surprising Manner; it is impossible to describe the Variety of Postures, in which the Passions of the Poor People would Express themselves.

Passing thro' Token-House-Yard in Lothbury, of a sudden a Casement violently opened just over my Head, and a Woman gave three frightful Skreetches, and then cry'd, Oh! Death, Death, Death! in a most inimitable Tone, and which struck me with Horror, and a Chilness, in my very Blood. There was no Body to be seen in the whole Street, neither did any other Window open; for People had no Curiosity now in any Case;

nor could any Body help one another; so I went on to pass into Bell-Alley.

Just in Bell-Alley, on the right Hand of the Passage, there was a more terrible Cry than that, tho' it was not so directed out at the Window, but the whole Family was in a terrible Fright, and I could hear Women and Children run skreaming about the Rooms like distracted, when a Garret Window opened, and some body from a Window on the other Side the Alley, call'd and ask'd, What is the Matter? upon which, from the first Window it was answered, O Lord, my Old Master has hang'd himself! The other ask'd again, Is he quite dead? and the first answer'd, Ay, Ay, quite dead; quite dead and cold! This Person was a Merchant, and a Deputy Alderman and very rich. I care not to mention the Name, tho' I knew his Name too, but that would be an Hardship to the Family, which is now flourishing again.

But, this is but one; it is scarce credible what dreadful Cases happened in particular Families every Day; People in the Rage of the Distemper, or in the Torment of their Swellings, which was indeed intollerable, running out of their own Government, raving and distracted, and oftentimes laying violent Hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out at their Windows, shooting themselves, etc. Mothers murthering their own Children, in their Lunacy, some dying of mere Grief, as a Passion, some of mere Fright and Surprize, without any Infection at all; others frighted into Idiotism, and foolish Distractions, some into dispair and Lunacy; others into mellancholy Madness.

The Pain of the Swelling was in particular very violent, and to some intollerable; the Physicians and Surgeons may be said to have tortured many poor Creatures, even to Death. The Swellings in some grew hard, and they apply'd violent drawing Plasters, or Pultices, to break them; and if these did not do, they cut and scarified them in a terrible Manner: In some, those Swellings were made hard, partly by the Force of the Distemper, and partly by their being too violently drawn, and were so hard, that no Instrument could cut them, and then they burnt them with Causticks, so that many died raving mad with the Torment; and some in the very Operation. In these Distresses, some for want of Help to hold them down in their Beds, or to look to them, laid Hands upon themselves as above. Some broke out into the Streets, perhaps naked, and

would run directly down to the River, if they were not stopt by the Watchmen, or other Officers, and plunge themselves into the Water, wherever they found it.

It often pierc'd my very Soul to hear the Groans and Crys of those who were thus tormented, but of the Two, this was counted the most promising Particular in the whole Infection; for, if these Swellings could be brought to a Head, and to break and run, or as the Surgeons call it, to digest, the Patient generally recover'd; whereas those who, like the Gentlewoman's Daughter, were struck with Death at the Beginning, and had the Tokens come out upon them, often went about indifferent easy, till a little before they died, and some till the Moment they dropt down, as in Appoplexies and Epelepsies, is often the Case; such would be taken suddenly very sick, and would run to a Bench or Bulk, or any convenient Place that offer'd it self, or to their own Houses, if possible, as I mentioned before, and there sit down, grow faint and die. This kind of dying was much the same, as it was with those who die of common Mortifications, who die swooning, and as it were go away in a Dream; such as die thus, had very little Notice of their being infected at all, till the Gangreen was spread thro' their whole Body; nor could Physicians themselves know certainly how it was with them, till they opened their Breasts, or other Parts of their Body, and saw the Tokens.

We had at this Time a great many frightful Stories told us of Nurses and Watchmen, who looked after the dying People, that is to say, hir'd Nurses, who attended infected People, using them barbarously, starving them, smothering them, or by other wicked Means hastening their End, that is to say, murthering of them: And Watchmen being set to guard Houses that were shut up, when there has been but one person left, and perhaps, that one lying sick, that they have broke in and murthered that Body, and immediately thrown them out into the Dead-Cart! and so they have gone scarce cold to the Grave.

I cannot say but that some such Murthers were committed, and I think two were sent to Prison for it, but died before they could be try'd; and I have heard that three others, at several Times, were excused for Murthers of that kind; but I must say I believe nothing of its being so common a Crime, as some have since been pleas'd to say, nor did it seem to be so rational, where the People were brought so low as not to be able to help themselves, for such seldom recovered, and there was no Temp-

tation to commit a Murder, at least, none equal to the Fact where they were sure Persons would die in so short a Time; and could not live.

That there were a great many Robberies and wicked Practices committed even in this dreadful Time I do not deny; the Power of Avarice was so strong in some, that they would run any Hazard to steal and to plunder, and particularly in Houses where all the Families, or Inhabitants have been dead, and carried out, they would break in at all Hazards, and without Regard to the Danger of Infection, take even the Cloths off, of the dead Bodies, and the Bed-cloaths from others where they lay dead.

This, I suppose, must be the Case of a Family in Houndsditch, where a Man and his Daughter, the rest of the Family being, as I suppose, carried away before by the Dead-Cart, were found stark naked, one in one Chamber, and one in another, lying Dead on the Floor; and the Cloths of the Beds, from whence, 'tis supposed they were roll'd off by Thieves, stoln, and carried quite away.

It is indeed to be observ'd, that the Women were, in all this Calamity, the most rash, fearless, and desperate Creatures; and as there were vast Numbers that went about as Nurses, to tend those that were sick, they committed a great many petty Thieveries in the Houses where they were employed; and some of them were publickly whipt for it, when perhaps they ought rather to have been hanged for Examples; for Numbers of Houses were robbed on these Occasions, till at length the Parish Officers were sent to recommend Nurses to the Sick, and always took an Account who it was they sent, so as that they might call them to account, if the House had been abused where they were placed.

But these Robberies extended chiefly to Wearing-Cloths, Linen, and what Rings or Money they could come at, when the Person dyed who was under their Care, but not to a general Plunder of the Houses; and I could give an Account of one of these Nurses, who several Years after, being on her Death-bed, confest with the utmost Horror, the Robberries she had committed at the Time of her being a Nurse, and by which she had enriched herself to a great Degree: But as for murthers, I do not find that there was ever any Proof of the Facts, in the manner, as it has been reported, except as above.

They did tell me indeed of a Nurse in one place, that laid

a wet Cloth upon the Face of a dying Patient, who she tended, and so put an End to his Life, who was just expiring before: And another that smother'd a young Woman she was looking to, when she was in a fainting fit, and would have come to her self: Some that kill'd them by giving them one Thing, some another, and some starved them by giving them nothing at all: But these Stories had two Marks of Suspicion that always attended them, which caused me always to slight them, and to look on them as mere Stories, that People continually frighted one another with. (1.) That wherever it was that we heard it, they always placed the Scene at the farther End of the Town, opposite, or most remote from where you were to hear it: If you heard it in White-Chapel, it had happened at St. Giles's, or at Westminster, or Holborn, or that End of the Town; if you heard of it at that End of the Town, then it was done in White-Chapel, or the Minories, or about Cripplegate Parish: If you heard of it in the City, why, then it had happened in Southwark; and if you heard of it in Southwark, then it was done in the City, and the like.

In the next Place, of what Part soever you heard the Story, the Particulars were always the same, especially that of laying a wet double Clout on a dying Man's Face, and that of smothering a young Gentlewoman; so that it was apparent, at least to my Judgment, that there was more of Tale than of Truth in those Things.



# THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH.

By EDGAR A POE.

[EDGAR ALLAN POE. An American poet and author, born at Boston, Mass, 1809 Orphaned in his third year, he was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Va, by whom he was sent to school at Stoke-Newington, near London He spent a year at the University of Virginia (1826), enlisted as a private in the United States army under an assumed name, becoming sergeant major (1829); and was admitted to West Point (1830), receiving his dismissal the next year. Thrown upon his own resources, he began writing for the papers Subsequently he became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in Richmond; was on the staff of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and *Graham's Magazine*, in Philadelphia, and the *Broadway Journal* in New York. He died in a Baltimore hospital, October 7, 1849 "The Raven" and "The Bells" are his most popular poems. His fame as a prose writer rests on his tales of terror and mystery]

THE "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal — the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body, and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men; and the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half-depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress or egress to the sudden impulses of despair from without or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the mean time it was folly to grieve or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet dancers, there were musicians, there was beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven — an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different, as might have been expected from the prince's love of the *bizarre*. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a

sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass, whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue, and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange, the fifth with white, the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But in this chamber only the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet — a deep blood color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers; but in the corridors that followed the suite there stood opposite to each window a heavy tripod bearing a brasier of fire that projected its rays through the tinted glass, and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber, the effect of the firelight that streamed upon the dark hangings, through the blood-tinted panes, was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment also that there stood against the western wall a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud, and deep, and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause momentarily in their performance to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evo-

lutions, and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company, and while the chimes of the clock yet rang it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation; but when the echoes had fully ceased a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows each to the other that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion, and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the time that flies), there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But in spite of these things it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the prince were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric luster. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear, and see, and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fête;* and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm — much of what has been since seen in "Hernani." There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There were much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the *bizarre*, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams And these — the dreams — writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet; and then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent, save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away — they have endured but an instant — and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now

again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many-tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies more eastwardly of the seven there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away; and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appalls; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gayeties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who reveled. And thus, too, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth, the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company indeed seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from

head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revelers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its *rôle*, stalked to and fro among the waltzers), he was seen to be convulsed in the first moment with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but in the next his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares," he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him — "who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him, that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly — for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But, from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumption of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that unimpeded he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centers of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple — through the purple to the green — through the green to the orange — through this again to the white — and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his

own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon them all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached in rapid impetuosity to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of revelers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpselike mask which they handled with so violent a rudeness untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night; and one by one dropped the revelers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall; and the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay; and the flames of the tripods expired; and darkness and decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.



## THE PROGRESS OF THE PESTILENCE.

By W HARRISON AINSWORTH.

(From "Old St. Paul's")

[For biographical sketch, see page 2474 ]

Towards the middle of May, the bills of mortality began to swell greatly in amount, and though but few were put down to the plague, and a large number to the spotted fever (another frightful disorder raging at the period), it is well known that the bulk had died of the former disease. The rigorous measures adopted by the authorities (whether salutary or not has been questioned), in shutting up houses and confining the sick and sound within them for forty days, were found so intoler-

able, that most persons were disposed to run any risk rather than be subjected to such a grievance, and every artifice was resorted to for concealing a case when it occurred. Hence, it seldom happened, unless by accident, that a discovery was made. Quack doctors were secretly consulted, instead of the regular practitioners; the searchers were bribed to silence; and large fees were given to the undertakers and buriers to lay the deaths to the account of some other disorder. All this, however, did not blind the eyes of the officers to the real state of things. Redoubling their vigilance, they entered houses on mere suspicion; inflicted punishments where they found their orders disobeyed or neglected; sent the sound to prison,—the sick to the pest-house; and replaced the faithless searchers by others upon whom they could place reliance. Many cases were thus detected; but in spite of every precaution, the majority escaped; and the vent was no sooner stopped in one quarter than it broke out with additional violence in another.

By this time the alarm had become general. All whose business or pursuits permitted it prepared to leave London, which they regarded as a devoted city, without delay. As many houses were, therefore, closed from the absence of the inhabitants as from the presence of the plague, and this added to the forlorn appearance of the streets, which in some quarters were almost deserted. For a while, nothing was seen at the great outlets of the city but carts, carriages, and other vehicles, filled with goods and movables, on their way to the country; and, as may be supposed, the departure of their friends did not tend to abate the dejection of those whose affairs compelled them to remain behind.

One circumstance must not be passed unnoticed, namely, the continued fineness and beauty of the weather. No rain had fallen for upwards of three weeks. The sky was bright and cloudless; the atmosphere, apparently, pure and innoxious; while the heat was as great as is generally experienced in the middle of summer. But instead of producing its usual enlivening effect on the spirits, the fine weather added to the general gloom and apprehension, inasmuch as it led to the belief (afterwards fully confirmed) that if the present warmth was so pernicious, the more sultry seasons which were near at hand would aggravate the fury of the pestilence. Sometimes, indeed, when the deaths were less numerous, a hope began to be entertained that the distemper was abating, and confidence was for a mo-

ment restored; but these anticipations were speedily checked by the reappearance of the scourge, which seemed to baffle and deride all human skill and foresight.

London now presented a lamentable spectacle. Not a street but had a house in it marked with a red cross — some streets had many such. The bells were continually tolling for burials, and the dead carts went their melancholy rounds at night and were constantly loaded. Fresh directions were issued by the authorities; and as domestic animals were considered to be a medium of conveying the infection, an order, which was immediately carried into effect, was given to destroy all dogs and cats. But this plan proved prejudicial rather than the reverse, as the bodies of the poor animals, most of which were drowned in the Thames, being washed ashore, produced a horrible and noxious effluvium, supposed to contribute materially to the propagation of the distemper.

No precautionary measure was neglected; but it may be doubted whether any human interference could have averted the severity of the scourge, which, though its progress might be checked for a few days by attention, or increased in the same ratio by neglect, would in the end have unquestionably fulfilled its mission. The College of Physicians, by the King's command, issued simple and intelligible directions in the mother tongue, for the sick. Certain of their number, amongst whom was the reader's acquaintance, Doctor Hodges, were appointed to attend the infected; and two out of the Court of Aldermen were required to see that they duly executed their dangerous office. Public prayers and a genuine fast were likewise enjoined. But Heaven seemed deaf to the supplications of the doomed inhabitants — their prayers being followed by a fearful increase of deaths. A vast crowd was collected within Saint Paul's to hear a sermon preached by Doctor Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, — a prelate greatly distinguished during the whole course of the visitation, by his unremitting charity and attention to the sick; and before the discourse was concluded, several fell down within the sacred walls, and, on being conveyed to their own homes, were found to be infected. On the following day, too, many others who had been present were seized with the disorder.

A fresh impulse was given to the pestilence from an unlooked-for cause. It has been mentioned that the shutting up of houses and the seclusion of the sick were regarded as an

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the citizens, urging them to [illegible] of all infected houses, [illegible]

Greedily listening to this [illegible], they [illegible] to act upon it. Headed by the [illegible], they ran down Threadneedle Street, and, crossing Stocks Market, [illegible] several houses in Bucklersbury Lane, and [illegible] men. One man, more [illegible] than the others, tried to maintain his post, and was so severely handled by [illegible]

ants, that he died a few days afterwards of the injuries he had received. Most of those who had been imprisoned within their dwellings immediately issued forth, and joining the mob, which received fresh recruits each moment, started on the same errand.

Loud shouts were now raised of — "Open the doors! No plague prisoners! No plague prisoners!" and the mob set off along the Poultry. They halted, however, before the Great Conduit, near the end of Bucklersbury, and opposite Mercer's Hall, because they perceived a company of the Trainbands advancing to meet them. A council of war was held, and many of the rabble were disposed to fly; but Barcroft again urged them to proceed, and they were unexpectedly aided by Solomon Eagle, who, bursting through their ranks, with his brasier on his head, crying, "Awake! sleepers, awake! the plague is at your doors! awake!" speeded toward the Trainbands, scattering sparks of fire as he pursued his swift career. The mob instantly followed, and, adding their shouts to his outcries, dashed on with such fury that the Trainbands did not dare to oppose them, and, after a slight and ineffectual resistance, were put to rout.

Barcroft, who acted as leader, informed them that there was a house in Wood Street shut up, and the crowd accompanied him thither. In a few minutes they had reached Bloundel's shop, but finding no one on guard — for the watchman, guessing their errand, had taken to his heels — they smeared over the fatal cross and inscription with a pail of mud gathered from the neighboring kennel, and then broke open the door. The grocer and his apprentice hearing the disturbance, and being greatly alarmed at it, hurried to the shop, and found it full of people.

"You are at liberty, Mr. Bloundel," cried the merchant, who was acquainted with the grocer. "We are determined no longer to let our families be imprisoned at the pleasure of the Lord Mayor and aldermen. We mean to break open all the plague houses, and set free their inmates."

"For Heaven's sake, consider what you are about, Mr. Barcroft," cried the grocer. "My house has been closed for nearly a month. Nay, as my son has entirely recovered, and received his certificate of health from Doctor Hodges, it would have been opened in three days hence by the officers; so that I have suffered all the inconvenience of the confinement, and can speak to it. It is no doubt very irksome, and may be almost intolerable to persons of an impatient temperament: but I firmly be-

lieve it is the only means to check the progress of contagion. Listen to me, Mr. Barcroft—listen to me, good friends, and hesitate before you violate laws which have been made expressly to meet this terrible emergency."

Here he was checked by loud groans and upbraidings from the bystanders.

"He tells you himself that the period of his confinement is just over," cried Barcroft. "It is plain he has no interest in the matter, except that he would have others suffer as he has done. Heed him not, my friends; but proceed with the good work. Liberate the poor plague prisoners. Liberate them. On! on!"

"Forbear, rash men!" cried Bloundel, in an authoritative voice. "In the name of those you are bound to obey, I command you to desist."

"Command us!" cried one of the bystanders, raising his staff in a menacing manner. "Is this your gratitude for the favor we have just conferred upon you? Command us, forsooth! You had better repeat the order, and see how it will be obeyed"

"I *do* repeat it," rejoined the grocer, firmly. "In the Lord Mayor's name, I command you to desist, and return to your homes."

The man would have struck him with his staff, if he had not been himself felled to the ground by Leonard. This was the signal for greater outrage. The grocer and his apprentice were instantly assailed by several others of the mob, who, leaving them both on the floor covered with bruises, helped themselves to all they could lay hands on in the shop, and then quitted the premises

It is scarcely necessary to track their course further; and it may be sufficient to state that they broke open upwards of fifty houses in different streets. Many of the plague-stricken joined them, and several half-naked creatures were found dead in the streets on the following morning. Two houses in Blackfriars Lane were set on fire, and the conflagration was with difficulty checked; nor was it until late on the following day that the mob could be entirely dispersed. The originator of the disturbance, Barcroft, after a desperate resistance, was shot through the head by a constable.

The result of this riot, as will be easily foreseen, was greatly to increase the pestilence; and many of those who had been

most active in it perished in prison of the distemper. Far from being discouraged by the opposition offered to their decrees, the city authorities enforced them with greater rigor than ever, and, doubling the number of the watch, again shut up all those houses which had been broken open during the late tumult. . . .

In this way, a month passed on. And now every other consideration was merged in the alarm occasioned by the daily increasing fury of the pestilence. Throughout July the excessive heat of the weather underwent no abatement, but in place of the clear atmosphere that had prevailed during the preceding month, unwholesome blights filled the air, and, confining the pestilential effluvia, spread the contagion far and wide with extraordinary rapidity. Not only was the city suffocated with heat, but filled with noisome smells, arising from the carcasses with which the close alleys and other out-of-the-way places were crowded, and which were so far decomposed as not to be capable of removal. The aspect of the river was as much changed as that of the city. Numbers of bodies were thrown into it, and, floating up with the tide, were left to taint the air on its banks, while strange, ill-omened fowl, attracted thither by their instinct, preyed upon them. Below the bridge, all captains of ships moored in the Pool, or off Wapping, held as little communication as possible with those on shore, and only received fresh provisions with the greatest precaution. As the plague increased, most of these removed lower down the river, and many of them put out entirely to sea. Above the bridge, most of the wherries and other smaller craft had disappeared, their owners having taken them up the river, and moored them against its banks at different spots, where they lived in them under tilts. Many hundreds of persons remained upon the river in this way during the whole continuance of the visitation

August had now arrived, but the distemper knew no cessation. On the contrary, it manifestly increased in violence and malignity. The deaths rose a thousand in each week, and in the last week in this fatal month amounted to upwards of sixty thousand!

But, terrible as this was, the pestilence had not yet reached its height. Hopes were entertained that when the weather became cooler, its fury would abate; but these anticipations were fearfully disappointed. The bills of mortality rose the first week in September to seven thousand, and though they slightly decreased during the second week — awakening a momentary

hope — on the third they advanced to twelve thousand! In less than ten days, upwards of two thousand persons perished in the parish of Aldgate alone; while Whitechapel suffered equally severely. Out of the hundred parishes in and about the city, one only, that of Saint John the Evangelist in Watling Street, remained uninfected, and this merely because there was scarcely a soul left within it, the greater part of the inhabitants having quitted their houses, and fled into the country.

The deepest despair now seized upon all the survivors. Scarcely a family but had lost half of its number — many, more than half — while those who were left felt assured that their turn would speedily arrive. Even the reckless were appalled, and abandoned their evil courses. Not only were the dead lying in the passages and alleys, but even in the main thoroughfares, and none would remove them. The awful prediction of Solomon Eagle that "grass would grow in the streets, and that the living should not be able to bury the dead," had come to pass. London had become one vast lazar house, and seemed in a fair way of becoming a mighty sepulcher.

During all this time, Saint Paul's continued to be used as a pesthouse, but it was not so crowded as heretofore, because, as not one in fifty of the infected recovered when placed under medical care, it was not thought worth while to remove them from their own abodes. The number of attendants, too, had diminished. Some had died, but the greater part had abandoned their offices from a fear of sharing the fate of their patients. . . .

On the tenth of September, which was afterwards accounted the most fatal day of this fatal month, a young man of a very dejected appearance, and wearing the traces of severe suffering in his countenance, entered the west end of London, and took his way slowly towards the city. He had passed Saint Giles' without seeing a single living creature, or the sign of one in any of the houses. The broad thoroughfare was completely grown over with grass, and the habitations had the most melancholy and deserted air imaginable. Some doors and windows were wide open, discovering rooms with goods and furniture scattered about, having been left in this state by their inmates; but most part of them were closely fastened up.

As he proceeded along Holborn, the ravages of the scourge were yet more apparent. Every house, on either side of the way, had a red cross, with the fatal inscription above it, upon

the door. Here and there, a watchman might be seen, looking more like a phantom than a living thing. Formerly, the dead were conveyed away at night, but now the carts went about in the daytime. On reaching Saint Andrew's, Holborn, several persons were seen wheeling hand barrows filled with corpses, scarcely covered with clothing, and revealing the blue and white stripes of the pestilence, towards a cart which was standing near the church gates. The driver of the vehicle, a tall, cadaverous-looking man, was ringing his bell, and jesting with another person, whom the young man recognized, with a shudder, as Chowles. The coffin-maker also recognized him at the same moment, and called to him, but the other paid no attention to the summons and passed on.

Crossing Holborn Bridge, he toiled faintly up the opposite hill, for he was evidently suffering from extreme debility, and on gaining the summit was obliged to support himself against a wall for a few minutes, before he could proceed. The same frightful evidences of the ravages of the pestilence were observable here, as elsewhere. The houses were all marked with the fatal cross, and shut up. Another dead cart was heard rumbling along, accompanied by the harsh cries of the driver and the doleful ringing of the bell. The next moment the loathly vehicle was seen coming along the Old Bailey. It paused before a house, from which four bodies were brought, and then passed on towards Smithfield. Watching its progress with fearful curiosity, the young man noted how often it paused to increase its load. His thoughts, colored by the scene, were of the saddest and dreariest complexion. All around wore the aspect of death. The few figures in sight seemed staggering towards the grave, and the houses appeared to be plague-stricken like the inhabitants. The heat was intolerably oppressive, and the air tainted with noisome exhalations. Ever and anon, a window would be opened, and a ghastly face thrust from it, while a piercing shriek, or lamentable cry, was uttered. No business seemed going on — there were no passengers — no vehicles in the streets. The mighty city was completely laid prostrate.

Arrived in Great Knightrider Street, he was greatly shocked at finding the door of the doctor's habitation fastened, nor could he make any one hear, though he knocked loudly and repeatedly against it. The shutters of the lower windows were closed, and the place looked completely deserted. All the adjoining houses were shut up, and not a living being could be

discerned in the street from whom information could be obtained relative to the physician. Here, as elsewhere, the pavement was overgrown with grass, and the very houses had a strange and melancholy look, as if sharing in the general desolation On looking down a narrow street leading to the river, Leonard perceived a flock of poultry scratching among the staves in search of food, and instinctively calling them, they flew towards him, as if delighted at the unwonted sound of a human voice. These, and a half-starved cat, were the only things living that he could perceive. At the further end of the street he caught sight of the river, speeding in its course towards the bridge, and scarcely knowing whither he was going, sauntered to its edge. The tide had just turned, and the stream was sparkling in the sunshine, but no craft could be discovered upon its bosom; and except a few barges moored to its sides, all vestiges of the numberless vessels with which it was once crowded were gone. Its quays were completely deserted. Boxes and bales of goods lay untouched on the wharves; the cheering cries with which the workmen formerly animated their labor were hushed. There was no sound of creaking cords, no rattle of heavy chains—none of the busy hum ordinarily attending the discharge of freight from a vessel, or the packing of goods and stores on board. All traffic was at an end; and this scene, usually one of the liveliest possible, was now forlorn and desolate. On the opposite shore of the river it appeared to be the same—indeed, the borough of Southwark was now suffering the utmost rigor of the scourge, and except for the rows of houses on its banks, and the noble bridge by which it was spanned, the Thames appeared as undisturbed as it must have been before the great city was built upon its banks.

The apprentice viewed this scene with a singular kind of interest. He had become so accustomed to melancholy sights, that his feelings had lost their acuteness, and the contemplation of the deserted buildings and neglected wharves around him harmonized with his own gloomy thoughts. Pursuing his walk along the side of the river, he was checked by a horrible smell, and looking downward, he perceived a carcass in the last stage of decomposition lying in the mud. It had been washed ashore by the tide, and a large bird of prey was contending for the possession of it with a legion of water rats. Sickened by the sight, he turned up a narrow thoroughfare near Baynard's



CHOIR AND SOUTH AISLE, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

*From a photo by G W Wilson & Co , Ltd , Aberdeen*

Castle, and crossing Thames Street, was about to ascend Addle Hill, when he perceived a man wheeling a hand barrow, containing a couple of corpses, in the direction of the river, with the intention, doubtless, of throwing them into it, as the readiest means of disposing of them. Both bodies were stripped of their clothing, and the blue tint of the nails, as well as the blotches with which they were covered, left no doubt as to the disease of which they had died. Averting his gaze from the spectacle, Leonard turned off on the right along Carter Lane, and threading a short passage, approached the southern boundary of the cathedral; and proceeding towards the great door opposite him, passed through it. The mighty lazar house was less crowded than he expected to find it, but its terrible condition far exceeded his worst conceptions. Not more than half the pallets were occupied; but as the sick were in a great measure left to themselves, the utmost disorder prevailed. A troop of lazars, with sheets folded around them, glided, like phantoms, along Paul's Walk, and mimicked in a ghastly manner the air and deportment of the gallants who had formerly thronged the place. No attempt being made to maintain silence, the noise was perfectly stunning; some of the sick were shrieking — some laughing in a wild unearthly manner — some praying — some uttering loud execrations — others groaning and lamenting. The holy building seemed to have become the abode of evil and tormented spirits. Many dead were lying in the beds — the few attendants who were present not caring to remove them; and Leonard had little doubt that before another sun went down the whole of the ghastly assemblage before him would share their fate. If the habitations he had recently gazed upon had appeared plague-stricken, the sacred structure in which he was now standing seemed yet more horribly contaminated. Ill-kept and ill-ventilated, the air was loaded with noxious effluvia, while the various abominations that met the eye at every turn would have been sufficient to produce the distemper in any one who had come in contact with them. They were, however, utterly disregarded by the miserable sufferers and their attendants. The magnificent painted windows were dimmed by a thick clammy steam, which could scarcely be washed off — while the carved oak screens, the sculptured tombs, the pillars, the walls, and the flagged floors were covered with impurities.

# POEMS OF JOHN DONNE.

[1573-1631]

## Valediction, forbidding Mourning

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
  And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
  "The breath goes now," and some say, "No";

So let us melt and make no noise,
  No tear floods nor sigh tempests move,
'Twere profanation of our joys,
  To tell the laity our love

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears;
  Men reckon what it did and meant,
But trepidation of the spheres,
  Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lover's love
  (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
  Those things which elemented it

But we by a love so far refined
  That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assurèd of the mind,
  Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
  Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
  Like gold to airy thinness beat

## The Undertaking.

I have done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid

It were but madness now t' impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he, which can have learned the art
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stuff to work upon there is)
Would love but as before

But he who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes;
For he who color loves, and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue [attired] in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placèd so,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they do, deride;

Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.



# SCENES AND PORTRAITS FROM CLARENDON'S "HISTORY OF THE REBELLION AND CIVIL WARS IN ENGLAND."

[EDWARD HYDE, first EARL OF CLARENDON, the eminent English historian and statesman, was born at Dinton, Wiltshire, in 1609, the third son of Henry Hyde of that place. After a course of law under his uncle, Sir Nicholas Hyde, he entered the Long Parliament. At first he acted with the popular party in their efforts for reform but about 1642 espoused the royalist cause and was the chief adviser of Charles I. during the civil war, and of Prince Charles during his exile On the Restoration he became lord chancellor of England, and was prominent in state affairs until 1667, when, on account of his great unpopularity with all

classes, he was deprived of the great seal, impeached, and banished He died at Rouen, France, December 9, 1674. His daughter, Anne Hyde, married the Duke of York, afterwards James II, and was the mother of Mary and Anne, both queens of England. Hyde's notable contribution to literature is the "History of the Rebellion in England" (1704–1707).]

## Weston, Earl of Portland.

He was a gentleman of a very good and ancient extraction by father and mother. His education had been very good amongst books and men. After some years' study of the law in the Middle Temple, and at an age fit to make observations and reflections, out of which that which is commonly called experience is constituted, he traveled into foreign parts, and was acquainted in foreign parts. (After this) he betook himself to the Court, and lived there some years, at that distance, and with that awe, as was agreeable to the modesty of that age, when men were seen some time before they were known, and well known before they were preferred, or durst pretend to be preferred.

He spent the best part of his fortune (a fair one, that he inherited from his father) in his attendance at Court, and involved his friends in securities with him, who were willing to run his hopeful fortune, before he received the least fruit from it but the countenance of great men and those in authority, the most natural and most certain stairs to ascend by.

He was then sent ambassador to the archdukes Albert and Isabella, into Flanders; and to the Diet in Germany, to treat about the restitution of the palatinate; in which negotiation he behaved himself with great prudence, and with the concurrent testimony of a wise man from all those with whom he treated, princes and ambassadors, and upon his return was made a Privy Councilor, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the place of the Lord Brooke, who was either persuaded, or put out of the place; which, being an office of honor and trust, is likewise an excellent stage for men of parts to tread and expose themselves upon, and where they have occasion of all natures to lay out and spread all their faculties and qualifications most for their advantage. He behaved himself very well in this function, and appeared equal to it; and carried himself so luckily in Parliament that he did his master much service, and preserved himself in the good opinion and acceptation of the House; which is a blessing not indulged to many by those

high powers. He did swim in those troubled and boisterous waters in which the duke of Buckingham rode as admiral with a good grace, when very many who were about him were drowned, or forced on shore with shrewd hurts and bruises: which showed he knew well how and when to use his limbs and strength to the best advantage, sometimes only to avoid sinking, and sometimes to advance and get ground. And by this dexterity he kept his credit with those who could do him good, and lost it not with others who desired the destruction of those upon whom he most depended.

He was made Lord Treasurer in the manner and at the time mentioned before, upon the removal of the earl of Marlborough, and few months before the death of the duke. The former circumstance, which is often attended by compassion towards the degraded and prejudice towards the promoted, brought him no disadvantage: for, besides the delight that season had in changes, there was little reverence towards the person removed; and the extreme visible poverty of the Exchequer sheltered that province from the envy it had frequently created, and opened a door for much applause to be the portion of a wise and provident minister. For the other, of the duke's death, though some who knew the duke's passions and prejudice (which often produced rather sudden indisposition than obstinate resolution) believed he would have been shortly cashiered, as so many had lately been; and so that the death of his founder was a greater confirmation of him in the office than the delivery of the white staff had been: many other wise men, who knew the Treasurer's talent in removing prejudice and reconciling himself to wavering and doubtful affections, believed that the loss of the duke was very unseasonable, and that the awe or apprehension of his power and displeasure was a very necessary allay for the impetuosity of the new officer's nature, which needed some restraint and check, for some time, to his immoderate pretenses and appetite of power.

He did indeed appear on the sudden wonderfully elated, and so far threw off his old affectation to please some very much and to displease none, in which art he excelled, that in few months after the duke's death he found himself to succeed him in the public displeasure and in the malice of his enemies, without succeeding him in his credit at Court or in the affection of any considerable dependents. And yet, though he was not superior to all other men in the affection, or rather resigna-

tion, of the King, so that he might dispense favors and disfavors according to his own election, he had a full share in his master's esteem, who looked upon him as a wise and able servant and worthy of the trust he reposed in him, and received no other advice in the large business of his revenue; nor was any man so much his superior as to be able to lessen him in the King's affection by his power. So that he was in a post in which he might have found much ease and delight if he could have contained himself within the verge of his own province, which was large enough, and of such an extent that he might, at the same time, have drawn a great dependence upon him of very considerable men, and appeared a very useful and profitable minister to the King, whose revenue had been very loosely managed during the late years, and might by industry and order have been easily improved; and no man better understood what method was necessary towards that good husbandry than he.

But I know not by what frowardness in his stars he took more pains in examining and inquiring into other men's offices than in the discharge of his own; and not so much joy in what he had as trouble and agony for what he had not The truth is, he had so vehement a desire to be the sole favorite, that he had no relish of the power he had: and in that contention he had many rivals, who had credit enough to do him ill offices, though not enough to satisfy their own ambition; the King himself being resolved to hold the reins in his own hands, and to put no further trust in others than was necessary for the capacity they served in. Which resolution in his majesty was no sooner believed, and the Treasurer's pretense taken notice (of), than he found the number of his enemies exceedingly increased, and others to be less eager in the pursuit of his friendship. And every day discovered some infirmities in him, which, being before known to few and not taken notice of, did now expose him both to public reproach and to private animosities; and even his vices admitted those contradictions in them that he could hardly enjoy the pleasant fruit of any of them. That which first exposed him to the public jealousy, which is always attended with public reproach, was the concurrent suspicion of his religion. His wife and all his daughters were declared of the Roman religion; and though himself and his sons sometimes went to church, he was never thought to have zeal for it; and his domestic conversation and dependents, with whom only

he used entire freedom, were all known Catholics, and were believed to be agents for the rest. And yet, with all this disadvantage to himself, he never had reputation and credit with that party, who were the only people of the kingdom who did not believe him to be of their profession. For the penal laws (those only excepted which were sanguinary, and even those sometimes let loose) were never more rigidly executed, nor had the Crown ever so great a revenue from them, as in his time; nor did they ever pay so dear for the favors and indulgences of his office towards them.

No man had greater ambition to make his family great, or stronger designs to leave a great fortune to it. Yet his expenses were so prodigiously great, especially in his house, that all the ways he used for supply, which were all that occurred, could not serve his turn; insomuch that he contracted so great debts (the anxiety whereof, he pretended, broke his mind, and restrained that intentness and industry which was necessary for the due execution of his office), that the King was pleased twice to pay his debts; at least, towards it, to disburse forty thousand pounds in ready money out of his Exchequer. Besides, his majesty gave him a whole forest, Chute forest in Hampshire, and much other land belonging to the Crown; which was the more taken notice of and murmured against, because, being the chief minister of the revenue, he was particularly obliged, as much as in him lay, to prevent and even oppose such disinherison, and because, under that obligation, he had, avowedly and sourly, crossed the pretenses of other men, and restrained the King's bounty from being exercised almost to any. And he had that advantage (if he had made the right use of it), that his credit was ample enough (seconded by the King's own experience and observation and inclination) to retrench very much of the late unlimited expenses, and especially those of bounties, which from the death of the duke ran in narrow channels, which never so much overflowed as towards himself who stopped the current to other men.

He was of an imperious nature, and nothing wary in disobliging and provoking other men, and had too much courage in offending and incensing them; but, after having offended and incensed them, he was of so unhappy a feminine temper that he was always in a terrible fright and apprehension of them.

He had not that application and submission and reverence

for the Queen as might have been expected from his wisdom and breeding, and often crossed her pretenses and desires with more rudeness than was natural to him. Yet he was impertinently solicitous to know what her majesty said of him in private, and what resentments she had towards him. And when by some confidants (who had their ends upon him from those offices) he was informed of some bitter expressions fallen from her majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tormented with the sense of it that, sometimes by passionate complaints and representations to the King, sometimes by more dutiful addresses and expostulations with the Queen in bewailing his misfortunes, he frequently exposed himself, and left his condition worse than it was before: and the *éclaircissement* commonly ended in the discovery of the persons from whom he had received his most secret intelligence.

He quickly lost the character of a bold, stout, and magnanimous man, which he had been long reputed to be in worse times; and, in his most prosperous season, fell under the reproach of being a man of big looks and of a mean and abject spirit.

### ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS.

The bishops, who were in this manner driven and kept from the House of Peers and not very secure in their own, could not have the patience to attend the dissolution of this storm, which in wisdom they ought to have done; but considering right and reason too abstractly, and what in justice was due, not what in prudence was to be expected, suffered themselves implicitly to be guided by the archbishop of York (who was of a proud, restless, overweening spirit) to such an act of indiscretion and disadvantage to themselves, that all their enemies could not have brought upon them. This bishop, as is said, was a man of very imperious and fiery temper, Dr. Williams, who had been Keeper of the Great Seal of England in the time of King James, and bishop of Lincoln. After his removal from that church he had lived splendidly in his diocese, and made himself very popular amongst those who had no reverence for the Court, of which he would frequently, and in the presence of many, speak with too much freedom, and tell many stories of things and persons upon his own former experience; in which being a man of great pride and vanity, he did not always confine himself to a precise veracity, and did

often presume in those unwary discourses to mention the person of the King with too little reverence. He did affect to be thought an enemy to the archbishop of Canterbury, whose person he seemed exceedingly to contemn; and to be much displeased with those ceremonies and innovations, as they were then called, which were countenanced by the other; and had himself written and published in his own name, and by his own authority, a book against the using those ceremonies, in which there was much good learning and too little gravity for a bishop. His passion and his levity gave every day great advantages to those who did not love him; and he provoked too many, not to have those advantages made use of: so that, after several informations against him in the Star Chamber, he was sentenced for no less crimes than for perjury and subordination of perjury, and fined in a great sum of money to the King, and committed prisoner to the Tower, without the pity or compassion of any but those who, out of hatred to the government, were sorry that they were without so useful a champion; for he appeared to be a man of a very corrupt nature, whose passions could have transported him into the most unjustifiable actions.

He had a faculty of making relations of things done in his own presence, and discourses made to himself or in his own hearing, with all the circumstances of answers and replies, and upon arguments of great moment; all which upon examination were still found to have nothing in them that was real, but to be the pure effect of his own invention. After he was sentenced in the Star Chamber, some of his friends resorted to him to lament and condole with him for his misfortune; and some of them seemed to wonder that, in an affair of such a nature, he had not found means to have made some submission and composition that might have prevented the public hearing, which proved so much to his prejudice in point of reputation as well as profit. He answered them, with all the formality imaginable, that "they had reason indeed to wonder at him upon the event; but when they should know how he had governed himself he believed they would cease to think him worthy of blame." And then related to them that "as soon as publication had passed in his cause, and the books were taken out, he had desired his counsel (who were all able men, and some of them very eminent) in the vacation time, and they at most leisure, to meet together, and carefully to look over and peruse all the evidence that was

taken on both sides; and that then they would all attend him such a morning, which he appointed upon their consent, at his own house at Westminster: that they came at the time appointed, and, being then shut up in a room together, he asked them whether they had sufficiently perused all the books, and were thoroughly informed of his case? To which they all answered that they had not only read them all over together, but had severally, every man by himself, perused (them) again, and they believed they were all well informed of the whole That he then told them, he had desired this conference with them not only as his counsel, by whose opinion he meant to govern himself, but as his particular friends, who, he was sure, would give him their best advice, and persuade him to do everything as they would do themselves if they were in his condition. That he was now offered to make his peace at Court, by such an humble submission to the King as he was most inclined and ready to make, and which he would make the next day after his cause was heard, though he should be declared to be innocent, of which he could make no doubt; but that which troubled him for the present was that the infamousness of the charge against him, which had been often exposed and enlarged upon in several motions, had been so much taken notice of through the kingdom that it could not consist with his honor to divert the hearing, which would be imputed to his want of confidence in his innocence, since men did not suspect his courage if he durst rely upon the other; but that he was resolved, as he said before, the next day after he should be vindicated from those odious aspersions, he would cast himself at the King's feet, with all the humility and submission which the most guilty man could make profession of. It was in this point he desired their advice, to which he would, without adhering to his own inclination, entirely conform himself; and therefore desired them, singly in order, to give him their advice." He repeated the several and distinct discourse every man had made, in which he was so punctual that he applied those phrases and expressions and manner of speech to the several men which they were all taken notice of frequently to use; as many men have some peculiar words in discourse, which they are most delighted with or by custom most addicted to; and in conclusion, that "they were unanimous in their judgments, that he could not, with the preservation of his honor and the opinion of his integrity, decline the public hearing; where he must be unquestionably declared

innocent, there being no crime or misdemeanor proved against him in such a manner as could make him liable to censure: they all commended his resolution of submitting to the King as soon as he had made his innocence to appear, and they all advised him to pursue that method. This," he said, "had swayed him, and made him decline the other expedient that had been proposed to him."

This relation wrought upon those to whom it was made, to raise a prejudice in them against the justice of the cause, or the reputation of the counsel, as they were most inclined; whereas there was not indeed the least shadow of truth in the whole relation, except that there was such a meeting and conference as was mentioned, and which had been consented to by the bishop upon the joint desire and importunity of all the counsel; who at that conference unanimously advised and desired him "to use all the means and friends he could that the cause might not be brought to hearing; but that he should purchase his peace at any price, for that, if it were heard, he would be sentenced very grievously, and that there were many things proved against him which would so much reflect upon his honor and reputation, and the more for being a bishop, that all his friends would abandon him, and be ever after ashamed to appear on his behalf." Which advice, with great passion and reproaches upon the several persons for their presumption and ignorance in matters so much above them, he utterly and scornfully rejected. Nor indeed was it possible at that time for him to have made his peace; for though upon some former addresses and importunity on his behalf by some persons of power and place in the Court, in which the Queen herself had endeavored to have done him good offices, the King was inclined to have saved him, being a bishop, from the infamy he must undergo by a public trial, yet the bishop's vanity had, in those conjunctures, so far transported him that he had done all he could to have it insinuated that the Court was ashamed of what they had done, and had prevailed with some of his powerful friends to persuade him to that composition: upon which the King would never hear more any person who moved on his behalf.

It had been once mentioned to him, whether by authority or no was not known, that his peace should be made if he would resign his bishopric and deanery of Westminster (for he held that *in commendum*) and take a good bishopric in Ireland; which he positively refused, and said, "he had much to do to

defend himself against the archbishop here: but if he were in Ireland, there was a man" (meaning the earl of Strafford) "who would cut off his head within one month."

This bishop had been for some years in the Tower, by the sentence of the Star Chamber, before this Parliament met, when the lords who were the most active and powerful presently resolved to have him at liberty. Some had much kindness for him, not only as a known enemy to the archbishop of Canterbury, but as a supporter of those opinions and those persons which were against the Church itself. And he was no sooner at liberty and brought in (to) the House, but he defended and seconded the Lord Say when he made an invective, with all the malice and bitterness imaginable, against the archbishop, then in prison; and when he had concluded, that bishop said that "he had long known that noble lord, and had always believed him to be as well affected to the Church as himself;" and so he continued to make all his address to that lord and those of the same party. Being now in full liberty, and in some credit and reputation, he applied himself to the King, and made all possible professions of duty to his majesty and zeal to the Church, protesting to have a perfect detestation of those persons who appeared to have no affection or duty towards his majesty and all evil intentions against the religion established; and that the civilities he had expressed towards them was only out of gratitude for the good will they had shown to him, and especially that he might the better promote his majesty's service. And it being his turn shortly after, as dean of Westminster, to preach before the King, he took occasion to speak of the factions in religion; and mentioning the Presbyterian, he said, "it was a government only fit for tailors and shoemakers and the like, and not for noblemen and gentlemen;" which gave great scandal and offense to his great patrons, to whom he easily reconciled himself, by making them as merry with some sharp sayings of the Court, and by performing more substantial offices for them.

### The Attempt on the Five Members.

In the afternoon of a day when the two Houses sat, Harbert, the King's Attorney, informed the House of Peers that he had somewhat to say to them from the King; and thereupon, having a paper in his hand, he said that the King commanded

him to accuse the Lord Kimbolton, a member of that House, and five gentlemen who were all members of the House of Commons, of high treason, and that his majesty had himself delivered him in writing several articles upon which he accused them; and thereupon he read in a paper the ensuing articles, by which the Lord Mandevill, Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur Haslerigg, Mr. Pimm, Mr. Hambden, and Mr. Strowde stood accused of high treason for conspiring against the King and the Parliament.

*Articles of high treason, and other misdemeanors, against the Lord Kimbolton, Mr. Pymm, John Hampden, Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur Haslerigg, and William Strode, members of the House of Commons.*

1. "That they have traitorously endeavored to subvert the fundamental laws and government of this kingdom, and deprive the King of his legal power, and to place on his subjects an arbitrary and tyrannical power.

2. "That they have endeavored by many foul aspersions upon his majesty and his government to alienate the affections of his people, and to make his majesty odious unto them.

3. "That they have endeavored to draw his majesty's late army to disobedience to his majesty's command, and to side with them in their traitorous design.

4. "That they have traitorously invited and encouraged a foreign power to invade his majesty's kingdom of England.

5. "That they have traitorously endeavored to subvert the very rights and beings of parliaments.

6. "That, for the completing of their traitorous designs, they have endeavored, as far as in them lay, by force and terror to compel the Parliament to join with them in their traitorous designs, and to that end have actually raised and countenanced tumults against the King and Parliament.

7. "That they have traitorously conspired to levy, and actually have levied, war against the King."

The House of Peers was somewhat appalled at this alarum, but took time to consider of it till the next day, that they might see how their masters the Commons would behave themselves; the Lord Kimbolton being present in the House and making great professions of his innocence, and no lord being so hardy (as) to press for his commitment on the behalf of the King.

At the same time, a sergeant at arms demanded to be heard at the House of Commons from the King, and, being sent for to the bar, demanded the persons of the five members to be delivered to him in his majesty's name, his majesty having accused them of high treason. But the Commons were not so much surprised with the accident; for, besides that they quickly knew what had passed with the Lords, some servants of the King's, by special warrant, had visited the lodgings of some of the accused members, and sealed up their studies and trunks; upon information whereof, before the sergeant came to the House, or public notice was taken of the accusation, an order was made by the Commons, "That if any person whatsoever should come to the lodgings of any member of that House, and there offer to seal the doors, trunks, or papers of such member, or to seize upon their persons, that then such member should require the aid of the next constable to keep such persons in safe custody till the House should give further order, that if any person whatsoever should offer to arrest or detain any member of that House, without first acquainting that House therewith and receiving further order from thence, that it should be lawful for such member to stand upon his guard and make resistance, and (for) any person to assist him, according to the protestation taken to defend the privileges of Parliament." And so, when the sergeant had delivered his message, he was no more called in, but a message sent to the King that "the members should be forthcoming as soon as a legal charge should be preferred against them;" and so the House adjourned till the next day, every one of the accused persons taking a copy of that order which was made for their security.

The next day, in the afternoon, the King, attended only by his own guard, and some few gentlemen who put themselves into their company in the way, came to the House of Commons, and, commanding all his attendants to wait at the door and to give offense to no man, himself, with his nephew, the Prince Elector, went into the House, to the great amazement of all; and the Speaker leaving the chair, the King went into it, and told the House, "he was sorry for that occasion of coming to them; that yesterday he had sent a sergeant at arms to apprehend some that by his command were accused of high treason, whereunto he expected obedience, but instead thereof he had received a message." He declared to them that "no King of

England had been ever, or should be, more careful to maintain their privileges than he would be; but that in cases of treason no man had privileges, and therefore he came to see if any of those persons whom he had accused were there; for he was resolved to have them, wheresoever he should find them." And looking then about, and asking the Speaker whether they were in the House, and he making no answer, he said, "he perceived the birds were all flown, but expected they should be sent to him as soon as they returned thither;" and assured them, in the word of a king, that he never intended any force, but would proceed against them in a fair and legal way, and so returned to Whitehall; the accused persons, upon information and intelligence of what his majesty intended to do, how secretly soever it was carried at Court, having withdrawn from the House about half an hour before the King came thither.

The House, in great disorder, as soon as the King was gone adjourned till the next day in the afternoon; the Lords being in so great apprehension upon notice of the King's being at the House of Commons that the earl of Essex expressed a tender sense he had of the inconveniences which were like to ensue those divisions, and moved, "that the House of Peers, as a work very proper for them, would interpose between the King and his people, and mediate to his majesty on the behalf of the persons accused;" for which he was reprehended by his friends, and afterwards laughed at himself when he found how much a stronger defense they had than the best mediation could prove on their behalf.

How secretly soever this affair was carried, it was evident that the coming of the King to the House was discovered by the members withdrawing themselves, and by a composedness which appeared in the countenances of many who used to be disturbed at less surprising occurrences; and though the purpose of accusing the members was only consulted between the King and the Lord Digby, yet it was generally believed that the King's purpose of going to the House was communicated with William Murry, of the bedchamber, with whom the Lord Digby had great friendship, and that it was betrayed by him. And that lord who had promised the King to move the House for commitment of the Lord Kimbolton as soon as the Attorney General should have accused him (which if he had done would probably have raised a very hot dispute in the House, where many would have joined with him) never spake the least word,

but, on the contrary, seemed the most surprised and perplexed with the Attorney's impeachment; and sitting at that time next to the Lord Mandevill, with whom he pretended to live with much friendship, he whispered him in the ear with some commotion (as he had a rare talent in dissimulation), "that the King was very mischievously advised, and that it should go very hard but he would know whence that counsel proceeded; in order to which, and to prevent further mischief, he would go immediately to his majesty," and so went out of the House; whereas he was the only person who gave the counsel, named the persons, and particularly named the Lord Mandevill (against whom less could be said than against many others, and who was more generally beloved), and undertook to prove that he bade the rabble, when they were about the Parliament House, that they should go to Whitehall.

And when he found the ill success of the impeachment in both Houses, and how unsatisfied all were with the proceeding, he advised the King the next morning to go to the Guildhall and to inform the mayor and aldermen of the grounds of his proceeding, which will be mentioned anon. And, that people might not believe that there was any dejection of mind or sorrow for what was done, the same night the same counsel caused a proclamation to be prepared for the stopping the ports, that the accused persons might not escape out of the kingdom, and to forbid all persons to receive and harbor them, when it was well known that they were all together in a house in the city, without any fear of their security. And all this was done without the least communication with anybody but the Lord Digby, who advised it, and, it is very true, was so willing to take the utmost hazard upon himself, that he did offer the King, when he knew in what house they were together, with a select company of gentlemen who would accompany him, whereof Sir Thomas Lunsford was one, to seize upon them, and bring them away alive or leave them dead in the place; but the King liked not such enterprises.

That night the persons accused removed themselves into their stronghold, the city: not that they durst not venture themselves at their old lodgings, for no man would have presumed to trouble them, but that the city might see that they relied upon that place for a sanctuary of their privileges against violence and oppression, and so might put on an early concernment for them. And they were not disappointed; for, in spite

of all the lord mayor could do to compose their distempers (who like a very wise and stout magistrate bestirred himself), the city was that whole night in arms; some people, designed to that purpose, running from one gate to another, and crying out that "the *Cavaliers* were coming to fire the city," and some saying that "the King himself was in the head of them."

The next morning, the King, being informed of much that had passed that night, according to the advice he had received, sent to the lord mayor to call a Common Council immediately; and about ten of the clock, himself, attended only by three or four Lords, went to the Guildhall, and in the room where the people were assembled told them, "he was very sorry to hear of the apprehensions they had entertained of danger; that he was come to them to show how much he relied upon their affections for his security and guard, having brought no other with him; that he had accused certain men of high treason, against whom he would proceed in a legal way, and therefore he presumed they would not shelter them in the city." And using many other very gracious expressions of his value of them, and telling one of the shrieves (who was of the two thought less inclined to his service) that he would dine with him, he departed, without that applause and cheerfulness which he might have expected from the extraordinary grace he vouchsafed to them, and, in his passage through the city, the rude people flocking together, and crying out, "*Privilege of Parliament, privilege of Parliament,*" some of them pressing very near his own coach, and amongst the rest one calling out with a very loud voice, "*To your tents, O Israel.*" However, the King, though much mortified, continued his resolution, taking little notice of the distempers; and, having dined at the shrief's, returned in the afternoon to Whitehall; and published, the next day, a proclamation for the apprehension of all those whom he accused of high treason, forbidding any person to harbor them, the articles of their charge being likewise printed and dispersed.

When the House of Commons next met, none of the accused members appearing, they had friends enough, who (were) well enough instructed, to aggravate the late proceedings and to put the House into a thousand jealousies and apprehensions; and every slight circumstance carried weight enough in it to disturb their minds. They took very little notice of the accusing the members; but the King's coming to the House, which had been never known before, and declaring that "he would take

them where he found them," was an evidence that he meant himself to have brought a force into the House to apprehend them, if they had been there, (and) was looked upon as the highest breach of privilege that could possibly be imagined. They who spake most passionately, and probably meant as maliciously, behaved themselves with modesty, and seemed only concerned in what concerned them all; and concluded, after many lamentations, "that they did not think themselves safe in that House till the minds of men were better composed; that the city was full of apprehensions, and was very zealous for their security;" and therefore wished that they might adjourn the Parliament to meet in some place in the city. But that was found not practicable, since it was not in their own power to do it without the consent of the Peers and the concurrence of the King, who were both like rather to choose a place more distant from the city. And, with more reason, in the end they concluded, "that the House should adjourn itself for two or three days, and name a committee, which should sit both morning and afternoon in the city, and all who came to have voices;" and Merchant Tailors' Hall was appointed for the place of their meeting, they who served for London undertaking that it should be ready against the next morning: no man opposing or contradicting anything that was said, they who formerly used to appear for all the rights and authority which belonged to the King not knowing what to say, between grief and anger that the violent party had by these late unskillful actions of the Court gotten great advantage and recovered new spirits; and the three persons before named, without whose privity the King had promised that he would enter upon no new counsel, were so much displeased and dejected that they were inclined never more to take upon them the care of anything to be transacted in the House, finding already that they could not avoid being looked upon as the authors of those counsels to which they were so absolute strangers, and which they so perfectly detested.

And, in truth, they had then withdrawn themselves from appearing often in the House, but upon the abstracted consideration of their duty and conscience, and of the present ill condition the King was in, who likewise felt within himself the trouble and agony which usually attends generous and magnanimous minds, upon their having committed errors which expose them to censure and to damage. In fine, the House of

Commons adjourned for some days to consult with their friends in the city; and the House of Lords held so good correspondence with them that they likewise adjourned to the same days they knew, by some intelligence, they intended to meet again. But the Lords made no committee to sit in the city.

When the committee met next morning at Merchant Tailors' Hall, where all who came were to have voices, and whither all did come at first (out of curiosity to observe what method they meant to proceed in rather than expectation that they should be able to do any good there), they found a guard ready to attend them of substantial citizens in arms, and a committee from the Common Council to bid them welcome into the city, and to assure them that "the city would take care that they and all their members should be secured from violence; and to that purpose had appointed that guard to attend them, which should be always relieved twice a day, if they resolved to sit morning and afternoon;" and acquainted them further, that "the Common Council, in contemplation that they might stand in want of anything, had likewise appointed a committee of so many aldermen and such a number of the Common Council, which should always meet, at a place named, at those hours which that committee should appoint to meet at; to the end that, if any things were to be required of the city, they might still know their pleasure and take care that it should be obeyed." And thus they had provided for such a mutual communication and confederacy that they might be sure always to be of one mind, and the one to help the other in the prosecution of those designs and expedients which they should find necessary to their common end: the committee of the city consisting of the most eminent persons, aldermen and others, for their disaffection to the government of Church and State.

At their first sitting, the committee began with the stating the manner of the King's coming to the House, and all he did there; the several members mentioning all that they would take upon them to remember of his majesty's doing or speaking, both as he came to the House and after he was there; some of them being walking in Westminster Hall when the King walked through, and so came to the House with him or near him; others reporting what they had heard some of the gentlemen who attended his majesty say, as they passed by, every idle word having its commentary; and the persons, whoever were named, being appointed to attend, they having

power given them to send for all persons and to examine them touching that affair. Nor had any man the courage to refuse to obey their summons; so that all those of the King's servants who were sent for appeared punctually at the hour that was assigned them, and were examined upon all questions which any one of the committee would propose to them, whereof many were very impertinent, and of little respect to the King.

It was very well known where the accused persons were, all together in one house in Coleman Street, near the place where the committee sat, and whither persons trusted passed to and fro to communicate and receive directions; but it was not time for them yet to appear in public and to come and sit with the committee, or to own the believing that they thought themselves safe from the violence and assaults of the Court, the power whereof they exceedingly contemned whilst they seemed to apprehend it: nor was it yet time to model in what manner their friends in the city and the country should appear concerned for them, in preparing whereof no time was lost.

* * * * * * *

The truth is, it cannot be expressed how great a change there appeared to be in the countenance and minds of all sorts of people, in town and country, upon these late proceedings of the King. They who had before even lost their spirits, having lost their credit and reputation, except amongst the meanest people, who could never have been made use of by them when the greater should forsake them, and so, despairing of ever being able to compass their designs of malice or ambition, some of them were resuming their old resolutions of leaving the kingdom, now again recovered greater courage than ever, and quickly found that their credit and reputation was as great as ever it had been; the Court being reduced to a lower condition, and to more disesteem and neglect, than ever it had undergone. All that they had formerly said of plots and conspiracies against the Parliament, which had before been laughed at, (was) now thought true and real, and all their fears and jealousies looked upon as the effects of their great wisdom and foresight. All that had been whispered of Ireland was now talked aloud and printed, as all other seditious pamphlets and libels were. The shops of the city generally shut up, as if an enemy were at their gates ready to enter and to plunder them; and the people in

all places at a gaze, as if they looked only for directions, and were then disposed to any undertaking.

On the other side, they who had, with the greatest courage and alacrity, opposed all their seditious practices, between grief and anger were confounded with the consideration of what had been done and what was like to follow. They were far from thinking that the accused members had received much wrong, yet they thought it an unseasonable time to call them to account for it; that if anything had been to be done of that kind, there should have been a better choice of the persons, there being many of the House of more mischievous inclinations and designs against the King's person and the government, and were more exposed to the public prejudice, than the Lord Kimbolton was, who was a civil and well-natured man, and had rather kept ill company than drunk deep of that infection and poison that had wrought upon many others. Then Sir Arthur Haslerigge and Strowde were persons of too low an account and esteem; and though their virulence and malice was as conspicuous and transcendent as any men's, yet their reputation and interest to do any mischief, otherwise than in concurring in it, was so small that they gained credit and authority by being joined with the rest, who had indeed a great influence. However, if there was a resolution to proceed against those men, it would have been much better to have caused them to have been all severally arrested and sent to the Tower or to other prisons, which might have been very easily done before suspected, than to send in that manner to the Houses with that formality which would be liable to so many exceptions. At least, they ought so far to have imparted it to members in both Houses who might have been trusted, that, in the instant of the accusation, when both Houses were in that consternation (as in a great consternation they were), somewhat might have been pressed confidently towards the King's satisfaction, which would have produced some opposition and contradiction, which would have prevented that universal concurrence and dejection of spirit which seized upon and possessed both Houses.

But, above all, the anger and indignation was very great and general that to all the other oversights and presumptions (was added) the exposing the dignity and majesty and safety of the King, in his coming in person in that manner to the House of Commons, and in going the next day, as he did, to the Guildhall and to the lord mayor's, which drew such

reproaches upon him to his face. All which was justly imputed to the Lord Digby, who had before fewer true friends than he deserved, and had now almost the whole nation his enemies, being the most universally odious of any man in it.



## AN HORATIAN ODE.

### Upon Oliver Cromwell's Return from Ireland in 1650.

By ANDREW MARVELL.

[1620–1678]

The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear;
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unusèd armor's rust;
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star;

And like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy,
And, with such, to inclose,
Is more than to oppose

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent,
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame;
    And, if we would speak true,
    Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,
    (As if his highest plot
    To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of time,
    And cast the kingdoms old
    Into another mold!

Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain —
    But those do hold or break,
    As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
    And therefore must make room
    Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
    And Hampton shows what part
    He had of wiser art·

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
    That Charles himself might chase
    To Carisbrook's narrow case;

That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn.
    While around the armed bands
    Did clap their bloody hands,

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene;
    But with his keener eye
    The axe's edge did try:

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forcèd power;
So, when they did design
The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run,
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand,
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey.

He to the commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame to make it theirs

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?
    What may not others fear
    If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul;
To Italy an Hannibal;
    And to all states not free
    Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his party-colored mind;
    But, from this valor sad,
    Shrink underneath the plaid—

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
    Nor lay his hounds in near
    The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on;
    And, for the last effect,
    Still keep the sword erect!

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
    The same arts that did gain
    A power, must it maintain.



## OLIVER CROMWELL.

By THOMAS CARLYLE

[THOMAS CARLYLE, Scotch moralist, essayist, and historian, was born at Ecclefechan, December 4, 1795 He studied for the ministry at Edinburgh University, taught school, studied law, became a hack writer and tutor, in 1826 married Jane Welsh, and in 1828 removed to a farm at Craigenputtoch, where he wrote essays and "Sartor Resartus"; in 1834 removed to his final home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea His "French Revolution" was issued in 1837. He lectured for three years, "Heroes and Hero Worship" gathering up one course His chief



CROMWELL AT MARSTON MOOR

*From a painting by Ernest Crofts, R.A.*

men. His prayers to God; his spoken thanks to the God of Victory, who had preserved him safe, and carried him forward so far, through the furious clash of a world all set in conflict, through desperate-looking envelopments at Dunbar; through the death hail of so many battles; mercy after mercy; to the "crowning mercy" of Worcester Fight: all this is good and genuine for a deep-hearted Calvinistic Cromwell. Only to vain unbelieving Cavaliers, worshiping not God but their own "lovelocks" frivolities, and formalities, living quite apart from contemplations of God, living *without* God in the world, need it seem hypocritical.

Nor will his participation in the King's death involve him in condemnation with us. It is a stern business killing of a King! But if you once go to war with him, it lies *there;* this and all else lies there. Once at war, you have made wager of battle with him: it is he to die, or else you. Reconciliation is problematic; may be possible, or, far more likely, is impossible. It is now pretty generally admitted that the Parliament, having vanquished Charles First, had no way of making any tenable arrangement with him. The large Presbyterian party, apprehensive now of the Independents, were most anxious to do so; anxious indeed as for their own existence; but it could not be. The unhappy Charles, in those final Hampton-Court negotiations, shows himself as a man fatally incapable of being dealt with. A man who, once for all, could not and would not *understand:* whose thought did not in any measure represent to him the real fact of the matter; nay worse, whose *word* did not at all represent his thought. We may say this of him without cruelty, with deep pity rather; but it is true and undeniable. Forsaken there of all but the *name* of Kingship, he still, finding himself treated with outward respect as a King, fancied that he might play off party against party, and smuggle himself into his old power by deceiving both. Alas, they both *discovered* that he was deceiving them. A man whose *word* will not inform you at all what he means or will do, is not a man you can bargain with. You must get out of that man's way, or put him out of yours! The Presbyterians, in their despair, were still for believing Charles, though found false, unbelievable, again and again. Not so Cromwell: "For all our fighting," says he, "we are to have a little bit of paper?" No! —

In fact, everywhere we have to note the decisive practical *eye* of this man; how he drives towards the practical and prac-

ticable; has a genuine insight into what *is* fact. Such an intellect, I maintain, does not belong to a false man: the false man sees false shows, plausibilities, expediences: the true man is needed to discern even practical truth. Cromwell's advice about the Parliament's Army, early in the contest, How they were to dismiss their city tapsters, flimsy riotous persons, and choose substantial yeomen, whose hearts were in the work, to be soldiers for them: this is advice by a man who *saw*. Fact answers, if you see into Fact! Cromwell's *Ironsides* were the embodiment of this insight of his; men fearing God, and without any other fear. No more conclusively genuine set of fighters ever trod the soil of England, or of any other land.

Neither will we blame greatly that word of Cromwell's to them; which was so blamed: "If the King should meet me in battle, I would kill the King." Why not? These words were spoken to men who stood as before a Higher than Kings. They had set more than their own lives on the cast. The Parliament may call it, in official language, a fighting "*for* the King"; but we, for our share, cannot understand that. To us it is no dilettante work, no sleek officiality; it is sheer rough death and earnest. They have brought it to the calling forth of *War;* horrid internecine fight, man grappling with man in fire-eyed rage, — the *infernal* element in man called forth, to try it by that? *Do* that therefore; since that is the thing to be done. — The successes of Cromwell seem to me a very natural thing! Since he was not shot in battle, they were an inevitable thing. That such a man, with the eye to see, with the heart to dare, should advance, from post to post, from victory to victory, till the Huntingdon Farmer became, by whatever name you might call him, the acknowledged Strongest Man in England, virtually the King of England, requires no magic to explain it! —

Truly it is a sad thing for a people, as for a man, to fall into Skepticism, into dilettanteism, insincerity; not to know a Sincerity when they see it. For this world, and for all worlds, what curse is so fatal? The heart lying dead, the eye cannot see. What intellect remains is merely the *vulpine* intellect. That a true *King* be sent them is of small use, they do not know him when sent. They say scornfully, Is this your King? The Hero wastes his heroic faculty in bootless contradiction from the unworthy; and can accomplish little. For himself

he does accomplish a heroic life, which is much, which is all; but for the world he accomplishes comparatively nothing. The wild rude Sincerity, direct from Nature, is not glib in answering from the witness box: in your small-debt *pie-powder* court, he is scouted as a counterfeit. The vulpine intellect "detects" him. For being a man worth any thousand men, the response your Knox, your Cromwell, gets is an argument for two centuries whether he was a man at all. God's greatest gift to this Earth is sneeringly flung away. The miraculous talisman is a paltry plated coin, not fit to pass in the shops as a common guinea.

Lamentable this! I say, this must be remedied. Till this be remedied in some measure, there is nothing remedied. "Detect quacks?" Yes do, for Heaven's sake; but know withal the men that are to be trusted! Till we know that, what is all our knowledge; how shall we even so much as "detect"? For the vulpine sharpness, which considers itself to be knowledge, and "detects" in that fashion, is far mistaken. Dupes indeed are many; but, of all *dupes*, there is none so fatally situated as he who lives in undue terror of being duped. The world does exist; the world has truth in it, or it would not exist! First recognize what is true, we shall *then* discern what is false; and properly never till then.

"Know the men that are to be trusted:" alas, this is yet, in these days, very far from us. The sincere alone can recognize sincerity. Not a Hero only is needed, but a world fit for him; a world not of *Valets*,—the Hero comes almost in vain to it otherwise! Yes, it is far from us: but it must come; thank God, it is visibly coming. Till it do come, what have we? Ballot boxes, suffrages, French Revolutions: if we are as Valets, and do not know the Hero when we see him, what good are all these? A heroic Cromwell comes; and for a hundred and fifty years he cannot have a vote from us. Why, the insincere, unbelieving word is the *natural property* of the Quack, and of the Father of quacks and quackeries! Misery, confusion, unveracity, are alone possible there. By ballot boxes we alter the *figure* of our Quack; but the substance of him continues. The Valet World *has* to be governed by the Sham Hero, by the king merely *dressed* in King gear. It is his; he is its! In brief, one of two things: We shall either learn to know a Hero, a true Governor and Captain, somewhat better, when we see him; or else go on to be forever governed by

the Unheroic; had we ballot boxes clattering at every street corner, there were no remedy in these.

Poor Cromwell, — great Cromwell! The inarticulate Prophet; Prophet who could not *speak*. Rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with his savage depth, with his wild sincerity; and he looked so strange, among the elegant Euphemisms, dainty little Falklands, didactic Chillingworths, diplomatic Clarendons! Consider him. An outer hull of chaotic confusion, visions of the Devil, nervous dreams, almost semimadness; and yet such a clear determinate man's energy working in the heart of that. A kind of chaotic man. The ray as of pure starlight and fire, working in such an element of boundless hypochondria, *un*formed black of darkness! And yet withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man? The depth and tenderness of his wild affections: the quantity of *sympathy* he had with things, — the quantity of insight he would yet get into the heart of things, the mastery he would yet get over things: this was his hypochondria. The man's misery as man's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson too is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-distracted; the wide element of mournful *black* enveloping him, — wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man; a man with his whole soul *seeing*, and struggling to see.

On this ground, too, I explain to myself Cromwell's reputed confusion of speech. To himself the internal meaning was sun-clear; but the material with which he was to clothe it in utterance was not there. He had *lived* silent; a great unnamed sea of Thought round him all his days; and in his way of life little call to attempt *naming* or uttering that. With his sharp power of vision, resolute power of action, I doubt not he could have learned to write Books withal, and speak fluently enough; he did harder things than writing of Books. This kind of man is precisely he who is fit for doing manfully all things you will set him on doing. Intellect is not speaking and logicizing; it is seeing and ascertaining. Virtue, *Vir-tus*, manhood, *hero*hood, is not fair-spoken, immaculate regularity; it is first of all what the Germans well name it, *Tugend* (*Taugend*, *dow*-ing or *Dough*-tiness), Courage and the Faculty to *do*. This basis of the matter Cromwell had in him.

One understands moreover how, though he could not speak in Parliament, he might *preach*, rhapsodic preaching; above

all, how he might be great in extempore prayer. These are the free outpouring utterances of what is in the heart; method is not required in them; warmth, depth, sincerity, are all that is required. Cromwell's habit of prayer is a notable feature of him. All his great enterprises were commenced with prayer. In dark, inextricable-looking difficulties, his Officers and he used to assemble, and pray alternately, for hours, for days, till some definite resolution rose among them, some "door of hope," as they would name it, disclosed itself. Consider that. In tears, in fervent prayers, and cries to the great God, to have pity on them, to make His light shine before them. They, armed Soldiers of Christ, as they felt themselves to be; a little band of Christian Brothers, who had drawn the sword against a great black devouring world not Christian, but Mammonish, Devilish, — they cried to God in their straits, in their extreme need, not to forsake the Cause that was His. The light which now rose upon them, — how could a human soul, by any means at all, get better light? Was not the purpose so formed like to be precisely the best, wisest, the one to be followed without hesitation any more? To them it was as the shining of Heaven's own Splendor in the waste-howling darkness; the Pillar of Fire by night, that was to guide them on their desolate, perilous way. *Was* it not such? Can a man's soul, to this hour, get guidance by any other method than intrinsically by that same, — devout prostration of the earnest struggling soul before the Highest, the Giver of all Light; be such *prayer* a spoken, articulate, or be it a voiceless, inarticulate one? There is no other method. "Hypocrisy"? One begins to be weary of all that. They who call it so have no right to speak on such matters. They never formed a purpose, what one can call a purpose. They went about balancing expediences, plausibilities; gathering votes, advices; they never were alone with the *truth* of a thing at all. — Cromwell's prayers were likely to be "eloquent," and much more than that. His was the heart of a man who *could* pray.

But indeed his actual Speeches, I apprehend, were not nearly so ineloquent, incondite, as they look. We find he was, what all speakers aim to be, an impressive speaker, even in Parliament; one who, from the first, had weight. With that rude, passionate voice of his, he was always understood to *mean* something, and men wished to know what. He disregarded eloquence, — nay [illegible] disliked it; spoke al-

ways without premeditation of the words he was to use. The Reporters, too, in those days seem to have been singularly candid; and to have given the Printer precisely what they found on their own note paper. And withal, what a strange proof is it of Cromwell's being the premeditative, ever-calculating hypocrite, acting a play before the world, That to the last he took no more charge of his Speeches! How came he not to study his words a little, before flinging them out to the public? If the words were true words, they could be left to shift for themselves.

But with regard to Cromwell's "lying," we will make one remark. This, I suppose, or something like this, to have been the nature of it. All parties found themselves deceived in him; each party understood him to be meaning *this*, heard him even say so, and behold he turns out to have been meaning *that!* He was, cry they, the chief of liars. But now, intrinsically, is not all this the inevitable fortune, not of a false man in such times, but simply of a superior man? Such a man must have *reticences* in him. If he walk wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, his journey will not extend far! There is no use for any man's taking up his abode in a house built of glass. A man always is to be himself the judge how much of his mind he will show to other men; even to those he would have work along with him. There are impertinent inquiries made: your rule is, to leave the inquirer *un*informed on that matter; not, if you can help it, *mis*informed, but precisely as dark as he was!

This, could one hit the right phrase of response, is what the wise and faithful man would aim to answer in such a case.

Cromwell, no doubt of it, spoke often in the dialect of small subaltern parties; uttered to them a *part* of his mind. Each little party thought him all its own. Hence their rage, one and all, to find him not of their party, but of his own party! Was it his blame? At all seasons of his history he must have felt, among such people, how, if he explained to them the deeper insight he had, they must either have shuddered aghast at it, or believing it, their own little compact hypothesis must have gone wholly to wreck. They could not have worked in his province any more; nay, perhaps they could not now have worked in their own province. It is the inevitable position of a great man among small men. Small men, most active, useful, are to be seen everywhere, whose

whole activity depends on some conviction which to you is palpably a limited one; imperfect, what we call an *error*. But would it be a kindness always, is it a duty always or often, to disturb them in that? Many a man, doing loud work in the world, stands only on some thin traditionality, conventionality, to him indubitable, to you incredible: break that beneath him, he sinks to endless depths! "I might have my hand full of truth," said Fontenelle, "and open only my little finger."

And if this be the fact even in matters of doctrine, how much more in all departments of practice! He that cannot withal *keep his mind to himself* cannot practice any considerable thing whatever. And we call it "dissimulation," all this? What would you think of calling the general of an army a dissembler because he did not tell every corporal and private soldier, who pleased to put the question, what his thoughts were about everything? — Cromwell, I should rather say, managed all this in a manner we must admire for its perfection. An endless vortex of such questioning "corporals" rolled confusedly round him through his whole course; whom he did answer. It must have been as a great true-seeing man that he managed this too. Not one proved falsehood, as I said; not one! Of what man that ever wound himself through such a coil of things will you say so much? —

But in fact there are two errors, widely prevalent, which pervert to the very basis our judgments formed about such men as Cromwell; about their "ambition," "falsity," and suchlike. The first is what I might call substituting the *goal* of their career for the course and starting point of it. The vulgar Historian of a Cromwell fancies that he had determined on being Protector of England, at the time when he was plowing the marsh lands of Cambridgeshire. His career lay all mapped out: a programme of the whole drama; which he then step by step dramatically unfolded with all manner of cunning, deceptive dramaturgy, as he went on, — the hollow scheming Ὑποκριτής, or Play-actor, that he was! This is a radical perversion; all but universal in such cases. And think for an instant how different the fact is! How much does one of *us* foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us it is all dim; an *un*wound skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptabilities, vague-looming hopes. This Cromwell had *not* his life lying all in that fashion of Programme, which he needed then,

with that unfathomable cunning of his, only to enact dramatically, scene after scene! Not so. We see it so; but to him it was in no measure so. What absurdities would fall away of themselves, were this one undeniable fact kept honestly in view by History! Historians indeed will tell you that they do keep it in view; but look whether such is practically the fact! Vulgar History, as in this Cromwell's case, omits it altogether; even the best kinds of History only remember it now and then. To remember it duly with rigorous perfection, as in the fact it *stood*, requires indeed a rare faculty; rare, nay impossible. A very Shakespeare for faculty; or more than Shakespeare; who could *enact* a brother man's biography, see with the brother man's eyes at all points of his course what things *he* saw; in short, *know* his course and him, as few "Historians" are like to do. Half or more of all the thick-plied perversions which distort our image of Cromwell will disappear, if we honestly so much as try to represent them so; in sequence, as they *were*; not in the lump, as they are thrown down before us.

But a second error, which I think the generality commit, refers to this same "ambition" itself. We exaggerate the ambition of Great Men; we mistake what the nature of it is. Great men are not ambitious in that sense; he is a small, poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he *does* not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under the sun. A *great* man? A poor morbid prurient empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital, than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

Your Cromwell, what good could it do him to be "noticed" by noisy crowds of people? God his Maker already noticed him. He, Cromwell, was already there; no notice would make

*him* other than he already was. Till his hair was grown gray, and Life from the downhill slope was all seen to be limited, not infinite but finite, and all a measurable matter *how* it went,— he had been content to plow the ground, and read his Bible. He in his old days could not support it any longer, without selling himself to Falsehood, that he might ride in gilt carriages to Whitehall, and have clerks with bundles of papers haunting him, "Decide this, decide that," which in utmost sorrow of heart no man can perfectly decide! What could gilt carriages do for this man? From of old, was there not in his life a weight of meaning, a terror and a splendor as of Heaven itself? His existence there as man set him beyond the need of gilding. Death, Judgment, and Eternity: these already lay as the background of whatsoever he thought or did. All his life lay begirt as in a sea of nameless Thoughts, which no speech of a mortal could name. God's Word, as the Puritan prophets of that time had read it; this was great, and all else was little to him. To call such a man "ambitious," to figure him as the prurient windbag described above, seems to me the poorest solecism. Such a man will say: "Keep your gilt carriages and huzzaing mob; keep your red-tape clerks, your influentialities, your important businesses. Leave me alone, leave me alone; there is *too much of life* in me already!" Old Samuel Johnson, the greatest soul in England in his day, was not ambitious. "Corsica Boswell" flaunted at public shows with printed ribbons round his hat; but the great old Samuel stayed at home. The world-wide soul wrapt up in its thoughts, in its sorrows; what could paradings, and ribbons in the hat, do for it?

Ah yes, I will say again: The great *silent* men! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of *Silence*. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently working; whom no Morning Newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the Earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which had no *roots;* which had all turned into leaves and boughs; which must soon wither and be no forest. Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can *show*, or speak. Silence, the great Empire of Silence: higher than the stars; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death! It alone is great; all else is small.—I hope we English will long maintain our *grand talent pour le*

*silence.* Let others that cannot do without standing on barrel heads, to spout, and be seen of all the market place, cultivate speech exclusively,—become a most green forest without roots! Solomon says, There is a time to speak; but also a time to keep silence. Of some great silent Samuel, not urged to writing, as old Samuel Johnson says he was, by *want of money*, and nothing other, one might ask, "Why do not you too get up and speak; promulgate your system, found your sect?" "Truly,' he will answer, "I am *continent* of my thought hitherto; happily I have yet had the ability to keep it in me, no compulsion strong enough to speak it. My 'system' is not for promulgation first of all; it is for serving myself to live by. That is the great purpose of it to me. And then the 'honor ? Alas, yes; but as Cato said of the statue: So many statues in that Forum of yours, may it not be better if they ask, Where is Cato's statue?——"

But now, by way of counterpoise to this of Silence, let me say that there are two kinds of ambition: one wholly blamable, the other laudable and inevitable. Nature has provided that the great silent Samuel shall not be silent too long. The selfish wish to shine over others, let it be accounted altogether poor and miserable. "Seekest thou great things, seek them not:" this is most true. And yet, I say, there is an irrepressible tendency in every man to develop himself according to the magnitude which Nature has made him of; to speak out, to act out, what Nature has laid in him. This is proper, fit, inevitable; nay, it is a duty, and even the summary of duties for a man. The meaning of life here on earth might be defined as consisting in this: To unfold your *self*, to work what thing you have the faculty for. It is a necessity for the human being, the first law of our existence. Coleridge beautifully remarks that the infant learns to *speak* by this necessity it feels. —We will say therefore: To decide about ambition, whether it is bad or not, you have two things to take into view. Not the coveting of the place alone, but the fitness for the man of the place withal: that is the question. Perhaps the place was *his;* perhaps he had a natural right. and even obligation, to seek the place! Mirabeau's ambition to be Prime Minister, how shall we blame it, if he were "the only man in France that could have done any good there"? Hopefuler perhaps had he not so clearly *felt* how much good he could do! But a poor Necker, who could do no good, and had even felt that he could

do none, yet sitting broken-hearted because they had flung him out, and he was now quit of it, well might Gibbon mourn over him. — Nature, I say, has provided amply, that the silent great man shall strive to speak withal; *too* amply, rather!

Fancy, for example, you had revealed to the brave old Samuel Johnson, in his shrouded-up existence, that it was possible for him to do priceless divine work for his country and the whole world. That the perfect Heavenly Law might be made Law on this Earth; that the prayer he prayed daily, "Thy kingdom come," was at length to be fulfilled! If you had convinced his judgment of this; that it was possible, practicable; that he, the mournful, silent Samuel, was called to take a part in it! Would not the whole soul of the man have flamed up into a divine clearness, into noble utterance and determination to act; casting all sorrows and misgivings under his feet, counting all affliction and contradiction small, — the whole dark element of his existence blazing into articulate radiance of light and lightning? It were a true ambition this! And think now how it actually was with Cromwell. From of old, the sufferings of God's Church, true zealous Preachers of the truth flung into dungeons, whipt, set on pillories, their ears cropt off, God's Gospel cause trodden under foot of the unworthy: all this had lain heavy on his soul. Long years he had looked upon it, in silence, in prayer; seeing no remedy on Earth; trusting well that a remedy in Heaven's goodness would come, — that such a course was false, unjust, and could not last forever. And now behold the dawn of it; after twelve years' silent waiting, all England stirs itself; there is to be once more a Parliament, the Right will get a voice for itself: inexpressible, well-grounded hope has come again into the Earth. Was not such a Parliament worth being a member of? Cromwell threw down his plows, and hastened thither.

He spoke there, — rugged bursts of earnestness, of a self-seen truth, where we get a glimpse of them. He worked there; he fought and strove, like a strong true giant of a man, through cannon tumult and all else, — on and on, till the Cause *triumphed*, its once so formidable enemies all swept from before it, and the dawn of hope had become clear light of victory and certainty. That *he* stood there as the strongest soul of England, the undisputed Hero of all England, — what of this? It was possible that the Law of Christ's Gospel could now establish itself in the world! The Theocracy which John Knox in

his pulpit might dream of as a "devout imagination," this practical man, experienced in the whole chaos of most rough practice, dared to consider as capable of being *realized.* Those that were highest in Christ's Church, the devoutest, wisest men, were to rule the land: in some considerable degree, it might be so and should be so. Was it not *true*, God's truth? And if *true*, was it not then the very thing to do? The strongest practical intellect in England dared to answer, Yes! This I call a noble true purpose; is it not, in its own dialect, the noblest that could enter into the heart of Statesman or man? For a Knox to take it up was something; but for a Cromwell, with his great sound sense and experience of what our world *was*, — History, I think, shows it only this once in such a degree. I account it the culminating point of Protestantism; the most heroic phasis that "Faith in the Bible" was appointed to exhibit here below. Fancy it: that it were made manifest to one of us, how we could make the Right supremely victorious over Wrong, and all that we had longed and prayed for, as the highest good to England and all lands, an attainable fact!

Well, I must say, the *vulpine* intellect, with its knowingness, its alertness, and expertness in "detecting hypocrites," seems to me a rather sorry business. We have had but one such Statesman in England; one man, that I can get sight of, who ever had in the heart of him any such purpose at all. One man, in the course of fifteen hundred years; and this was his welcome. He had adherents by the hundred or the ten; opponents by the million. Had England rallied all round him, — why, then, England might have been a *Christian* land! As it is, vulpine knowingness sits yet at its hopeless problem, "Given a world of Knaves, to educe an Honesty from their united action;" how cumbrous a problem, you may see in Chancery Law Courts, and some other places! Till at length, by Heaven's just anger, but also by Heaven's great grace, the matter begins to stagnate; and this problem is becoming to all men a *palpably* hopeless one.

But with regard to Cromwell and his purposes: Hume, and a multitude following him, come upon me here with an admission that Cromwell *was* sincere at first; a sincere "Fanatic" at first, but gradually became a "Hypocrite" as things opened round him. This of the Fanatic Hypocrite is Hume's theory of it; extensively applied since, — to Mahomet and many others. Think of it seriously, you will find something in it;

not much, not all, very far from all. Sincere hero hearts do not sink in this miserable manner. The Sun flings forth impurities, gets balefully incrusted with spots; but it does not quench itself, and become no Sun at all, but a mass of Darkness! I will venture to say that such never befell a great deep Cromwell; I think, never. Nature's own lion-hearted Son; Antæuslike, his strength is got by *touching the Earth*, his Mother; lift him up from the Earth, lift him up into Hypocrisy, Inanity, his strength is gone. We will not assert that Cromwell was an immaculate man; that he fell into no faults, no insincerities, among the rest. He was no dilettante professor of "perfections," "immaculate conducts." He was a rugged Orson, rending his rough way through actual, true *work*, — doubtless with many a *fall* therein. Insincerities, faults, very many faults, daily and hourly: it was too well known to him; known to God and him! The Sun was dimmed many a time; but the Sun had not himself grown a Dimness. Cromwell's last words, as he lay waiting for death, are those of a Christian, heroic man. Broken prayers to God, that He would judge him and this Cause, He since man could not, in justice yet in pity. They are most touching words. He breathed out his wild, great soul, its toils and sins all ended now, into the presence of his Maker, in this manner.

I, for one, will not call the man a Hypocrite! Hypocrite, mummer, the life of him a mere theatricality; empty barren quack, hungry for the shouts of mobs? The man had made obscurity do very well for him till his head was gray; and now he *was*, there as he stood recognized unblamed, the virtual King of England. Cannot a man do without King's Coaches and Cloaks? Is it such a blessedness to have clerks forever pestering you with bundles of papers in red tape? A simple Diocletian prefers planting of cabbages; a George Washington, no very immeasurable man, does the like. One would say, it is what any genuine man could do; and would do. The instant his real work were out in the matter of Kingship, — away with it!

Let us remark, meanwhile, how indispensable everywhere a *King* is, in all movements of men. It is strikingly shown, in this very War, what becomes of men when they cannot find a Chief Man, and their enemies can. The Scotch Nation was all but unanimous in Puritanism; zealous and of one mind about it, as in this English end of the Island was always far

from being the case. But there was no great Cromwell among them; poor, tremulous, hesitating, diplomatic Arygles and suchlike; none of them had a heart true enough for the truth, or durst commit himself to the truth. They had no leader; and the scattered Cavalier party in that country had one; Montrose, the noblest of all the Cavaliers; an accomplished, gallant-hearted, splendid man; what one may call the Hero Cavalier. Well, look at it; on the one hand subjects without a King; on the other a King without subjects! The subjects without King can do nothing; the subjectless King can do something. This Montrose, with a handful of Irish or Highland savages, few of them so much as guns in their hands, dashes at the drilled Puritan armies like a wild whirlwind; sweeps them, time after time, some five times over, from the field before him. He was at one period, for a short while, master of all Scotland. One man; but he was a man: a million zealous men, but *without* the one; they against him were powerless! Perhaps of all the persons in that Puritan struggle, from first to last, the single indispensable one was verily Cromwell. To see and dare, and decide; to be a fixed pillar in the welter of uncertainty; a King among them, whether they called him so or not.

Precisely here, however, lies the rub for Cromwell. His other proceedings have all found advocates, and stand generally justified; but this dismissal of the Rump Parliament and assumption of the Protectorship is what no one can pardon him. He had fairly grown to be King in England; Chief Man of the victorious party in England: but it seems he could not do without the King's Cloak, and sold himself to perdition in order to get it. Let us see a little how this was.

England, Scotland, Ireland, all lying now subdued at the feet of the Puritan Parliament, the practical question arose, What was to be done with it? How will you govern these Nations, which Providence in a wondrous way has given up to your disposal? Clearly those hundred surviving members of the Long Parliament, who sit there as supreme authority, cannot continue forever to sit. What *is* to be done?—It was a question which theoretical constitution builders may find easy to answer; but to Cromwell, looking there into the real practical facts of it, there could be none more complicated. He asked of the Parliament, What it was they would decide upon? It

was for the Parliament to say. Yet the Soldiers too, however contrary to Formula, they who had purchased this victory with their blood, it seemed to them that they also should have something to say in it! We will not "For all our fighting have nothing but a little piece of paper." We understand that the Law of God's Gospel, to which He through us has given the victory, shall establish itself, or try to establish itself, in this land!

For three years, Cromwell says, this question had been sounded in the ears of the Parliament. They could make no answer; nothing but talk, talk. Perhaps it lies in the nature of parliamentary bodies; perhaps no Parliament could in such case make any answer but even that of talk, talk! Nevertheless the question must and shall be answered. You sixty men there, becoming fast odious, even despicable, to the whole nation, whom the nation already calls Rump Parliament, *you* cannot continue to sit there; who or what then is to follow? "Free Parliament," right of Election, Constitutional Formulas of one sort or the other, — the thing is a hungry Fact coming on us, which we must answer or be devoured by it! And who are you that prate of Constitutional Formulas, rights of Parliament? You have had to kill your King, to make Pride's Purges, to expel and banish by the law of the stronger whosoever would not let your Cause prosper: there are but fifty or three-score of you left there, debating, in these days. Tell us what we shall do; not in the way of Formula, but of practicable Fact!

How they did finally answer remains obscure to this day. The diligent Godwin himself admits that he cannot make it out. The likeliest is that this poor Parliament still would not, and indeed could not, dissolve and disperse; that when it came to the point of actually dispersing, they again, for the tenth or twentieth time, adjourned it, — and Cromwell's patience failed him. But we will take the favorablest hypothesis ever started for the Parliament; the favorablest, though I believe it is not the true one, but too favorable.

According to this version: At the uttermost crisis, when Cromwell and his Officers were met on the one hand, and the fifty or sixty Rump Members on the other, it was suddenly told Cromwell that the Rump in its despair *was* answering in a very singular way; that in their splenetic, envious despair, to keep out the Army at least, these men were hurrying through the

House a kind of Reform Bill,—Parliament to be chosen by the whole of England; equable electoral division into districts; free suffrage, and the rest of it! A very questionable, or indeed for *them* an unquestionable thing. Reform Bill, free suffrage of Englishmen? Why, the Royalists, themselves, silenced indeed but not exterminated, perhaps *outnumber* us; the great numerical majority of England was always indifferent to our Cause, merely looked at it and submitted to it. It is in weight and force, not by counting of heads, that we are the majority! And now with your Formulas and Reform Bills, the whole matter sorely won by our swords, shall again launch itself to sea; become a mere hope, and likelihood, *small* even as a likelihood? And it is not a likelihood; it is a certainty, which we have won, by God's strength and our own right hands, and do now hold *here*. Cromwell walked down to these refractory Members; interrupted them in that rapid speed of their Reform Bill; ordered them to begone, and talk there no more.—Can we not forgive him? Can we not understand him? John Milton, who looked on it all near at hand, could applaud him. The Reality had swept the Formulas away before it. I fancy, most men who were realities in England might see into the necessity of that.

The strong, daring man, therefore, has set all manner of Formulas and logical superficialities against him; has dared appeal to the genuine Fact of this England, Whether it will support him or not? It is curious to see how he struggles to govern in some constitutional way; find some Parliament to support him; but cannot. His first Parliament, the one they call Barebones' Parliament, is, so to speak, a *Convocation of the Notables*. From all quarters of England the leading Ministers and chief Puritan Officials nominate the men most distinguished by religious reputation, influence, and attachment to the true Cause: these are assembled to shape out a plan. They sanctioned what was past; shaped as they could what was to come. They were scornfully called *Barebones' Parliament*, the man's name, it seems, was not *Barebones*, but Barbone,—a good enough man. Nor was it a jest, their work; it was a most serious reality,—a trial on the part of these Puritan Notables how far the Law of Christ could become the Law of this England. There were men of sense among them, men of some quality; men of deep piety I suppose the most of them were. They failed, it seems, and broke down, endeavoring to reform

the Court of Chancery! They dissolved themselves, as incompetent; delivered up their power again into the hands of the Lord General Cromwell, to do with it what he liked and could.

What *will* he do with it? The Lord General Cromwell, "Commander in chief of all the Forces raised and to be raised"; he hereby sees himself, at this unexampled juncture, as it were the one available Authority left in England, nothing between England and utter Anarchy but him alone. Such is the undeniable Fact of his position and England's, there and then. What will he do with it? After deliberation, he decides that he will *accept* it; will formally, with public solemnity, say and vow before God and men, "Yes, the Fact is so, and I will do the best I can with it!" *Protectorship, Instrument of Government*, — these are the external forms of the thing; worked out and sanctioned as they could in the circumstances be, by the Judges, by the leading Official people, "Council of Officers and Persons of interest in the Nation": and as for the thing itself, undeniably enough, at the pass matters had now come to, there was no alternative but Anarchy or that. Puritan England might accept it or not; but Puritan England was, in real truth, saved from suicide thereby! — I believe the Puritan People did, in an inarticulate, grumbling, yet on the whole grateful and real way, accept this anomalous act of Oliver's; at least, he and they together made it good, and always better to the last. But in their Parliamentary *articulate* way, they had their difficulties, and never knew fully what to say to it! —

Oliver's second Parliament, properly his *first* regular Parliament, chosen by the rule laid down in the Instrument of Government, did assemble, and worked; but got, before long, into bottomless questions as to the Protector's *right*, as to "usurpation," and so forth; and had at the earliest legal day to be dismissed. Cromwell's concluding Speech to these men is a remarkable one. So likewise to his third Parliament, in similar rebuke for their pedantries and obstinacies. Most rude, chaotic, all these Speeches are; but most earnest-looking. You would say, it was a sincere, helpless man; not used to *speak* the great inorganic thought of him, but to act it rather! A helplessness of utterance, in such bursting fullness of meaning. He talks much about "births of Providence." All these changes, so many victories and events, were not forethoughts, and theatrical contrivances of men, of *me* or of men; it is blind blasphemers that will persist in calling them so! He insists

with a heavy sulphurous wrathful emphasis on this. As he well might. As if a Cromwell in that dark, huge game he had been playing, the world wholly thrown into chaos round him, had *foreseen* it all, and played it all off like a precontrived puppet show by wood and wire! These things were foreseen by no man, he says; no man could tell what a day would bring forth: they were "births of Providence," God's finger guided us on, and we came at last to clear height of victory, God's Cause triumphant in these Nations; and you as a Parliament could assemble together, and say in what manner all this could be *organized*, reduced into rational feasibility among the affairs of men. You were to help with your wise counsel in doing that. "You have had such an opportunity as no Parliament in England ever had." Christ's Law, the Right and True, was to be in some measure made the Law of this land. In place of that, you have got into your idle pedantries, constitutionalities, bottomless cavilings, and questionings about written laws for *my* coming here; and would send the whole matter in chaos again, because I have no Notary's parchment, but only God's voice from the battle whirlwind, for being President among you. That opportunity is gone; and we know not when it will return. You have had your constitutional Logic; and Mammon's Law, not Christ's Law, rules yet in this land. "God be judge between you and me!" These are his final words to them: Take you your constitution formulas in your hand; and I my *in*formal struggles, purposes, realities, and acts; and "God be judge between you and me!"

We said above what shapeless, involved chaotic things the printed Speeches of Cromwell are. *Willfully* ambiguous, unintelligible, say the most: a hypocrite shrouding himself in confused Jesuitic jargon! To me they do not seem so. I will say rather, they afforded the first glimpses I could ever get into the reality of this Cromwell,—nay, into the possibility of him. Try to believe that he means something, search lovingly what that may be: you will find a real *speech* lying imprisoned in these broken, rude, tortuous utterances; a meaning in the great heart of this inarticulate man! You will, for the first time, begin to see that he was a man; not an enigmatic chimera, unintelligible to you, incredible to you. The Histories and Biographies written of this Cromwell, written in shallow, skeptical generations that could not know or conceive of a deep believing man, are far more *obscure* than Cromwell's Speeches.

You look through them only into the infinite vague of Black and the Inane. "Heats and jealousies," says Lord Clarendon himself: "heats and jealousies," mere crabbed whims, theories and crotchets; these induced slow, sober, quiet Englishmen to lay down their plows and work; and fly into red fury of confused war against the best-conditioned of Kings! *Try* if you can find that true. Skepticism writing about Belief may have great gifts; but it is really *ultra vires* there. It is Blindness laying down the Laws of Optics.—

Cromwell's third Parliament split on the same rock as his second. Ever the constitutional Formula: How came *you* there? Show us some Notary parchment! Blind pedants: "Why, surely the same power which makes you a Parliament, that, and something more, made me a Protector!" If my Protectorship is nothing, what in the name of wonder is your Parliamenteership, a reflex and creation of that?—

Parliaments having failed, there remained nothing but the way of Despotism. Military Dictators, each with his district, to *coerce* the Royalist and other gainsayers, to govern them, if not by act of Parliament, then by the sword. Formula shall *not* carry it, while the Reality is here! I will go on, protecting oppressed Protestants abroad, appointing just judges, wise managers, at home cherishing true Gospel ministers; doing the best I can to make England a Christian England, greater than old Rome, the Queen of Protestant Christianity; I, since you will not help me; I, while God leaves me life!—Why did he not give it up; retire into obscurity again, since the Law would not acknowledge him? cry several. That is where they mistake. For him there was no giving of it up! Prime Ministers have governed countries, Pitt, Bombal, Choiseul; and their word was a law while it held: but this Prime Minister was one that *could not get resigned.* Let him once resign, Charles Stuart and the Cavaliers waited to kill him; to kill the Cause *and* him. Once embarked, there is no retreat, no return. This Prime Minister could *retire* no-whither except into his tomb.

One is sorry for Cromwell in his old days. His complaint is incessant of the heavy burden Providence has laid on him. Heavy; which he must bear till death. Old Colonel Hutchinson, as his wife relates it, Hutchinson, his old battle mate, coming to see him on some indispensable business, much against his will,—Cromwell "follows him to the door," in a most fraternal, domestic, conciliatory style; begs that he would be

reconciled to him, his old brother in arms; says how much it grieves him to be misunderstood, deserted by true fellow-soldiers, dear to him from of old: the rigorous Hutchinson, cased in his Republican formula, sullenly goes his way. — And the man's head now white; his strong arm growing weary with its long work! I think always too of his poor Mother, now very old, living in that Palace of his; a right brave woman; as indeed they lived all an honest God-fearing Household there: if she heard a shot go off, she thought it was her son killed. He had to come to her at least once a day, that she might see with her own eyes that he was yet living. The poor old Mother! — What had this man gained; what had he gained? He had a life of sore strife and toil, to his last day. Fame, ambition, place in History? His dead body was hung in chains; his "place in History," — place in History forsooth! — has been a place of ignominy, accusation, blackness, and disgrace; and here, this day, who knows if it is not rash in me to be among the first that ever ventured to pronounce him not a knave and liar, but a genuinely honest man! Peace to him. Did he not, in spite of all, accomplish much for us? *We* walk smoothly over his great rough heroic life; step over his body sunk in the ditch there. We need not *spurn* it, as we step on it! Let the Hero rest. It was not to *men's* judgment that he appealed: nor have men judged him very well.



## L'ALLEGRO.

By JOHN MILTON

[John Milton English poet, born in London, December 9, 1608, died in London, November 8, 1674 He was graduated from Cambridge, 1629, was Latin secretary, 1649–1660. He became totally blind in 1652 At the Restoration he was proscribed and his works were ordered burnt by the hangman, but after a time he was left unmolested and spent the last years of his life in quiet literary labors "Paradise Lost" was issued in 1666, "Paradise Regained" in 1671, and "Samson Agonistes" in 1671 His masque of "Comus" was published in 1634, "Lycidas" in 1637, "L'Allegro" and "Penseroso" in 1645 Among his prose works the "Areopagitica" (1644), advocating the freedom of the press, his work on Divorce, and his "Defense of the English People" (1654) are most famous His sonnets in the Italian manner are among the finest in the English language.]

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore·
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free,
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,

Through the sweetbrier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail·
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live



## IL PENSEROSO.

By JOHN MILTON

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or filled the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended.
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn
Come; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing,
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery wheelèd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy evensong;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by
Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride!
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;

And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain

*These pleasures, Melancholy, give,*
And I with thee will choose to live.



## SONNET TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

By JOHN MILTON

Cyriac, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?

The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.



## RELIGIO MEDICI.

By Sir THOMAS BROWNE

[Sir Thomas Browne English physician and antiquary, born in London, 1605, died at Norwich, 1682 He studied at Oxford, Montpellier, Padua, and Leyden (where he received the degree of M D ), and in 1637 settled in practice at Norwich He received the honor of knighthood from Charles II (1671) His masterpiece, "Religio Medici" (1643), is one of the classics of English literature, and has been translated into the principal European languages Other works are "Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors", "Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial", "Christian Morals," a collection of aphorisms ]

As all that die in the war are not termed soldiers, so neither can I properly term all those that suffer in matters of religion, martyrs. The council of Constance condemns John Huss for a heretic; the stories of his own party style him a martyr. He must needs offend the divinity of both, that says he was neither the one nor the other. There are many (questionless) canonized on earth, that shall never be saints in heaven, and have their names in histories and martyrologies, who, in the eyes of God, are not so perfect martyrs as was that wise heathen Socrates, that suffered on a fundamental point of religion, — the unity of God. I have often pitied the miserable bishop that suffered in the cause of antipodes, yet cannot choose but accuse him of as much madness, for exposing his living on such a trifle, as those of ignorance and folly, that condemned him. I think my conscience will not give me the lie, if I say there are not many extant, that, in a noble way, fear the face of death less than myself; yet, from the moral duty I owe to the commandment of God, and the natural respect that I tender unto the conservation of my essence and being, I would not perish upon a ceremony, politic points, or indifferency: nor is my belief of that untractable temper as not to bow at their obstacles, or connive at matters wherein there are not manifest impieties. The leaven, therefore, and ferment of all, not only civil, but

religious, actions, is wisdom; without which, to commit ourselves to the flames is homicide, and (I fear) but to pass through one fire into another.

I am naturally bashful; nor hath conversation, age, or travel been able to effront or enharden me; yet I have one part of modesty, which I have seldom discovered in another, that is (to speak truly), I am not so much afraid of death as ashamed thereof; 'tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us, that our nearest friends, wife, and children stand afraid, and start at us. The birds and beasts of the field, that before, in a natural fear, obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance, begin to prey upon us. This very conceit hath, in a tempest, disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abyss of waters, wherein I had perished unseen, unpitied, without wondering eyes, tears of pity, lectures of morality, and none had said, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

Some, upon the courage of a fruitful issue, wherein, as in the truest chronicle, they seem to outlive themselves, can with greater patience away with death. This conceit and counterfeit subsisting in our progenies seems to me a mere fallacy, unworthy the desires of a man, that can but conceive a thought of the next world; who, in a nobler ambition, should desire to live in his substance in heaven, rather than his name and shadow in the earth. And therefore, at my death, I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for a monument, history, or epitaph; not so much as the bare memory of my name to be found anywhere, but in the universal register of God. I am not yet so cynical as to approve the testament of Diogenes, nor do I altogether allow that rodomontado of Lucan: —

—— *Cœlo tegitur, qui non habet urnam* —

He that unburied lies wants not his hearse;
For unto him a tomb's the universe;

but commend, in my calmer judgment, those ingenuous intentions that desire to sleep by the urns of their fathers, and strive to go the neatest way unto corruption. I do not envy the temper of crows and daws, nor the numerous and weary days of our fathers before the flood. If there be any truth in astrology, I may outlive a jubilee, as yet I have not seen one revolution of Saturn, nor hath my pulse beat thirty years, and yet, excepting one, have seen the ashes of, and left underground,

all the kings of Europe; have been contemporary to three emperors, four grand signiors, and as many popes: methinks I have outlived myself, and begin to be weary of the sun; I have shaken hands with delight in my warm blood and canicular days; I perceive I do anticipate the vices of age; the world to me is but a dream or mock show, and we all therein but pantaloons and antics, to my severer contemplations.

It is not, I confess, an unlawful prayer to desire to surpass the days of our Savior, or wish to outlive that age wherein he thought fittest to die; yet, if (as divinity affirms) there shall be no gray hairs in heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we do but outlive those perfections in this world, to be recalled unto them by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to be retrograde hereafter. Were there any hopes to outlive vice, or a point to be superannuated from sin, it were worthy our knees to implore the days of Methuselah. But age doth not rectify, but incurvate our natures, turning bad dispositions into worse habits, and (like diseases) brings on incurable vices; for every day, as we grow weaker in age, we grow stronger in sin, and the number of our days doth but make our sins innumerable. The same vice, committed at sixteen, is not the same, though it agrees in all other circumstances, at forty; but swells and doubles from the circumstance of our ages, wherein, besides the constant and inexcusable habit of transgressing, the maturity of our judgment cuts off pretense unto excuse or pardon. Every sin, the oftener it is committed, the more it acquireth in the quality of evil; as it succeeds in time, so it proceeds in degrees of badness; for as they proceed they ever multiply, and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it. And, though I think no man can live well once, but he that could live twice, yet, for my own part, I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the thread of my days; not upon Cicero's ground, because I have lived them well, but for fear I should live them worse. I find my growing judgment daily instruct me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitiosity make me daily do worse. I find in my confirmed age the same sins I discovered in my youth; I committed many then because I was a child; and, because I commit them still, I am yet an infant. Therefore I perceive a man may be twice a child before the days of dotage, and stand in need of Æson's bath before threescore.

And truly there goes a deal of providence to produce a man's life unto three-score; there is more required than an able temper for those years: though the radical humor contain in it sufficient oil for seventy, yet I perceive in some it gives no light past thirty: men assign not all the causes of long life, that write whole books thereof. They that found themselves on the radical balsam, or vital sulphur of the parts, determine not why Abel lived not so long as Adam. There is therefore a secret gloom or bottom of our days: 'twas his wisdom to determine them · but his perpetual and waking providence that fulfills and accomplisheth them, wherein the spirits, ourselves, and all the creatures of God, in a secret and disputed way, do execute his will. Let them not therefore complain of immaturity that die about thirty: they fall but like the whole world, whose solid and well-composed substance must not expect the duration and period of its constitution: when all things are completed in it, its age is accomplished, and the last and general fever may as naturally destroy it before six thousand, as me before forty. There is therefore some other hand that twines the thread of life than that of nature: we are not only ignorant in antipathies and occult qualities; our ends are as obscure as our beginnings; the line of our days is drawn by night, and the various effects therein by a pencil that is invisible; wherein, though we confess our ignorance, I am sure we do not err if we say it is the hand of God.

I am much taken with two verses of Lucan, since I have been able not only, as we do at school, to construe, but understand: —

*Victurosque Dei celant ut vivere durent,*
*Felix esse mori*

We're all deluded, vainly searching ways
To make us happy by the length of days,
For cunningly, to make 's protract this breath,
The gods conceal the happiness of death.

There be many excellent strains in that poet, wherewith his stoical genius hath liberally supplied him: and truly there are singular pieces in the philosophy of Zeno, and doctrine of the stoics, which I perceive, delivered in a pulpit, pass for current divinity: yet herein are they in extremes, that can allow a man to be his own assassin, and so highly extol the end and suicide of Cato. This is indeed not to fear death, but yet to be afraid

of life. It is a brave act of valor to contemn death; but, where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valor to dare to live: and herein religion hath taught us a noble example; for all the valiant acts of Curtius, Scævola, or Codrus, do not parallel, or match, that one of Job; and sure there is no torture to the rack of a disease, nor any poniards in death itself, like those in the way or prologue unto it. *Emori nolo, sed me esse mortuum nihil curo;* I would not die, but care not to be dead. Were I of Cæsar's religion, I should be of his desires, and wish rather to go off at one blow, than to be sawed in pieces by the grating torture of a disease. Men that look no further than their outsides, think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I, that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and, considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once. 'Tis not only the mischief of diseases, and the villainy of poisons, that make an end of us; we vainly accuse the fury of guns, and the new inventions of death:—it is in the power of every hand to destroy us, and we are beholden unto every one we meet, he doth not kill us. There is therefore but one comfort left, that though it be in the power of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of death. God would not exempt himself from that; the misery of immortality in the flesh he undertook not, that was in it, immortal. Certainly there is no happiness within this circle of flesh; nor is it in the optics of these eyes to behold felicity. The first day of our jubilee is death; the devil hath therefore failed of his desires; we are happier with death than we should have been without it: there is no misery but in himself, where there is no end of misery; and so indeed, in his own sense, the stoic is in the right. He forgets that he can die, who complains of misery: we are in the power of no calamity while death is in our own.

Men commonly set forth the torments of hell by fire, and the extremity of corporal afflictions, and describe hell in the same method that Mahomet doth heaven. This indeed makes a noise, and drums in popular ears: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with heaven, whose happiness consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it, that immortal essence, that translated divinity and colony of God, the soul. Surely, though we [illegible]ll under earth, the

be good, and we are forced to be virtuous by the book. Again, the practice of men holds not an equal pace, yea and often runs counter to their theory; we naturally know what is good, but naturally pursue what is evil: the rhetoric wherewith I persuade another cannot persuade myself. There is a depraved appetite in us, that will with patience hear the learned instructions of reason, but yet perform no further than agrees to its own irregular humor. In brief, we all are monsters; that is, a composition of man and beast: wherein we must endeavor to be as the poets fancy that wise man, Chiron; that is, to have the region of man above that of beast, and sense to sit but at the feet of reason. Lastly, I do desire with God that all, but yet affirm with men that few, shall know salvation, — that the bridge is narrow, the passage strait unto life: yet those who do confine the church of God either to particular nations, churches, or families have made it far narrower than our Savior ever meant it.

No man can justly censure or condemn another; because, indeed, no man truly knows another. This I perceive in myself; for I am in the dark to all the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud. Those that know me but superficially think less of me than I do of myself; those of my near acquaintance think more; God, who truly knows me, knows that I am nothing.



## A HAPPY LIFE.

By Sir HENRY WOTTON.

[1568–1639]

How happy is he born and taught,
  That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
  And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his master are,
  Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
  Of public fame or private breath:

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
  Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
  Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make oppressors great:

Who God doth late and early pray,
  More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
  With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
  Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
  And, having nothing, yet hath all.



## WALTON'S ANGLER.

[Izaak Walton, the "Father of Angling," was born at Stafford, August 9, 1593, and for twenty years kept a linen draper's shop in Fleet Street, London. In 1644 he retired on a competency and passed a large part of the remainder of his life at Winchester, where he died in 1683, in the house of his son-in-law, a prebendary of Winchester cathedral. His masterpiece is "The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation" (1653), a discourse on angling interspersed with reflections, dialogue, verses, etc. He also wrote lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Sanderson, and other friends and contemporaries.]

*Piscator* — The water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great lawgiver, and chief philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this element the first in the creation; this is the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation: many philosophers have

made it to comprehend all the other elements, and most allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.

There be that profess to believe that all bodies are made of water, and may be reduced back again to water only: they endeavor to demonstrate it thus: —

Take a willow, or any like speedy growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them all together exactly when the tree begins to grow, and then weigh all together after the tree is increased from its first rooting, to weigh a hundred pound weight more than when it was first rooted and weighed; and you shall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one drachm weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increase of wood to be from water of rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other element. And they affirm they can reduce this wood back again to water; and they affirm also the same may be done in any animal or vegetable. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my element of water.

The water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews; for all the herbs and flowers and fruit are produced, and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by streams that run underground, whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills; and this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several miners.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water is not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for preventing of sickness, for it is observed by the most learned physicians, that the casting off of Lent and other fish days, which hath not only given the lie to so many learned, pious, wise founders of colleges, for which we should be ashamed, hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking, intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more subject than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, salads, and plenty of fish; of which it is observed in story, that the greatest part of the world now do And it may be fit to remember that Moses appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable, not only that there are fish, as, namely, the whale, three times as big as the mighty elephant, that is so

fierce in battle, but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans in the height of their glory have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have had music to usher in their sturgeons, lampreys, and mullets, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that shall view the writings of Macrobius or Varro may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fish and fish ponds.

But, gentlemen, I have almost lost myself, which I confess I may easily do in this philosophical discourse; I met with most of it very lately, and I hope happily, in a conference with a most learned physician, Dr. Wharton, a dear friend, that loves both me and my art of angling. But, however, I will wade no deeper in these mysterious arguments, but pass to such observations as I can manage with more pleasure, and less fear of running into error. But I must not yet forsake the waters, by whose help we have so many known advantages

And first, to pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is the sea for our daily traffic, without which we could not now subsist! How does it not only furnish us with food and physic for the bodies, but with such observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want!

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of Florence, of the monuments, urns, and rarities that yet remain in and near unto old and new Rome, so many as it is said will take up a year's time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient consideration! And therefore it is not to be wondered at that so learned and devout a father as St. Jerome, after his wish to have seen Christ in the flesh, and to have heard St. Paul preach, makes his third wish, to have seen Rome in her glory; and that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the monuments of Livy, the choicest of the historians; of Tully, the best of orators; and to see the bay trees that now grow out of the very tomb of Virgil! These, to any that love learning, must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian to see there the humble house in which St. Paul was content to dwell, and to view them any rich statues that are made in honor of his memory! nay, to see the very place in which St. Peter and he lie buried together! These are in and near to Rome. And how much more doth it please the pious curiosity of a Christian to see that place on which the blessed Savior of

the world was pleased to humble himself, and to take our nature upon him, and to converse with men: to see Mount Zion, Jerusalem, and the very sepulcher of our Lord Jesus? How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a Christian to see the devotions that are daily paid to him at that place! Gentlemen, lest I forget myself I will stop here, and remember you, that but for my element of water, the inhabitants of this poor island must remain ignorant that such things ever were, or that any of them have yet a being.

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such like arguments; I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish but never to a beast; that he hath made a whale a ship to carry, and set his prophet Jonah safe on the appointed shore. Of these I might speak, but I must in manners break off, for I see Theobald's house. I cry your mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

*Auceps* — Sirs, my pardon is easily granted you: I except against nothing that you have said; nevertheless I must part with you at this park wall, for which I am very sorry; but I assure you, Mr. Piscator, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but your recreation. And so, gentlemen, God keep you both.

*Piscator* — Well, now, Mr. Venator, you shall neither want time nor my attention to hear you enlarge your discourse concerning hunting.

*Venator* — Not I, sir: I remember you said that angling itself was of great antiquity and a perfect art, and an art not easily attained to; and you have so won upon me in your former discourse, that I am very desirous to hear what you can say farther concerning those particulars.

*Piscator* — Sir, I did say so: and I doubt not but if you and I did converse together but a few hours, to leave you possessed with the same high and happy thoughts that now possess me of it; not only of the antiquity of angling, but that it deserves commendations; and that it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

*Venator* — Pray, sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five miles to the Thatched House; during which walk I dare promise you my patience and diligent attention shall not be wanting. And if you shall make that to appear which you have undertaken — first that it is an art, and an art

worth the learning, I shall beg that I may attend you a day or two a fishing, and that I may become your scholar and be instructed in the art itself which you so much magnify.

*Piscator* — O sir, doubt not that angling is an art. Is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? a trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled merlin is bold; and yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow for a friend's breakfast; — doubt not, therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so: I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice: but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practiced it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself.

*Venator* — Sir, I am now become so full of expectation, that I long much to have you proceed; and in the order you propose.

*Piscator* — Then first, for the antiquity of angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this: some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood; others, that Belus, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of angling; and some others say, for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it, that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity: others say that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge and those useful arts which by God's appointment or allowance and his noble industry were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, sir, have been the opinions of several men that have possibly endeavored to make angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you that angling is much more ancient than the Incarnation of our Savior; for in the prophet Amos mention is made of fishhooks; and in the book of Job, which

was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to be writ by Moses, mention is made also of fishhooks, which must imply anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches; or wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors (and yet I grant that where a noble and ancient descent, and such merit meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person); so, if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honor or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practice, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it, of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that, I shall tell you that in ancient times a debate hath arisen, and it remains yet unresolved; whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action?

Concerning which some have endeavored to maintain their opinion of the first, by saying that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say that God enjoys himself only, by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning and devotion prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Savior to Martha (Luke x. 41, 42).

And on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent; as namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, either to serve his country or do good to particular persons. And they say also that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of human society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions, I shall forbear to add a third, by declaring my own; and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together,

have their wool turned into a vermilion color. And one of no less credit than Aristotle tells us of a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of music, for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness. And Camden tells us of a well near to Kirby in Westmoreland, that ebbs and flows several times every day: and he tells us of a river in Surrey, it is called Mole, that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way underground, and breaks out again so far off, that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as the Spaniards do of their river Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judea that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their sabbath.

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers, and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny, the philosopher, says, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the Indian Sea, the fish called *balæna*, or whirlpool, is so long and broad as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground; and of other fish of two hundred cubits long; and that, in the river Ganges, there be eels of thirty feet long. He says there that these monsters appear in the sea only when tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of water falling from the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish bones. He there tells us that there are sometimes a thousand of these great eels found wrapt or interwoven together. He tells us there that it appears that dolphins love music, and will come when called for, by some men or boys that know, and used to feed them, and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out of a bow; and much of this is spoken concerning the dolphin, and other fish, as may be found also in the learned Dr. Casaubon's "Discourse of Credulity and Incredulity," printed by him about the year 1670.

I know that we islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders; but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant, and others added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq., who now keeps them carefully

and methodically at his house, near to Lambeth near London, as may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may see the hogfish, the dogfish, the dolphin, the coneyfish, the parrotfish, the shark, the poisonfish, the swordfish, and not only other incredible fish, but you may there see the salamander, several sorts of barnacles, and Solan geese, the bird of Paradise, such sorts of snakes, and such birds' nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder: and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection, as will make the other wonders I spake of the less incredible; for you may note that the waters are nature's storehouse, in which she locks up her wonders.

But, sir, lest this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet Mr. George Herbert his divine "Contemplation on God's Providence."

Lord, who hath praise enough, nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, they are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owes them.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
Whilst all things have their end, yet none but thine.

Therefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present,
For me, and all my fellows, praise to thee;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me

* * * * * * *

You shall read in Seneca, his "Natural Questions," Lib. 3, Cap. 17, that the ancients were so curious in the newness of their fish, that that seemed not new enough that was not put alive into the guest's hand; and he says that to that end they did usually keep them living in glass bottles in their dining rooms: and they did glory much in their entertaining of friends, to have that fish taken from under their table alive that was instantly to be fed upon. And he says, they took great pleasure to see their Mullets change to several colors, when they were dying.

But enough of this, for I doubt I have stayed too long from giving you some observations of the trout, and how to fish for him, which shall take up the next of my spare time.

The Trout is a fish highly valued both in this and foreign nations: he may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck that he also has his seasons; for it is observed that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck; Gesner says, his name is of a German offspring, and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh-water fish, as the Mullet may with all sea fish, for precedency and daintiness of taste, and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedency to him. . . .

But turn out of the way a little, good scholar! towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge, there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech tree I sat down when I was last this way a fishing. And the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebblestones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet hath happily expressed it,

I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possessed joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me: 'twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do: but she cast away all care, and sung like a

nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

*Milk Woman*—Marry, God requite you, sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a fishing two months hence, a grace of God, I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice in a new-made haycock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men; in the mean time will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

*Piscator*—No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow about eight or nine days since.

*Milk Woman*—What song was it, I pray? Was it "Come Shepherds, deck your heads"? or, "As at noon Dulcina rested"? or, "Philida flouts me"? or, "Chevy Chace"? or, "Johnny Armstrong"? or, "Troy Town"?

*Piscator*—No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

*Milk Woman*—Oh, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentleman with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
The valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold,

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs·
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for my meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love

*Venator*—Trust me, my master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, and sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night: and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon her, "That she may die in the spring,

and being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding sheet."

THE MILKMAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love

What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain; that's only good
Which God hath blessed, and sent for food.

But could youth last and love still breed—
Had joys no date, or age no need—
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love

*Mother*—Well! I have done my song. But stay, honest anglers; for I will make Maudlin to sing you one short song more. Maudlin! sing that song that you sung last night, when young Coridon the shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

*Maudlin*—I will, mother.

"I married a wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate;
I married her for love,
As my fancy did me move,
And not for a worldly estate;

"But oh! the green sickness
Soon changed her likeness
And all her beauty did fail.
But 'tis not so
With those that go
Through frost and snow,
As all men know,
And carry the milking pail"

*Piscator* — Well sung, good woman; I thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days, and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar, let Maudlin alone; do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look, yonder comes mine hostess, to call us to supper. How now? Is my brother Peter come?

*Hostess* — Yes, and a friend with him; they are both glad to hear that you are in these parts, and long to see you, and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

* * * * * * *

*Piscator* — What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows and flowers and fountains that we have met with since we met together? I have been told that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in its full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs and meat, and content and leisure to go a fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you; but I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was and is to plant that in

your mind with which I labor to possess my own soul: that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you riches, without them, do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches, with them, remove many fears and cares; and therefore my advice is that you endeavor to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor: but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, "He that loses his conscience, has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health: and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience, for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy, and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches, as on this side them. and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart. Which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest scholar; and so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

*Venator* — Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions; but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget. . . .

Here I must part with you, here in this now sad place where I was so happy as first to meet you: but I shall long for the ninth of May; for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved company, at the appointed time and place. And now I wish for some somniferous potion, that might force me to sleep away the intermitted time, which will pass away with me as tediously as it does with men in sorrow; nevertheless, I will make it as short as I can by my hopes and wishes. And, my good master, I will not forget the doctrine which you told me Socrates taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honored so much for being philosophers, as to honor philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to the like concerning angling, and I will endeavor to do so; and to live like those many worthy men of which you made mention in the former part of your discourse. This is my firm resolution; and as a pious man advised his friend, that to beget mortification he should frequent churches, and view monuments, and charnel

houses, and then and there consider how many dead bodies time had piled up at the gates of death: so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose; and so, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord: and let the blessing of St. Peter's master be with mine.

*Piscator* — And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his providence, and be quiet, and go a angling.



## PRITHEE, SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

By Sir JOHN SUCKLING

[1609-1641]

I prithee send me back my heart,
  Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
  Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
  To find it were in vain,
For th' hast a thief in either eye
  Would steal it back again!

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
  And yet not lodge together?
Oh, Love! where is thy sympathy,
  If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
  I cannot find it out,
For when I think I'm best resolved,
  I then am in most doubt

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
  I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
  As much as she hath mine

# RED AND WHITE ROSES.

BY THOMAS CAREW.

[1589-1639]

READ in these roses the sad story
Of my hard fate and your own glory;
In the white you may discover
The paleness of the fainting lover,
In the red the flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding
The white will tell you how I languish,
And the red express my anguish,
The white my innocence displaying,
The red my martyrdom betraying
The frowns that on your brow resided
Have those roses thus divided.
Oh, let your smiles but clear the weather,
And then they both shall grow together!



# ANGLING.

BY LEIGH HUNT

[JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT, English poet and man of letters, was born near London, October 19, 1784 After a clerkship in the War Office, he became editor of the *Examiner* on its foundation by his brother, made it a leading organ of literature and later of politics, was imprisoned two years with £1000 fine for portraying the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV), and wrote "Rimini" during the time; as the friend of Byron and Shelley he was invited by them to Genoa to start a Liberal magazine, but Shelley was drowned and Byron went to Greece (1822), and the magazine stopped Returning to England in 1825, he produced "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries" (1828), "Ralph Esher" and "Christianism" (1832), "The *Indicator* and the *Companion*," selected essays (1834), the *London Journal* (1834-1835), "Captain Sword and Captain Pen" (1835), "A Legend of Florence," a play (1840), "The Palfrey," based on an old French poem (1842); "Stories from the Italian Poets" (1846); and many other volumes of collected essays, poems, etc He died August 28, 1859]

THE anglers are a race of men who puzzle us. We do not mean for their patience, which is laudable, nor for the infinite non-success of some of them, which is desirable Neither do we agree with the good old joke attributed to Swift, that angling is always to be considered as "a stick and a string, with a fly at one end and a fool at the other" Nay, if he had hooks with him, and a pleasant day, we can account for the joyousness



LEIGH HUNT

of that prince of punters, who, having been seen in the same spot one morning and evening, and asked whether he had had any success, said No, but in the course of the day he had had "a glorious nibble."

But the anglers boast of the innocence of their pastime; yet it puts fellow-creatures to the torture. They pique themselves on their meditative faculties; and yet their only excuse is a want of thought. It is this that puzzles us. Old Isaac Walton, their patriarch, speaking of his inquisitorial abstractions on the banks of a river, says: —

Here we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath.
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented

So saying, he "stops the breath" of a trout, by plucking him up into an element too thin to respire, with a hook and a tortured worm in his jaws —

Other joys
Are but toys

If you ride, walk, or skate, or play at cricket, or at rackets, or enjoy a ball or a concert, it is "to be lamented." To put pleasure into the faces of half a dozen agreeable women is a toy unworthy of the manliness of a worm sticker. But to put a hook into the gills of a carp — there you attain the end of a reasonable being; there you show yourself truly a lord of the creation. To plant your feet occasionally in the mud is also a pleasing step. So is cutting your ankles with weeds and stones —

Other joys
Are but toys.

The book of Isaac Walton upon angling is a delightful performance in some respects. It smells of the country air, and of the flowers in cottage windows. Its pictures of rural scenery, its simplicity, its snatches of old songs, are all good and refreshing; and his prodigious relish of a dressed fish would not be grudged him, if he had killed it a little more decently. He really seems to have a respect for a piece of salmon, — to approach it, like the grace, with his hat off. But what are we to

think of a man who, in the midst of his tortures of other animals, is always valuing himself on his harmlessness; and who actually follows up one of his most complacent passages of this kind with an injunction to impale a certain worm twice upon the hook, because it is lively, and might get off! All that can be said of such an extraordinary inconsistency is that, having been bred up in an opinion of the innocence of his amusement, and possessing a healthy power of exercising voluntary thoughts (as far as he had any), he must have dozed over the opposite side of the question, so as to become almost, perhaps quite, insensible to it. And angling does indeed seem the next thing to dreaming. It dispenses with locomotion, reconciles contradictions, and renders the very countenance null and void. A friend of ours, who is an admirer of Walton, was struck, just as we were, with the likeness of the old angler's face to a fish. It is hard, angular, and of no expression. It seems to have been "subdued to what it worked in"; to have become native to the watery element. One might have said to Walton, "Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!" He looks like a pike, dressed in broadcloth instead of butter.

The face of his pupil and follower, or, as he fondly called himself, son, Charles Cotton, a poet and a man of wit, is more good-natured and uneasy. Cotton's pleasures had not been confined to fishing. His sympathies, indeed, had been a little superabundant, and left him, perhaps, not so great a power of thinking as he pleased. Accordingly, we find in his writings more symptoms of scrupulousness upon the subject than in those of his father.

Walton says that an angler does no hurt but to fish; and this he counts as nothing. Cotton argues that the slaughter of them is not to be "repented"; and he says to his father (which looks as if the old gentleman sometimes thought upon the subject too): —

"There whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll *prove it just,* with treacherous bait,
To make the preying trout our prey."

This argument, and another about fish's being made for "man's pleasure and diet," are all that anglers have to say for the innocence of their sport. But they are both as rank sophistications as can be; sheer beggings of the question. To kill

fish outright is a different matter. Death is common to all; and a trout, speedily killed by a man, may suffer no worse fate than from the jaws of a pike. It is the mode, the lingering catlike cruelty of the angler's sport, that renders it unworthy. If fish were made to be so treated, then men were also made to be racked and throttled by inquisitors. Indeed, among other advantages of angling, Cotton reckons up a tame, fishlike acquiescence to whatever the powerful choose to inflict.

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving

Whilst quiet we sit,
We conclude all things fit,
Acquiescing with hearty submission, etc.

And this was no pastoral fiction. The anglers of those times, whose skill became famous from the celebrity of their names, chiefly in divinity, were great fallers-in with passive obedience. They seemed to think (whatever they found it necessary to say now and then upon that point) that the great had as much right to prey upon men, as the small had upon fishes; only the men, luckily, had not hooks put into their jaws, and the sides of their cheeks torn to pieces. The two most famous anglers in history are Antony and Cleopatra. These extremes of the angling character are very edifying.

We should like to know what these grave divines would have said to the heavenly maxim of "Do as you would be done by." Let us imagine ourselves, for instance, a sort of human fish. Air is but a rarer fluid; and at present, in this November weather, a supernatural being who should look down upon us from a higher atmosphere would have some reason to regard us as a kind of pedestrian carp. Now, fancy a Genius fishing for us. Fancy him baiting a great hook with pickled salmon, and twitching up old Isaac Walton from the banks of the river Lee, with the hook through his ear. How he would go up, roaring and screaming, and thinking the devil had got him!

Other joys
Are but toys.

We repeat that if fish were made to be so treated, then we were just as much made to be racked and suffocated; and a footpad might have argued that old Isaac was made to have his pocket picked, and be tumbled into the river. There is no end of these idle and selfish beggings of the question, which at last argue quite as much against us as for us. And granting them, for the sake of argument, it is still obvious, on the very same ground, that men were also made to be taught better. We do not say that all anglers are of a cruel nature; many of them, doubtless, are amiable men in other matters. They have only never thought, perhaps, on that side of the question, or been accustomed from childhood to blink it. But once thinking, their amiableness and their practice become incompatible; and if they should wish, on that account, never to have thought upon the subject, they would only show that they cared for their own exemption from suffering, and not for its diminution in general.



## THE TWO BROTHERS.

By Sir JOHN VANBRUGH

(From "The Relapse")

[Sir John Vanbrugh, English dramatist of the Restoration period, was born about 1666, died in London, March 26, 1726. His best-known comedies are "The Relapse" and "The Provoked Wife," both of date 1697. He wrote also, among others, "The False Friend" (1702), "The Confederacy" (1705), and the unfinished "Journey to London," completed by Colley Cibber.]

*Scene: Whitehall.*

*Enter* Young Fashion, Lory, *and* Waterman.

*Young Fashion* — Come, pay the waterman, and take the portmanteau.

*Lory* — Faith, sir, I think the waterman had as good take the portmanteau, and pay himself.

*Young Fashion* — Why, sure there's something left in't.

*Lory* — But a solitary old waistcoat, upon my honor, sir.

*Young Fashion* — Why, what's become of the blue coat, sirrah?

*Lory* — Sir, 'twas eaten at Gravesend; the reckoning came to thirty shillings, and your privy purse was worth but two half-crowns.

*Young Fashion* — 'Tis very well.

*Waterman* — Pray, master, will you please to dispatch me?

*Young Fashion* — Ay, here a — Canst thou change me a guinea?

*Lory* [*aside*] — Good.

*Waterman* — Change a guinea, master! Ha, ha, your honor's pleas'd to compliment.

*Young Fashion* — I'gad I don't know how I shall pay thee then, for I have nothing but gold about me.

*Lory* [*aside*] — Hum, hum.

*Young Fashion* — What dost thou expect, friend?

*Waterman* — Why, master, so far against wind and tide, is richly worth half a piece.

*Young Fashion* — Why, faith, I think thou art a good conscionable fellow. I'gad, I begin to have so good an opinion of thy honesty, I care not if I leave my portmanteau with thee, till I send thee thy money.

*Waterman* — Ha! God bless your honor; I should be as willing to trust you, master, but that you are, as a man may say, a stranger to me, and these are nimble times; there are a great many sharpers stirring. [*Taking up the portmanteau.*] Well, master, when your worship sends the money, your portmanteau shall be forthcoming. My name's Tugg, my wife keeps a brandy shop in Drab Alley at Wapping.

*Young Fashion* — Very well; I'll send for't to-morrow.

[*Exit* Waterman.

*Lory* — So — Now, sir, I hope you'll own yourself a happy man, you have outliv'd all your cares.

*Young Fashion* — How so, sir?

*Lory* — Why you have nothing left to take care of.

*Young Fashion* — Yes, sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of still.

*Lory* — Sir, if you cou'd but prevail with somebody else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

*Young Fashion* — Why, if thou canst tell me where to apply myself, I have at present so little money, and so much humility about me, I don't know but I may follow a fool's advice.

*Lory* — Why then, sir, your fool advises you to lay aside all animosity, and apply to Sir Novelty, your elder brother.

*Young Fashion* — D—— my elder brother.

*Lory* — With all my heart; but get him to redeem your annuity, however.

*Young Fashion* — My annuity! 'Sdeath, he's such a dog, he would not give his powder puff to redeem my soul.

*Lory* — Look you, sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

*Young Fashion* — Look you, sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor starve.

*Lory* — Why? what will you do then?

*Young Fashion* — I'll go into the army.

*Lory* — You can't take the oaths; you are a Jacobite.

*Young Fashion* — Thou mayst as well say I can't take orders because I'm an atheist.

*Lory* — Sir, I ask your pardon; I find I did not know the strength of your conscience so well as I did the weakness of your purse.

*Young Fashion* — Methinks, sir, a person of your experience should have known that the strength of the conscience proceeds from the weakness of the purse.

*Lory* — Sir, I am very glad to find you have a conscience able to take care of us, let it proceed from what it will; but I desire you'll please to consider that the army alone will be but a scanty maintenance for a person of your generosity (at least as rents now are paid); I shall see you stand in damnable need of some auxiliary guineas for your *menus plaisirs;* I will therefore turn fool once more for your service, and advise you to go directly to your brother.

*Young Fashion* — Art thou then so impregnable a blockhead, to believe he'll help me with a farthing?

*Lory* — Not if you treat him *de haut en bas*, as you used to do.

*Young Fashion* — Why, how wouldst have me treat him?

*Lory* — Like a trout, tickle him.

*Young Fashion* — I can't flatter ——

*Lory* — Can you starve?

*Young Fashion* — Yes ——

*Lory* — I can't; Good-by t'ye, sir —— [*Going.*

*Young Fashion* — Stay, thou wilt distract me. What wouldst thou have me to say to him?

*Lory* — Say nothing to him, apply yourself to his favorites; speak to his periwig, his cravat, his feather, his snuffbox, and when you are well with them — desire him to lend you a thousand pounds. I'll engage you prosper.

*Young Fashion* — 'Sdeath and Furies! Why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me? O Fortune — Fortune — thou art a ——, by Gad —— [*Exeunt.*

*Scene: A Dressing Room.*

*Enter* LORD FOPPINGTON *in his nightgown.*

*Lord Foppington* — Page ——

*Enter* Page.

*Page* — Sir.

*Lord Foppington* — Sir! Pray, sir, do me the favor to teach your tongue the title the king has thought fit to honor me with.

*Page* — I ask your lordship's pardon, my lord.

*Lord Foppington* — O, you can pronounce the word then — I thought it would have chok'd you — D'ye hear?

*Page* — My lord.

*Lord Foppington* — Call La Varole, I wou'd dress ——

[*Exit* Page.

*Solus.*

Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality — Strike me dumb — My lord — Your lordship — My Lord Foppington — *Ah! c'est quelque chose de beau, que la Diable m'emporte* — Why, the ladies were ready to puke at me, whilst I had nothing but Sir Navelty to recommend me to 'em — Sure whilst I was but a knight, I was a very nauseous fellow — Well, 'tis ten thousand pawnd well given — Stap my vitals ——

*Enter* LA VAROLE.

*La Varole* — Me Lord, de shoemaker, de tailor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peru, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

*Lord Foppington* — 'Tis well; admit 'em.

*La Varole* — Hey, messieurs, entrez.

*Enter* Tailor, etc.

*Lord Foppington*—So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to show yourselves masters in your professions.

*Tailor*—I think I may presume to say, sir——

*La Varole*—My lord—you clawn you.

*Tailor*—Why, is he made a lord?— My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon; my lord, I hope, my lord, your lordship will please to own, I have brought your lordship as accomplish'd a suit of clothes, as ever peer of England trode the stage in, my lord. Will your lordship please to try 'em now?

*Lord Foppington*—Ay, but let my people dispose the glasses so that I may see myself before and behind; for I love to see myself all raund——

[*Whilst he puts on his clothes, enter* YOUNG FASHION *and* LORY.

*Young Fashion*—Heydey, what the devil have we here? Sure my gentleman's grown a favorite at Court, he has got so many people at his levee.

*Lory*—Sir, these people come in order to make him a favorite at Court; they are to establish him with the ladies.

*Young Fashion*—Good God! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it shou'd be in the power of a lac'd coat to recommend a gallant to 'em——

*Lory*—Sir, tailors and periwig makers are now become the bawds of the nation, 'tis they debauch all the women.

*Young Fashion*—Thou sayest true; for there's that fop now, has not by nature wherewithal to move a cookmaid, and by that time these fellows have done with him, I'gad he shall melt down a countess— But now for my reception, I engage it shall be as cold a one as a courtier's to his friend who comes to put him in mind of his promise.

*Lord Foppington* [*to his tailor*]—Death and eternal tartures! Sir, I say the packet's too high by a foot.

*Tailor*—My lord, if it had been an inch lower, it would not have held your lordship's pocket handkerchief.

*Lord Foppington*—Rat my packet handkerchief! Have not I a page to carry it? You may make him a packet up to his chin a purpose for it; but I will not have mine come so near my face.

*Tailor* — 'Tis not for me to dispute your lordship's fancy.

*Young Fashion* [*to* LORY] — His lordship! Lory, did you observe that?

*Lory* — Yes, sir; I always thought 'twould end there. Now, I hope, you'll have a little more respect for him.

*Young Fashion* — Respect! D—— him for a coxcomb; now has he ruined his estate to buy a title, that he may be a fool of the first rate. But let's accost him. — [*To* LORD FOPPINGTON] Brother, I'm your humble servant.

*Lord Foppington* — O Lard, Tam; I did not expect you in England: Brother, I am glad to see you. — [*Turning to his tailor*] Look you, sir, I shall never be reconcil'd to this nauseous packet; therefore pray get me another suit with all manner of expedition, for this is my eternal aversion. Mrs. Callicoe, are not you of my mind?

*Sempstress* — O, directly, my lord, it can never be too low——

*Lord Foppington* — You are passitively in the right on't, for the packet becomes no part of the body but the knee.

*Sempstress* — I hope your lordship is pleas'd with your steenkirk [neckcloth].

*Lord Foppington* — In lovè with it, stap my vitals. Bring your bill, you shall be paid to-marrow ——

*Sempstress* — I humbly thank your honor——

[*Exit* Sempstress.

*Lord Foppington* — Hark thee, shoemaker, these shoes a'n't ugly, but they don't fit me.

*Shoemaker* — My lord, my thinks they fit you very well.

*Lord Foppington* — They hurt me just below the instep.

*Shoemaker* [*feeling his foot*] — My lord, they don't hurt you there.

*Lord Foppington* — I tell thee, they pinch me execrably.

*Shoemaker* — My lord, if they pinch you, I'll be bound to be hanged, that's all.

*Lord Foppington* — Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

*Shoemaker* — Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit; but that shoe does not hurt you — I think I understand my trade ——

*Lord Foppington* — Now by all that's great and powerful, thou art an incomprehensible coxcomb; but thou makest good shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

*Shoemaker* — My lord, I have work'd for half the people of

quality in town these twenty years; and 'tis very hard I should not know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't.

*Lord Foppington* — Well, prithee, begone about thy business. [*Exit* Shoemaker.

[*To the* Hosier] Mr. Mend Legs, a word with you; the calves of the stockings are thicken'd a little too much. They make my legs look like a chairman's ——

*Mend Legs* — My lord, my thinks they look mighty well.

*Lord Foppington* — Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am, I have study'd them all my life; therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a crawnpiece less. [*Aside*] If the town takes notice my legs are fallen away, 'twill be attributed to the violence of some new intrigue. [*To the* Periwig Maker] Come, Mr. Foretop, let me see what you have done, and then the fatigue of the morning will be over.

*Foretop* — My lord, I have done what I defy any prince in Europe to outdo; I have made you a periwig so long, and so full of hair, it will serve you for a hat and cloak in all weathers.

*Lord Foppington* — Then thou hast made me thy friend to eternity. Come, comb it out.

*Young Fashion* — Well, Lory, what do'st think on't? A very friendly reception from a brother after three years' absence!

*Lory* — Why, sir, 'tis your own fault; we seldom care for those that don't love what we love: if you wou'd creep into his heart, you must enter into his pleasures. Here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him.

*Young Fashion* — Nor never shall, while they belong to a coxcomb.

*Lory* — Then, sir, you must be content to pick a hungry bone.

*Young Fashion* — No, sir, I'll crack it, and get to the marrow before I have done.

*Lord Foppington* — Gad's curse! Mr. Foretop, you don't intend to put this upon me for a full periwig?

*Foretop* — Not a full one, my lord! I don't know what your lordship may please to call a full one, but I have cramm'd twenty ounces of hair into it.

*Lord Foppington* — What it may be by weight, sir, I shall not dispute; but by tale, there are not nine hairs on a side.

*Foretop* — O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! Why, as God shall judge me, your honor's side face is reduc'd to the tip of your nose.

*Lord Foppington* — My side face may be in an eclipse for aught I know; but I'm sure my full face is like the full moon.

*Foretop* — Heaven bless my eyesight. [*Rubbing his eyes.*] Sure I look thro' the wrong end of the perspective; for by my faith, an't please your honor, the broadest place I see in your face does not seem to me to be two inches' diameter.

*Lord Foppington* — If it did, it would just be two inches too broad; for a periwig to a man should be like a mask to a woman, nothing should be seen but his eyes ——

*Foretop* — My lord, I have done; if you please to have more hair in your wig, I'll put it in.

*Lord Foppington* — Passitively, yes.

*Foretop* — Shall I take it back now, my lord?

*Lord Foppington* — No: I'll wear it to-day, tho' it show such a manstrous pair of cheeks, stap my vitals, I shall be taken for a trumpeter. [*Exit* FORETOP.

*Young Fashion* — Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you.

*Lord Foppington* — Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I must away to the House of Lards immediately; my Lady Teaser's case is to come on to-day, and I would not be absent for the salvation of mankind. Hey, page! is the coach at the door?

*Page* — Yes, my lord.

*Lord Foppington* — You'll excuse me, brother. [*Going.*

*Young Fashion* — Shall you be back at dinner?

*Lord Foppington* — As Gad shall jedge me, I can't tell; far 'tis passible I may dine with some of aur hause at Lacket's.

*Young Fashion* — Shall I meet you there? for I must needs talk with you.

*Lord Foppington* — That, I'm afraid, mayn't be so praper; far the lards I commonly eat with are a people of a nice conversation; and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large: but if you'll stay here, you'll find a family dinner. Hey, fellow! What is there for dinner? There's beef: I suppose my brother will eat beef. Dear Tam, I'm glad to see thee in England, stap my vitals.

[*Exit, with his equipage.*

*Young Fashion* — Hell and Furies, is this to be borne?
*Lory* — Faith, sir, I cou'd almost have given him a knock o' th' pate myself.



# ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.[1]

By WALTER BAGEHOT.

(From "Lombard Street.")

[WALTER BAGEHOT, English writer, was born in Somersetshire, February 3, 1826 He was graduated at London University, was in France at the time of Louis Napoleon's coup d'état of December 2, 1851, and wrote letters to the London *Inquirer* on it which are classic; took part in his father's banking and shipping business, in 1860 succeeded his father-in-law as editor of the *Economist*, which he raised from a purely business organ to a great political review. He wrote "Physics and Politics" (1863), edited the *National Review* 1861-1868, and wrote many literary and biographical essays for it, published "The English Constitution" (1867), "Lombard Street" (1873), and articles collected after his death as "Economic Studies" He died March 24, 1877.]

Of all institutions in the world, the Bank of England is now probably the most remote from party politics and from "financing"; but in its origin it was not only a finance company, but a Whig finance company, — it was founded by a Whig government because it was in desperate want of money, and supported by the "City" because the "City" was Whig. Very briefly, the story was this: —

The government of Charles II. (under the Cabal ministry) had brought the credit of the English state to the lowest possible point: it had perpetrated one of those monstrous frauds which are likewise gross blunders. The goldsmiths, who then carried on upon a trifling scale what we should now call "banking," used to deposit their reserve of treasure in the Exchequer, with the sanction and under the care of the government. In many European countries, the credit of the state had been so much better than any other credit that it had been used to strengthen the beginnings of banking. The credit of the state had been so used in England: though there had lately been a civil war and several revolutions, the honesty of the English government was trusted implicitly. But Charles II. showed that it was trusted undeservedly: he shut up the Exchequer, would pay no one, and so the goldsmiths were ruined.

[1] By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co (Crown 8vo, price 3s 6d)


CHARLES·II

The credit of the Stuart government never recovered from this monstrous robbery, and the government created by the revolution of 1688 could hardly expect to be more trusted with money than its predecessor. A government created by a revolution hardly ever is: there is a taint of violence which capitalists dread instinctively, and there is always a rational apprehension that the government which one revolution thought fit to set up, another revolution may think fit to pull down. In 1694 the credit of William III.'s government was so low in London that it was impossible for it to borrow any large sum; and the evil was the greater, because in consequence of the French war the financial straits of the government were extreme. At last a scheme was hit upon which would relieve their necessities. "The plan," says Macaulay, "was that twelve hundred thousand pounds should be borrowed by the government, on what was then considered as the moderate interest of 8 per cent. In order to induce capitalists to advance the money promptly on terms so favorable to the public, the subscribers were to be incorporated by the name of 'The Governor and Company of the Bank of England';" they were so incorporated, and the £1,200,000 was obtained.

On many succeeding occasions, their credit was of essential use to the government. Without their aid, our National Debt could not have been borrowed; and if we had not been able to raise that money we should have been conquered by France and compelled to take back James II. And for many years afterwards, the existence of that debt was a main reason why the industrial classes never would think of recalling the Pretender or of upsetting the Revolution settlement: the "fundholder" is always considered in the books of that time as opposed to his "legitimate" sovereign, because it was to be feared that this sovereign would repudiate the debt which was raised by those who dethroned him, and which was spent in resisting him and his allies. For a long time the Bank of England was the focus of London Liberalism, and in that capacity rendered to the state inestimable services; in return for these substantial benefits, the Bank of England received from the government, either at first or afterwards, three most important privileges: —

*First.* The Bank of England had the exclusive possession of the government balances. In its first period, as I have shown, the Bank gave credit to the government; but after-

wards it derived credit from the government. There is a natural tendency in men to follow the example of the government under which they live: the government is the largest, most important, and most conspicuous entity with which the mass of any people are acquainted; its range of knowledge must always be infinitely greater than the average of their knowledge, and therefore, unless there is a conspicuous warning to the contrary, most men are inclined to think their government right, and when they can, to do what it does. Especially in money matters, a man might fairly reason, "If the government is right in trusting the Bank of England with the great balance of the nation, I cannot be wrong in trusting it with my little balance."

*Second.* The Bank of England had till lately the monopoly of limited liability in England. It was an exception of the greatest value to the Bank of England, because it induced many quiet merchants to be directors of the Bank, who certainly would not have joined any bank where *all* their fortunes were liable, and where the liability was not limited.

*Third.* The Bank of England had the privilege of being the sole *joint-stock company* permitted to issue bank notes in England. Private London bankers did indeed issue notes down to the middle of the last century, but no joint-stock company could do so. Its effect was very important: it in time gave the Bank of England the monopoly of the note issue of the metropolis. No company but the Bank of England could issue notes, and unincorporated individuals gradually gave way and ceased to do so.

With so many advantages over all competitors, it is quite natural that the Bank of England should have far outstripped them all. Inevitably it became *the* bank in London; all the other bankers grouped themselves round it and lodged their reserve with it. Thus our *one*-reserve system of banking was not deliberately founded upon definite reasons: it was the gradual consequence of many singular events, and of an accumulation of legal privileges on a single bank which has now been altered, and which no one would now defend.